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THE

MONK OF CIMIÉS.

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THE MONK OF CIMIÉS.

AN INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

WHAT is that church to which all the promises of Scripture appertain—of which Christ is the head, and with which he has promised to be until the end of the world? This is a question of such vital importance, and one, now so fiercely, in many instances, and so sincerely, earnestly, and humbly in others, agitated in the professing world, that it can scarcely fail to affect the feelings even of the most dull, and to inspire activity and energy into those whose age and infirmities, it might be thought, had entitled them to withdraw from the troubles and turmoils of this present state of existence.

Years have rolled away since I, who am now preparing to appear before the public, have entered into any concern beyond the limits of a small parish in one of the most quiet and secluded regions of the Emerald Isle. Nor did I ever think that I should be induced by any motive whatever to exhibit to the world at large the eventful pages of the history of my youth. When, however, it appeared to me that this history, hitherto so little known beyond the limits of my own family, was replete with lessons of incalculable importance to the present generation, I could no longer think of withholding it: on the contrary, I have been rendered anxious to press it upon the attention of the many, who are groping in midnight darkness, and perplexing their own minds, and those of their friends, because they either will not or cannot look into the experience of past days —or perhaps are deficient in that rare faculty of the imagination which enables an individual, after having fur-

nished his mind through study with the various necessary circumstances, to transport himself into remote ages and distant lands; and in some degree to conceive how men would feel, and think, and act under circumstances totally different from those in which he has himself existed. By the proper exercise of this faculty, a person is restrained from forming crude judgments—from condemning his forefathers—or from hastily destroying ancient establishments and regulations, because he cannot see their present use; and he is led to consider it possible, that if the old barriers were removed, things might run back in a degree to what they were before these were established.

There is little question but that men of the present generation are, in some respects, better instructed than those who were active and efficient in my younger days; that is, that there is a larger quantum of knowledge apportioned to the various ranks of society in general, in all branches of science, especially in natural philosophy and mechanics; and yet I much doubt whether that species of cultivation which was thought requisite to form an accomplished gentleman in my early life, is not now thrown so far back from the apprehension of the world in general, as to be in some degree irrecoverable; insomuch that it would now be next to impossible to educate a young person in those high, heroic, classical, and, I may add, aristocratic feelings which were naturally imbibed from circumstances by the sons and daughters of refined persons before the era of the French revolution.

Of those who had entered into life previous to that epoch, there are not many left; and of those who were well educated then, there are still fewer. Of these few a small remnant only will be found who are capable of explaining to others how things were with them while the old regime remained in force, and they are hardly credited when they tell how things were wont to be ordered in their fathers' houses—how, in the old aristocratic families, children scarcely sat down in the presence of their parents—and how every tongue was silenced the instant an elder began to speak; how, though the nicer points of truth were not discussed and agitated as in the present day, the work of grace was made as manifest in many characters then as at this time—and in what manner ancient customs were revered and

ancient courtesies upheld, while the literature of the times bore the impress at once of the strength and the grossness of the heroic ages.

In a few words, all before the French revolution was as totally different from the present state of things as if hundreds instead of tens of years had intervened between those times and the present; and the new generation are as incapable of judging of the state of society which existed when my father was a youth, as they are of the mode of thinking, at the period of the battle of Roncesvalles, and the habits and manners of the Knights of the Round Table.

There were many things, when I was a boy, which continually reminded us of times gone by, and still, in some parts of the Continent, the habits and vestiges of past ages press closely on the senses; but in England all things are new; everything is new modelled, lackered, and varnished; and there is nothing now left to remind us of what has been, but here and there a Gothic cathedral, or some dusty parish church. The very traces of the past are as footmarks left in the sand—the heroic ages are gone with their fables and their fashions; the bards have sung their last; the tilt and tournament, the festal hall, the pompous pageantry, the proud champion, and high-bred dame, all, all have passed away; and it is to be feared that all that is valuable which has belonged to antiquity will, in a little time, be ground to powder, together with that which is naught.

"The steps of Malvina are departing." I know not whence I have taken this quotation—the voice of the bard has ceased even in its last refuge, the halls of our Welsh nobility; and what is now meditated but to silence the choral song beneath the sculptured roofs of our cathedrals? Be these changes for weal or for wo, I much fear that those who project them have neither read the past nor anticipated the future. But because I find that with the garrulity of age I am wandering from one reflection to another as they arise, I shall force myself to a conclusion by introducing a quotation from the Edinburgh Magazine for May, 1834, which, as it expresses exactly what I wish to say, I shall adopt as being a sort of motto for my book.

"The historians of modern times, with all their ability and philosophic penetration, have failed in tracing with the lucid colours which might have been expected

from them, the influence of religion on modern civilization. The two greatest, Hume and Gibbon, were tainted by the infidel spirit of the age in which they lived, and which worked out its natural and appropriate fruit in the French revolution. The view which they exhibit, accordingly, of the influence of Christianity, is not only defective, but false: they have neither told the whole truth, nor nothing but the truth; the expedient which they have adopted for the purpose is the same which, in all ages, has been the most prolific source of error, viz., the application to one age of the feelings and information of another, and supposing 'that all things must be prejudicial or ridiculous, because they are so in the age in which they live.'" So far is a quotation, and to this quotation I must add a few remarks before I commence my narrative. Although I look forward with dread to the work of destruction which is now meditated, whereby all ecclesiastical national establishments are in danger of perishing, yet I do not approve the ground on which the friends of the Church of England too often station themselves for her protection. The position is utenable, and precisely so because her advocates can there only use defences which will assist one of her most powerful and dangerous enemies more than themselves.

While some of her friends uphold the Church of England, on the plea that she is the only church now on earth which answers to the character of the one supreme visible church, they instantly direct the eye of her adversary to her origin, and the sources through which she derives her authority; and whether that adversary be an infidel or a Christian brother of a different denomination, the weapon which has been used in her defence will infallibly be turned against her, and that in as many ways as she has enemies of different modes of thinking.

I could almost wish that the friends of our established church would defend her in the same way in which the Holy Scriptures are best defended, by suffering her to speak for herself—always remembering that whereas the Scriptures are divinely inspired, and therefore perfect, our church confesses that she is liable to err, as the churches of Jerusalem and Antioch have erred before her, and provides for such liability by professing that she has no right to require anything as an article

of faith which is not clearly set down in Scripture. But in this place I close my first chapter, begging my young reader not to repeat the perusal thereof if perchance he has found it somewhat drv and uninteresting.

CHAPTER II.

I AM aware that it is the present fashion (and one, no doubt, much approved) for an author, when writing his own memoirs or those of another, to dash at once into some marked point in the centre of his narrative, and from that point first to retrograde, and then advance; a mode of procedure which always deranges my old-fashioned notions. I like to have everything in its order; I would rather hear of the birth of my hero before I am told of his marriage, that is, if it be needful to the tale that the history of the birth should be recorded. In agreement, therefore, with this my principle, I must needs at once introduce my reader to as many personages of my family as it will be necessary for him to become acquainted with in the course of my narrative, notwithstanding that the enumeration may seem somewhat long and uninteresting.

My grandfather, Lord C——, was well known as a man in considerable favour at court during the latter years of George II.; he had three sons, the eldest of whom being in Florence, when about thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, there met with the widow of an English baronet, who was residing in that city with a beautiful daughter. My uncle had not then come to his title, but he was the Honourable Mr. ——. I do not choose to give the real name of the family, and shall therefore call him Etherington. Being heir to an English peer when he sought the daughter of Lady Beresford, the object of his attachment was permitted to accept him immediately. She was married to him shortly after he had first seen her, and accompanied him through various parts of Italy, stopping a while in different places; till at length, nearly at the termination of the year, having been accidentally delayed in the small town of Savona, near the sea between Finale and

Genoa, his lady gave birth to her firstborn, which happening to be a daughter, was little regarded by the father—he being the more anxious for a son, because his younger brother, my father, could already boast of two boys.

It was a fancy of the mother to give the name of the place of her birth to her little girl; the child was therefore baptized by the name of Savona, a name to me, even to this hour, of mournful import. It was scarcely three months after the birth of this babe, when news was brought to my uncle, then at Florence with his lady, of the death of his father. It was necessary for him to hasten to England. The little Savona, over whom hung (to use a phrase somewhat heathenish) a singular destiny, had already been intrusted to an Italian nurse; and as the infant was thought too young to take so long a journey, the entreaties of the grandmother, Lady Beresford, were acquiesced in, and the child was left under her care. She remained with the old lady during her minority; Savona's father having, no doubt, a view to the possessions of the dowager, which were ample, and for which there were pretenders as near as Lady C——'s children. My uncle, Lord C——, was not a pious man during the times I speak of, that is, during the life of Lady Beresford. Thus, having brought the head of the house to the family mansion, Kelford Grove, where he immediately established himself on his return to England, I shall proceed to bring down the histories of his two brothers to the same point of time.

My father was only one year younger than Lord C——, and had been brought up to the church with a view to the pleasant and well-conditioned living of Kelford, which was a family living, and had been expected to drop even before my father should be old enough to take it. But when an old man has a place which a young one is expecting, it is not to be told how tenacious of life such elderly persons generally prove to be; accordingly, the incumbent of Kelford kept his station so long, that my father did not think the living worthy of his acceptance when at length it fell to him, but permitted it to slide into the hands of his younger brother, my uncle Theophilus. My father had married early, and, when I can first remember, had three or four rich pieces of preferment, the most dignified of which was the deanery of a certain diocess,

and there is no doubt that, from the time he became a dean, he had an eye to a mitre; but this vision was never realized.

My father, as I mentioned above, had married early in life. My mother was the daughter of a bishop, and had been brought up in all the aristocracy of the visible church. She was a beautiful woman when I first remember her, and had a brow on which a diadem would have sat with advantage. My father was, on the contrary, a very hard-featured man—and, as my mother used to say, there was one only of all her children who resembled her, this one being no other than myself, while her eldest son and all her four daughters most perversely followed their father in the harsh lines of his countenance, the perplexity of his eyebrows, and the darkness of his complexion. My brother's prospects however, notwithstanding his want of personal comeliness, were sufficiently bright; for, as long as his uncle had only daughters, he was the heir presumptive to a lord. At the period, then, in which my grandfather died, and my eldest uncle and his lady came to Kelford, my father was residing at the deanery, being already the parent of two sons and two daughters; and my younger uncle, Theophilus Etherington, was lately married to a very lovely woman, and settled in the Kelford parsonage. It was from this lady that I gathered the next part of the family history. She was a bride, and only just settled at Kelford, when Lord and Lady C—— arrived at the Grove from Italy. It was to be expected and wished that the brothers' wives should become attached to each other; and this attachment took place, although their characters were probably very different: however, they were much together; and when both expected, nearly at the same time, to become mothers, the one for the second time, the other for the first, they used to indulge themselves in visions which were never to be realized. Lady C——'s expected child was, of course, to be a son, and my aunt Theophilus's a daughter, and they were to be rocked in one cradle, and reared in one house, under my uncle Theophilus, and I know not what romances were to follow: but things were ordered otherwise, and, no doubt, better. Lady C——, being suddenly taken ill, died in giving birth to a daughter; and the alarming intelligence being indiscreetly carried to my aunt Theophilus, the consequence was

that a son, who but breathed and died, was laid in the family vault by the side of his noble aunt, and on the same sad day.

Thus was it ordained, that the two families should mourn together. Had Lady C—— left a son, her husband might have sooner been consoled; or had the living child been left to my uncle and aunt Theophilus, there would have been some consolation to this unambitious pair: but my aunt was the first to whom the idea occurred, of making the best of that which was still spared to them from this wreck. It would have been strange and unwomanly if she had not desired to take the motherless babe to her bosom. She expressed but the wish, and it was granted; and the little girl, who had been hastily baptized by the name of Emmeline, had enjoyed all that an infant can enjoy, in the arms of her aunt, some days before the remains of her mother were consigned to the grave. Thus I have, as succinctly as possible, made my reader acquainted with all that is necessary for him to know, in order that he may duly comprehend that part of my narrative, of which I am to be the hero; and such a hero!—however, I shall have no occasion whatever to blush from any necessity of recording any of my good works. I have little more to add, except that Emmeline was permitted to remain with her aunt, and that my uncle, Lord C——, married again, within a decent time, but was to the end baffled in his wish of having a son, his second lady bringing him only daughters, as much to her annoyance as to the delight of our branch of the family.

I now proceed to my own recollections. My very first sense of existence is connected with the deanery-house, adjoining the cathedral, in the city of ——; there was a long matted gallery, with tall full-length portraits, which, I suppose, were considered fixtures, ranged along it—hard cold portraits of old deans and bishops, and their prim dames, in white painted frames. At the end of this gallery was a pointed door in a thick wall, which opened into a screened closet or pew, over the stalls in the cathedral, where my mother went to pay her devotions on certain days, when it was thought right for her so to do. At the other end, most remote from the cathedral, was our nursery, over which presided a very stately dame, who had been brought up in the family of my grandfather, the bishop, and had grad-

ually risen from the rank of an inferior housemaid to be a sort of *gouvernante* of the nursery, being called by her surname, Sermon, by my father and mother, to which the title of mistress was added by all strangers. My grandfather, the bishop, had died before my birth; but his sister, a single lady of great age, was living under my father's roof, when I first can remember. She had been my godmother, and had chosen my name. She was, in consequence, very fond of me, and after her death it was found, to the displeasure of my parents, that she had endowed me with her whole property, amounting to something more than twelve thousand pounds, the fruits of the most rigid economy; for she had paid for her board in my father's house, by the promise of making my mother her heiress. Into the possession of this property, with all accumulations, after my education had been paid for, I was to come at the age of twenty-one. The funeral of my great-aunt was one of my earliest recollections. There was a sort of bustle made about me at the time, which gave me the first notion I ever had of my own imaginary consequence. I remember, while being dressed in deep black, with a scarf of crape hung over my shoulders, and a black plume placed in my cap, hearing Mrs. Sermon holding forth, somewhat to the following effect, in the nursery: "It was what neither I nor my mistress expected," she said, "and would not have been known till after the funeral, if Mrs. Editha had not given orders that the will should be opened as soon as she was surely dead: but why she should have chosen Master Edmund before Master Eustace, is what I cannot understand."

"What do you mean, Sermon?" I asked, on hearing these words; "what do you mean by my aunt choosing me before Master Eustace?" Mrs. Sermon primmed up her mouth, and made me no answer; but the nursery-maid, when she carried me down stairs, told me, what the duenna had been somewhat too prudent to reveal to me, that Mrs. Editha had left me all her money, and had given none to any of my relations.

I remember being pleased to hear this news; there was something in it agreeable to self: but I should have been equally well pleased, at that time, had my aunt left me a box of sugar-plums on the same condition, viz., that they were all to be my own.

There was, however, a sort of consequence given me,

at the time of the death of my great-aunt, which had, I have often thought, a considerable influence on my after character. When Mrs. Editha died, my brother happened to be absent from the deanery, at my father's country residence, but was not sent for on the occasion, nor was he dressed in mourning so carefully as I was. The funeral was superb, for my aunt had particularly requested to be buried in the cathedral, as a bishop's sister and a dean's aunt. I was to follow the coffin whithersoever it was carried during the ceremony; and although but five years of age, I remember what force I put upon my little features to look unmoved, and how I endeavoured to raise my small person to its utmost altitude, and was not a little pleased when I observed one or two of the attendants on the funeral pointing me out as the person chosen to be the heir of the defunct.

What the heir of the defunct meant I did not know at the time; but I thought it sounded grand—*the person chosen to be the heir of the defunct.* What a great person I must be! this was my thought.

My recollections of what happened previous to my aunt's death are extremely vague; it is, however, probable that I had received some strong impressions before that time; and many of those impressions may have tended, to speak as man speaks, and to judge as man judges, to precipitate me into those offences, by which my every earthly prospect has been blighted. Yet am I convinced that every self-incurred affliction has been overruled for my good, for the vile nature of man must be corrected: he cannot enjoy the glory which is prepared for him in his natural state; and it will, no doubt, be proved hereafter, that there are few lessons more valuable to the individual than those which, through Divine permission, he is compelled to learn, by the granting of his own wayward desires.

The spirit of my father's family was that which I have not unseldom beheld in other families similarly situated, before whom objects of ambition are continually held out—objects which seem almost within the grasp, but are never obtained, or, if obtained, only to make way for others equally beyond the grasp, and yet apparently equally near. The difference between the ambition of the dean's family and that of a secular aspirant after earthly honours and emoluments, was merely in the

particular nature of the objects which were desired. The scenery, for example, of the Gothic cathedral, the storied windows, the sculptured aisles, the mitred throne, the prebendal stalls, the richly-decorated screen behind the communion-table, the ancient deanery, with all its quaint embellishments of carved niches, old galleries, venerable portraits, and mouldy tapestries; then the view from my father's study of the palace gardens, and through the boles of certain elms and sycamores, where rooks had inhabited from time out of mind—of the rich Gothic front of the abode of the spiritual lord: it would have been strange indeed if all these images, in themselves impressive, had not given a direction, not only to the desires of my father, but of most of those connected with him, which nothing but grace could effectually control.

My father, as the son of a nobleman, had been brought up in aristocratic habits; but had he been the elder brother, and mixed more with the world, his honours would probably have sat more easily upon him than did the inferior honours of the deanery, where his society was more exclusive, and where he conversed chiefly with persons bound up closely with him in the same interests. The support of their own establishment was paramount, their self-interested and party spirit being hidden from themselves by the plea that what they did was for the glory of God and the good of the country. Hence, when opposed, or unable to exact the respect which they required, they had recourse to a haughty reserve, by which they repelled the encroachments of the secular world which encircled them. My poor mother (for the truth must be told) was a woman of great pride; nor did she, as I can remember, ever attempt to justify her pride. "I have never been used to low society, and I will not now have anything to do with it," she would often say, and so far she spoke well: her error was in this, that she did not use the word low in the sense which a Christian ought to do. Weak and erring as man is, he should avoid, for himself and his children, all associates of degraded habits: that which is unclean will defile in the touch. But my mother's idea of the low and the degrading affected chiefly birth and station in society, and was, moreover, strongly imbued with the aristocracy of the visible church.

My father's pride was, on the contrary, somewhat

modified: he was conscious that it was not altogether right, and there were occasions, I have no doubt, in which he could not reconcile it, even with his own dark views of Christianity. But his prejudices were excessively strong; and they so affected his creed, that without being aware of it, there was scarcely a doctrine which he held which was not more or less tainted with popery; or, in other words, with that principle which gives man a place of spiritual authority over the souls of men, as I shall have occasion to make manifest in the sequel of my history. But there is often much external decency in the arrangement of proud families; and in this respect my father's family was a pattern, both at the deanery and at a noble living in the country, where we spent many months in the year.

Our servants were orderly, our liveries clerical. My father read prayers to his family, morning and evening; my mother attended divine service every day appointed in the rubric; and we were catechised once a year, in the country, with other children of the parish, in the presence of all the congregation—a piece of condescension much thought of among our poor neighbours.

My mother caused her housekeeper to make soup for the poor, and my father read a sermon every Sunday evening to his family, and I believe was generally well spoken of, as a man who did honour to the cloth, though I doubt much whether he was beloved.

But, as I stated before, though my mother never justified her pride, my father, who might probably have more doubts than she had of its consistency with the spirit of Christianity, had many things to urge for the necessity of upholding the dignity of the established church. His principles on the subject were as follows —he applied, in the first instance, all the passages of Scripture in which the word church is used in our translation, to the visible church on earth, and was particularly fond of the text, 1 Tim. iii., 15: "The house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth." And applying this to the visible church, it necessarily followed that the visible church, being the pillar and ground, and, according to my father, the only pillar and ground of the truth, under the present dispensation, membership of this church was indispensable to every soul which was to be saved. I do not say that my father ever went so far as to derive

this deduction from the principle stated above in so many words, but I have seen him shake his head, and look very portentous when he has been told of an infant dying before baptism could be administered; nay, I have even heard him say, that there was no security for the happiness of such souls, though God was merciful, and there was no cause for actual despair.

There were other, many other errors, which naturally sprang up in my father's mind, from the principle above stated, viz., the substitution of the type for the antitype; or of the visible church on earth, or of any one visible church with its outward forms and ordinances, for that mystical body which is the body of Christ. But who can enumerate the deceptions which proceed from one false leading principle? I might fill quires of paper in tracing to the source of this one root of bitterness all the dark notions which have prevailed in the Christian world, among all sects and orders of nominal Christians, from the apostolic age to the present day; but inasmuch as my whole life will tend to open some of these errors, I shall refrain from further discussions on these subjects at present, having already said enough to assist the enlightened reader to understand the character of my father, who was not by any means a singular variety of the ecclesiastical order.

The younger sons of noblemen are seldom rich, and the daughters of bishops have not always large fortunes; frugality was therefore necessary in order to enable my parents to keep up the sort of state in which they thought it right to live, in consequence of which very little was spent on the education of my sisters. They were kept at home, and told that it was beneath the dignity of young ladies of their rank to attend places of education, in which they might be liable to meet with the daughters of persons in business; a sort of governess, however, was provided for them, and the organist of the cathedral was proud to be called upon to instruct the Misses Etherington.

In consequence of these arrangements, and the modes of thinking of my parents, my four sisters, Maria, Elizabeth, Catharine, and Letitia, being, as I have before said, perversely like their father in person, rendered themselves unapproachable in youth by giving themselves the airs of exclusives; and far from pleasing in middle life by their ineffectual efforts to obtain that

deference from society which the cruel world delights in withholding from dowagers and unmarried women of a certain age. My poor sisters held long to the prejudices of their education; but when last I saw them, for they all live still, and live together, I observed with delight, that although through youth and middle age they had been endeavouring to grasp at shadows, in old age they had been brought to conceive it possible that the hitherto despised truths of Scripture might be worthy of the attention of dying creatures.

My brother, however, was sent to Westminster as soon as he was considered to be old enough for a public school, while I was kept at home two years longer: and during those two years it was that the peculiarities of my character first attracted the serious attention of my parents.

My brother was a gentle and amiable boy, but one who took things much as he found them. From the earliest period of my recollection I had ruled over him, having always, from my fifth year, been able to beat him in single combat. I was also exceedingly passionate; and when I flamed and flashed with anger, he never thought of opposing me. He was glad, too, of my protection at the college school, which was attended at that time by all the young slips of divinity, as well as by many of the town boys; Mr. Kempson, the old master, being accounted a most exemplary drudge in the Latin rudiments. Eustace, as I was saying, was glad of my protection in the wars of the pigmies and the cranes, that is, in the eternal feuds between the young dignitaries and functionaries of the cathedral and the town boys, which sometimes arose to such heights that the higher authorities were compelled to interfere; and there is little doubt that in the course of these discords I let the *ignoble vulgus*, as I called the enemy, see a little of the nature of an aristocratic spirit, although I did not scorn to maintain the dignity of the church by means not altogether suited to my lofty pretensions, or to the supposed justice of my cause.

But boys will fight and deal bloody noses to each other, and perhaps there is not much to be augured of the future character from such exploits as these. However, after several complaints of violence made against me, my parents removed me to their country residence, to be there with my sisters and their governess, it hav-

ing been arranged that I was to take lessons from my father's curate, and then it was that my natural character began to be better understood.

Mr. Evans, the curate, was a Welshman, and read the Latin with a Welsh accent. He was a quiet, modest man, and wore gray worsted stockings: I chose to think him very low and vulgar, and my sisters and I used to indulge ourselves by turning him into excessive ridicule. Being gently reproved for the carelessness with which I permitted my contempt to exhibit itself before Mr. Evans by my sister's governess, I made manifest another of my superior qualities, which was malice; and I presently aroused the resentment of Maria, by informing her that the person from whom she was receiving her education had the honour of having a sister, who was the personal attendant on a certain old dowager of quality, who paid our mother an annual morning visit at the deanery.

This set up Maria, and she denied the fact. To punish her, I put the question, whether it was so or not, to Miss Betterton herself, the next day at dinner, in the presence of all her pupils. She blushed, but very properly replied that she had informed my mother of all the circumstances of her family, and did not think herself called upon to answer any questions of that nature put by me. My sisters, though mortified, as I could plainly see, immediately expressed their approbation of their governess's answer; but from that moment till I was removed from that situation, I let my sisters see that I could be cold, haughty, and sullen, even to them; indeed, I soon afterward made myself so disagreeable, that there was a petition sent to my father that I might be removed to Mr. Evans's house, where there was already one pupil, a boy of my own age.

This boy was Henry, the son of Dr. Clifford, archdeacon of the diocess, the nephew of a baronet, and not unlikely to inherit his title and estates, though there was a life between which might keep them from him. There was no occasion, therefore, on account of birth, that I should despise Clifford; and, as to everything else, he was my superior—much before me in learning, possessing the most pleasing manners, and promising withal to have even greater personal recommendations than those on which I already prided myself. But my mother had unfortunately said to me, when I was sent

out of the house to go to Mr. Evans's, "Endeavour, Edmund, to imitate Henry Clifford, and you will be all I can wish you to be." This was enough for me—my pride was set up, and from the moment in which I first entered the house till I came out of it, I waged one perpetual war with him. I never answered him but in some slang phrase, such as, with all my greatness, I had not been ashamed to borrow from the town boys who came to the college school, making these elegant expressions serve for every purpose of conversation with my companion, and thus entirely putting it out of his power to convey any proper sentiment to my mind, and precluding every advance to friendship. The worthy boy would often say to me, "Edmund, it is your own fault that we are not friends."

"I know it," I sometimes answered, "you can't say but that you have been willing."

"And your father told me that he wished us to be friends," he one day added.

"Did he so?" I replied, with perfect nonchalance, "I thought as much."

Clifford then, as I remember, said something about its being right to obey parents.

"Who does not know that?" was my answer.

He then added something about religion, the Bible, and pleasing God, which put me in a perfect rage, and I should certainly have struck him if Mr. Evans had not happened to come in.

It was probably well judged of my father not to leave me long under the superintendence of Mr. Evans, with whom I made no improvement, because he was an object of contempt to me. I was only left with him during one winter, and in the spring my father took the prudent resolution of placing me under the care of my uncle Theophilus; that excellent man having professed himself willing to be troubled with me.

CHAPTER III.

My first visit to Kelford was a great event in my life. I was a tall boy of fourteen years of age when I accompanied my parents to my uncle's seat. As, in the course of my narrative, it will be necessary for me to describe much foreign scenery, I shall avoid entering on any descriptions which are merely English. I shall only say that Kelford is a magnificent old family mansion, and every reader may arrange its lawns, and groves, and breezy heights, and shadowy dells, and waterfalls, and reedy pools, according to what he has beheld or fancied as most beautiful in highly-dressed English estates; suffice it to add, that the parsonage, which is situated in the very heart of the finest scenery, is a roomy, oldfashioned dwelling, built with a view of being always occupied by a member of the family, and, under the dominion of my uncle Theophilus, a residence as lovely as piety, cheerfulness, and elegance within, and profusion of flowers, birds, and bees without, could possibly render it.

My father and mother, with my sister Maria, accompanied me to Kelford; we travelled in the state commonly used by the dean when visiting his great relations, in the family coach, followed by a post-chaise, in which were the servants. My mother, I remember, was dressed in an embroidered habit and implumed hat, and looked very handsome; and I was much elated when persons remarked my resemblance to her.

Our first visit was paid to the mansion called the Grove, where I saw the second Lady C——, a lively, fashionable woman, some twenty years younger than her husband, with her three young daughters. My lord remarked, when they appeared at the dessert, that he would willingly give all three of them for me: he spoke half in jest, but his lady seemed hurt.

My uncle then laughingly added, "What business have you, Mr. Dean, with such a handsome lad as this? With your Gothic physiognomy, which would do honour to some dusty niche in your own cloisters, you have no right to a son like this." It must be observed that Lord

C—— himself was by no means so hard-featured as was my father.

In reply to this remark, my mother answered, "The dean has five representatives of himself, my lord; why may not I have one to remind the world of me when I am no more?" Alas! my poor mother, how little did she anticipate what would be the fate of her too much indulged and favoured son!

Lord C—— smiled in return, and whispered to my mother, saying, "You have managed matters very ill, Mrs. Etherington, in not having bestowed those features on your daughter; they would make her fortune. Who cares for beauty in a man?"

I was not intended to hear this; but what is so quick of hearing as vanity?—and when I had put all that I had heard during this journey together, I had wherewith to feed my self-satisfaction for a long time to come.

My uncle Theophilus and his lady were absent during the three days which we spent at the Grove. They had been suddenly called away; but on the fourth day they were to return, and we were engaged to meet them at the parsonage, and were actually entering the gates of their domain, when we saw their open carriage ascending the hill, for the rectory stands on an eminence above the principal mansion.

My father waved his hand to them, and directed my mother to go into the house with me and my sister while he held open the gate: it was so done; and while we pursued the gravel path, through a wilderness of sweet flowers, he remained behind to greet his brother.

Having entered the house, we passed through a large hall, hung with old prints, into an apartment which proved to be my uncle's study, where many volumes neatly arranged, many bronze busts, and various old Italian landscapes in oil colours, these last hanging wherever the bookcases permitted, gave a peculiar character to the room, which may be better understood than described.

In the centre of this apartment was a large writing-table, on which a little girl was ranging flowers in a glass: she wore a white frock, and her hair hung in dark, brown, glossy ringlets over a neck of purest white. She started at the sound of our steps, and, turning suddenly round, displayed a set of features of such extraor-

dinary infant beauty as I could hardly have conceived. For a moment we stood looking at each other, while glow after glow rose mantling on her cheeks, like the shades of passing clouds over a sunny landscape; then, as if suddenly recollecting herself, she said, it must be my dear aunt Etherington; and, coming gracefully forward, she raised her mouth to kiss my mother.

"Dear Emmeline," said my mother, "and did you not go with your aunt and uncle? Sweet child! we should have sought you sooner had we known you were at home:" and then my mother drew my sister forward to embrace her, and afterward took her little hand and placed it in mine, saying, "Edmund, this is your cousin Emmeline; you must love your little cousin, and not," she added, in a lower tone, for me only to hear, "be quite so rough with her as you are with your sisters."

I made my mother no answer, for I did not relish the reproof; but at the same time I felt that there was a vast difference between this elegant and gentle little lady before me, and the haughty girls whom I called sisters. I was, however, of that sort of disposition even then which was not easily to be won; and, in fact, there is so wide a difference between a youth of fourteen and a girl in her ninth year, that, had my parents been imprudent enough at that time to betray to me their secret wishes as it respected this little girl, they would have entirely defeated that purpose, which may be easily conjectured, as it regarded me and Emmeline. As I shall be under the necessity of being very particular in some parts of my history, I intend to pass over the period of my residence with my uncle, which continued from my fourteenth year till I was entered at Oxford, as shortly as may be consistent with giving my reader a correct idea of the mode in which that time was passed. My uncle Theophilus, of whom, as yet, I have said very little, was, without exception, the man most favoured by nature, taking him all in all, of any one I ever happened to meet with. He was handsome, graceful, gentle, sprightly, and eloquent; he was the human being, above all others, who had the noblest views of the duties of friendship; he was the most forgiving of men, and the most generous—choosing rather to be injured than to injure; and he never discoursed on religious subjects without expressing the

deepest sense of the Divine goodness, especially as made manifest in the work of redemption. I can have no question that these last-mentioned beautiful qualities were the fruits, not of nature, but of grace; but, as a teacher of religion, especially to a mind like mine, my uncle was very deficient.

In the first place, he had false views of human nature; he had spent most of his life within the elegant shades of Kelford, surrounded by the tenantry and dependants of the Etheringtons. Democratic coarseness and insolence had not, at that period, begun to manifest themselves in our rural scenes; in consequence, his views of life were narrow and partial, and those passages of Scripture—those numerous passages which now appear to obtrude themselves in every page, to prove that the heart of man is desperately wicked, had not, it seems, come with conviction to his perception. Be it remembered that I am now stating simple facts, and not pretending to account for them. What a divine can make of the work of redemption who does not see the depravity of man, I cannot well understand; but my uncle had been brought to love his God, and especially to love him because he had sent his Son to die for the sins of the world; and yet, certainly, while I was under his tuition, he saw not the depravity of man's nature. I do not say that, had the doctrine been pressed upon him, he would have denied it—but he saw it not practically—he never brought it forward, either in preaching or discourse—it had been hidden from his eyes by the elegant manners which prevailed among his equals at Kelford on the one hand, and by the courteous respect of his inferiors. I have been disposed to think within a few years past, that what the Almighty is now doing by allowing men to throw off the restraints of old authority, is to let the believer see what man is without manners and without principle. My uncle Theophilus's religion was, notwithstanding, of a sweet character as it regarded his God. He might be compared to the infant who clings to his mother's bosom, and yet could give no account of the reason wherefore he feels himself secure on that breast, and there only.

There was also another error into which my uncle had fallen, or rather in which he had been brought up, which proved more injurious to me, by confirming certain prejudices which I had already derived from my

father. It is true that the natural sweetness and less ambitious tendency of my uncle's mind modified, in a certain degree, the form of that error, but still, in substance, this great stumbling-stone was the same in both the brothers, and finally with me. Yet how to state this error exactly, which pervaded every thought and discourse of my uncle and father, in their character of ministers, I do not easily find, from the assurance which I feel, that whatever may be the terms which I may select, some will think them too harsh, and others too mild. But the error was this, that my father and uncle were persuaded that their own establishment was the only earthly one deserving the name of a church, and the only one on which it was altogether safe to depend. I do not say that either of these my reverend relations would have asserted these sentiments in so many words; at least I cannot recollect that they ever did as much, but they often came very near to the point, and certainly impressed my mind with two ideas, the first of which was this—that there was always to be on earth a supreme visible church, and that such church always had been; the second—that this church was, in the present day, no other than the church of England by law established. The first of these errors, which arises from the confusion of the type with the antitype, remained long with me, and tinged, I might say, with misery and blood, all the days of my early manhood. But I will not anticipate—setting aside these errors, which, indeed, are not trifling, I might say that my uncle's superintendence of me, while I remained under his roof, was precisely such as was calculated to improve me and make me happy.

My aunt was a lovely, gentle person, most tenderly attached to her husband and to the young people under her roof. As to the management of the house, I never saw simplicity so combined with polished manners, nor could I have ever understood the charms of domestic intercourse had I not resided with my uncle.

He lived in a world of his own, and had the talent of carrying other persons into that peculiar world with which he himself was conversant. He spoke little of present things; but the most ordinary occurrences of every-day life seemed to have the power with him of suggesting things out of the common way, enabling him to draw honey, in full drops, as it were, from the most

unpromising weeds. For instance—I remember pointing out to him the particularly unwieldy form of a huge cart-horse, which was trotting in the most ungraceful manner along a lane, having a quantity of bells jingling on his neck. From such an object, would it be believed that my uncle's associations were instantly with Philip the Second in the Low Countries! nor did he recover his recollection of present things till he had brought before me some of the most interesting scenes of those times, quoting Davila and other quaint historians of that period. Show him a cypress or an orange-tree, and his imagination would be on the wing to Italy and the south of France as swift as thought, lighting perhaps in Vaucluse or Valombrosa, and describing how things are and must be in those southern climates. It is inconceivable how much I learned from him in these his desultory discourses.

My uncle, Lord C——, was seldom at Kelford at this time; we therefore lived in much seclusion, and, whether accidentally or not, things were so arranged that for some months I saw little of my young cousin; and as I did not condescend to pay much attention to her, she never spoke to me but when obliged to do so, and then she called me sir, using a deference which I thought very beautiful, but of which, after a while, I began to be tired. However, I was too proud to take any trouble to obtain better terms; and having once or twice invited her to walk with me, an honour which had been timidly and politely declined, I was content to leave things as they were. How long this distance between us might have remained, I know not, if it had not happened one day that, being quietly seated, angling in a little pond in a dingle behind the house, my little Emmeline came running towards me from a winding, shadowy path, and putting her arms round my neck, "Oh Edmund, Edmund!" she said, and in her terror she fell on her knees and hid her face in my bosom. If there had been anything to be dreaded, this would have proved the most effectual way, no doubt, of disabling me from defending her; however, this dreadful enemy proved only to be a knot of vagrants who had got into the wood, and had attempted to get something from the little girl by importunate begging. I just saw the cloak of the gipsy woman who had led the attack, but at the sight of me she fled; and then persuading Emmeline to

sit down by me while I packed up my fishing-tackle, I made use of the opportunity to prove to her that, if she would walk with me and help me to build my bower, for I was making a root-house in the wood, we should be mutually benefited—she by having a protector, and I by having a most pleasant companion. To this day I remember the sweet, innocent aspect with which she looked up to me while I was thus pleading with her, and persuasion dwelt on my tongue. From that time, yes, from that time, my lovely one, thy infant image has never been wholly effaced from my heart; but, on these subjects, on these affections of the heart, I do not mean further to enlarge, than inasmuch as they form a part, and a very important part, of life. They formed a very solemn portion in the history of the first man; and in the unhallowed attempt to counteract the natural and sanctified course of these affections, what did I endure? What have thousands endured through all ages, and what has been the fruit of the voice which is going forth continually from the mouth of Antichrist, condemning as unholy the divinely appointed ordinance of marriage?

I had spent four years in my dear uncle's family before any circumstance took place which troubled, in any sensible degree, the calm tenour of our lives; I could almost imagine, on looking back through the long vista of many years, that the whole of that period had been one of perfect peace, if such were consistent with the state of man on earth. All the images which memory has retained of those days are peculiarly beautiful, consisting of shadowy scenery, such as England and Switzerland only can supply in perfection; infinitudes of flowers, birds, sheep, and lambs; holydays on summer mornings, when studies were laid by with general consent; elegant reunions, where many branches of literature were discussed, and where a thousand gentle courtesies continually passed between me and that fair Emmeline for whom the affection I entertained was gradually, and to me imperceptibly, losing the character of the fraternal to assume one of a more serious nature. Is it well thus to associate those who are not actually brothers and sisters? I merely put the question in order to spare my reader the trouble of commenting upon the indiscretion of my aunt and uncle, in allow-

ing so much freedom of intercourse between me and Emmeline.

During this period of my life there was little to awaken violent feelings, and much to restrain the exhibition of them, for there is no human means by which the manifestation of passion is restrained more effectually than a constantly required attention to elegant manners; yet, although there was that influence always exercised over me while I remained with my uncle at Kelford, and I was probably thereby restrained from breakings out of that which is amiss, I have no reason to think that the sort of learning I received there, from my uncle's tuition, produced any permanent effect on my mind. On the contrary, his false views of human nature had confirmed my self-sufficiency, and my pride, too, had been strengthened by the deference which was paid me as the son of the heir presumptive of the family; and although I had acquired some ideas of religion which were valuable, yet the two radical errors with which my uncle's mind was imbued prevented his pious instructions from producing any humbling effects on my heart, though they certainly had their influence in making me feel more than I had formerly done—that religion was a thing of some consequence to an immortal soul. At length, at the end of the fifth year of my residence at my uncle's, I was entered at Oxford, where my brother had already been two years, and to which place he expected to return after the long vacation, though he never did so. I was then nearly nineteen, and Emmeline almost fourteen; but the long vacation was to intervene before I was to proceed to enter on a college life, and I pleaded hard to be permitted to spend the interval at Kelford, after having paid a short visit at the deanery, where I made myself far from pleasant, merely because I did not think it worth my while to take the trouble of doing so.

CHAPTER IV.

Having, as I said, made myself very disagreeable at home for a short time, I returned to Kelford, and found my lord and lady at the hall, with their three younger daughters, who were still children, and with them two persons who excited very great interest in my mind—Lady Beresford and Savona, these ladies being just arrived from Italy. Lady Beresford having expressly undertaken the journey in order that she might see Emmeline, and introduce the sisters to each other, they had arrived by appointment, and were all in the drawing-room before dinner at the Grove, to meet my father and Eustace, who had accompanied me that day to Kelford. My uncle Theophilus, his lady, and Emmeline were also present; and now I must enter on a portion of my history which I would omit were it not for its intimate bearing upon my after-life. I am not writing a novel, and would gladly dismiss all such subjects as commonly afford the interest of narratives of this kind, but the truth cannot be developed if the springs of a man's actions are concealed.

Vanity, personal vanity, is indeed a very despicable motive of action in our sex, and there are few men who will allow themselves to appear to be influenced by it; nevertheless, it is an inherent feeling in the unregenerate man, and probably, in few instances, requires more for its development than the suitable temptation. This feeling had been nourished in me from infancy by my too partial mother, and many other persons besides my mother had brought tribute to the idol thus set up in my heart; and therefore, at the time of which I am speaking, though I had too much refinement to betray my vanity in a gross and offensive form, I was nothing less than a self-adorer: and yet I certainly had a decided preference for Emmeline, and whenever I thought of marrying and settling in life, I thought of making her my companion.

I have often considered that one of the grand deceptions of young people consists in the view which they have of the length of years which are to come. De-

praved as men are, I believe there are few who do not calculate upon doing better at some future time than they do at present. There is a supposed period in every man's prospects in which he is to repent, to settle down, and to do good actions; to do something for that God whose existence perhaps no one, unless he be actually mad, is able entirely to disbelieve, however he may wish it. But there is this expectation in all young minds, where the body is in health—that life will appear much longer in its progress than it does in actual experience; and hence, where the principles are without foundation, the best part of life often runs away without the individual being aware of the deception under which he has hitherto lived.

I commenced these remarks with saying that it was my intention to marry some time or other, and that I also proposed Emmeline to myself as the companion I should choose; but to talk on these subjects with a very simple child of fourteen I thought would be preposterous, unless it were in a sort of general way. It will be time enough, I thought, in two years, to begin to enter with her on those matters; and, in the mean time, was I to refuse to speak to any other young lady? I will try what sort of a person the fair Italian may be: perhaps she may do to amuse me till Emmeline has laid aside her baby ways, and can understand me when I talk to her about bright eyes and coral lips.

In this temper, then, I entered the drawing-room at Kelford, in which the whole party had already assembled, waiting for dinner.

It was a glorious summer's day, and the parties were variously grouped—some standing at the windows which opened to the ground, and others forming little knots on sofas. Among these last was Lady Beresford, who was deep in discourse with my brother. Emmeline stood alone at a window, engaged with a little book of fairy tales, which, as I afterward found, her sister had given her a few moments before: she at that time retained the rounded form and simple expression of childhood. I paraded the circle, and was affectionately greeted by every friend and relative. I stayed long enough before Lady Beresford to discern as much of her character as I wished to know—that she was a weak, worldly woman, with a foreign tournure, still retaining the airs and dress of a young beauty, though a

grandmother of several years' standing. She received me with politeness, but turned so suddenly from me to Eustace, that she suggested at the instant the first suspicion which I had had of the family plans, which were, if possible, to bring Eustace and Savona together.

I had been parted only a few weeks from Emmeline, but she met me again with unfeigned delight, yet seemed to recur to her little volume with so much interest when I walked away, that I was half displeased with her, and could not make the allowances for her youth and simple education which I should have done had I been ten years older.

I had as yet had no communication with Savona, beyond an interchange of rapid courtesies as I made the tour of the room; at length, having paid all necessary compliments, I left her sister, and approached to where she sat; but there was no change of countenance or manners obvious in her as she saw me draw near.

The figure of that beautiful creature, as she then appeared, is as perfectly before me now as if I had seen it but yesterday: she was not more than two years older than Emmeline, but looked at least four, being rather taller, and far less childlike in her person.

She had, even at that early age, a most perfect command of manner. There was something remarkable and queenlike in the style in which her head was set on her shoulders: her complexion was delicate in the extreme; to compare it to the finest marble would be to do it injustice; but it was perfectly colourless, excepting where her full yet delicately-formed lips surpassed the richest coral. Her features strongly resembled those of Emmeline, the lower part of the face being exactly the same; but the nose was somewhat higher, and the expression of the dark blue eyes was totally different in the two sisters. Her dress was very simple —it was white and flowing—her hair was platted, and formed a coronet on her head; and she wore no ornament but one magnificent jewel which blazed upon her bosom.

It was evident that she had been nurtured in high life. She had a manner which would have become the halls of the Medici in the days of their utmost magnificence. She had chiefly resided at Florence and at Rome, the very names of which cities convey to an English mind the ideas of pride and magnificence.

Something had evidently vexed her at the time when I first saw her, and I was not very long in guessing what this was. It had not been concealed from her that her father wished that she should marry Eustace, and she had seen him for the first time within that hour.

It required some confidence for a young man to venture on forming an intimacy with this haughty beauty; but bashfulness was never among my besetting sins in youth. I went up to her, and put some question, I know not what, to which she gave me a very laconic reply, without deigning to raise her eyes towards me. I was not daunted—I will make you look up, fair lady, I thought; and I put another question, which was—how she liked our country.

"Not in the least," she answered.

"And our people," I said, "our young people, our gentlemen—how do you like our gentlemen?"

"I have seen no polished men in England," she replied.

I immediately drew a chair and sat down opposite to her.

"You have now an opportunity, then," I said, "of contemplating one of our best samples: look at me, your cousin Edmund, and take me as an example of what you may generally expect in this country."

She put up her lip—it was a beautiful lip; and elevating her eyes, while a faint glow rose in her cheek, she gave me a searching glance, and then looked down again.

"What do you think of me?" I asked.

"What should I think?" she replied, and rising, walked to her sister, who still stood where I had left her. I, of course, followed, nothing daunted; and when we were come into the deep embrasure of the window, she addressed her sister, saying—"Did you not tell me that I should like our cousin Edmund?"

Emmeline coloured, as if vexed to have what she had said in private thus publicly repeated—but she did not deny the charge.

"You do not speak," resumed Savona, "but you know that for the four last years you have filled up every letter to me with the accounts of the wonderful exploits of cousin Edmund."

"He is the same as a brother to me, and is it odd if I should like him, Savona?" she answered.

"Not in the least," replied the other: "he tells me that he is a pretty good sample of the British youths. I take it for granted, then, that you have seen no better."

"She has seen Eustace," I remarked, looking steadfastly in Savona's face.

It was not a slight blush, but an angry glow, which rose in her cheek at the name of Eustace; and she seemed to restrain, with difficulty, an expression of scorn, which, when I perceived, I added something, I forget what it was, which made her anger flame out; and, in lady-like terms, she told me that I was a most impertinent young man. I have broken the ice, I thought —she will not pretend again to freeze me into distance. She already likes me better than she does my correct brother. I will make her take an interest in this country before it is long; and if Emmeline will but continue for a few months longer—that is, while her sister is in England—to busy herself with her bees, and her books, and her flowers, it will be all as well: for if she should take it into her head to be jealous, it might give me some trouble by and by, when I think it time to awaken her to a more lively interest in me.

Such was my first interview with Savona; and in a very few days from that time I could plainly discern that my attentions were making a strong impression on her mind, though she continued to chill poor Eustace into ice, notwithstanding the coronet which hung over his head, by her haughty and cold reserve. But inasmuch as we well knew that our elders had no wish that Savona and I should like each other, as our intimacy increased we became more guarded; and, without acknowledging what we were doing to each other, we both observed more caution in noticing each other before witnesses. But this very precaution in public seemed to throw Savona more off her guard whenever we could converse unheard by others; and she very soon let me know that she would never accept Eustace, leaving me to infer the reason.

In the mean time, that is, while I was thus secretly endeavouring to win the affections of Savona, two motives held me back from an honourable return of those affections. The first was, that I certainly, even then, loved my little Emmeline, with whom I had so long held

an endearing intercourse under the correct and elegant auspices of my aunt Theophilus; and the second was, that, depraved as my own feelings were, I had then, and always retained very nice notions as it regarded the female character. Thus, throughout my whole intercourse with that fair creature, there was a doubly refined artifice. I was not only endeavouring to deceive my friends, but to deceive her; while, at the worst, her deceit was only single; for her attachment to me, which began at that early period, and continued to burn with an increasing flame until the end, was not only sincere, but noble, inasmuch as she was ready to sacrifice to it all views of worldly, I might almost say, of princely grandeur—not altogether in the spirit of the country in which she had been born and brought up, and the principles of which she had partly adopted, but with the added firmness of the character of her Saxon ancestors. Though she loved like an Italian, her constancy and fidelity proved her to be of English blood. And such was the woman with whose feelings I played, merely, at first, from the wantonness of vanity, and afterward with a sort of feeling which I can compare only to the action of a moth, which, having once felt the heat of a flame, returns to it again and again, until the foolish insect finds itself irrevocably ingulfed within the devouring element.

But, when all is said which might be said, we both acted extremely ill. It cannot be required of young people, on any principle, that they should enter into the marriage state without reciprocal affection; and if Savona did not like my brother, she should have made this known to her parents, and simply waited the result of this confidence. But, although I have said before that she was not so doubly deceitful as I was, yet I hardly know whether this assertion will bear me out; for, as I discovered, though not till some years afterward, she was playing a game of which I did not understand the whole, and was under some fear, that if, while she remained in England, she should make it evident that she meant to reject Eustace entirely, her grandmother might take offence. Lady Beresford was very anxious for the marriage, naturally preferring for her granddaughter an English nobleman to any foreigner of however high rank; several of whom, as we were told, had made pretensions to the beautiful signora. Savona,

therefore, feared that, if she too openly thwarted her wishes, the old lady might transfer her affections to her younger granddaughter: in which case there might be much loss of consequence and worldly endowments to herself.

Oh, the entangling influence of ambition! How many have made shipwreck of all present peace through being involved in that net; but my mind revolts from dwelling on these scenes, and therefore I will hasten to the close of this first very important exhibition of my want of principle, begging my reader, however, carefully to mark how many solemn scenes of my after-life were based upon this my first departure—I mean cool and deliberate departure, from honourable conduct.

The residence of Lady Beresford and the fair Savona at Kelford was protracted during the greater part of the long vacation. It was then decided that Eustace should escort the Italian ladies on their return. I was astonished that Savona did not object to this plan, and said to her, somewhat in pique, "So you mean to accept my brother, after all!"

"Edmund," she replied, "will *you* accompany us to Florence in his place?"

"I would willingly," I answered, "if I were my own master; but I am not of age."

"But in two years you will be," she answered.

"In somewhat less," I replied.

"Will you come then, Edmund?" she asked, with a look full of interest.

I was base enough to answer that nothing would give me more pleasure; "but tell me," I added, "wherefore do you not object to the attendance of Eustace?"

"Because," she answered, "I shall have more courage to refuse him in Italy than I have here, in this general assembly of elders; besides," she added, laughing, "I may, perhaps, be able to spare myself the trouble of giving him a formal denial."

"In what way?" I asked.

"There is one at Florence," she returned, "who has offered me more than a coronet; and, though I hate him, he may serve to make Eustace quit the citadel, even without a regular dismissal from the garrison."

"You propose a dangerous game, Savona," I said.

"Not at all," she answered; "and if it amuses me—" here she hesitated.

I shook my head—we were walking together in the shrubbery, and it occurred to me that I too, perhaps, had been the dupe of this girl; and I said, "Savona, your own feelings, I suspect, being perfectly free, leave you quite at liberty to play with those of others. Come, be candid, and tell me, have you not been playing a game of this kind at Kelford?"

"With whom?" she answered, and the tears gushed from her eyes.

For this I had called, but when it came I was surprised. I was not prepared for such an exhibition of feeling; and though I hardly recollect what I said on the occasion, yet I know that I made many more professions than in honour I ought to have done. But enough, and too much, of my unprincipled behaviour, for which I was duly rewarded in after-life. Let me hasten to the scene which closes this period of my history.

Lady C—— was very fond of any amusement which had a brilliant effect; and she managed these matters well. The day before the Italian ladies were to go, she insisted on giving them a splendid gala. There was to be an archery-meeting in the park in the afternoon, and a ball at night. It was a pretty thing, that gay assemblage in the lovely groves of Kelford. There were tables spread under the trees, and every person was invited to partake of the refreshments; for there was more hospitality in that day, and less show, than there is now. The ladies had prepared two embroidered scarfs for the victors in the archery, for which there were to be two distinct trials. One of these was to be presented by Savona, and the other by Emmeline—this last by the particular wish of Lord C——, who secretly, I have often thought, clung most to his younger daughter. When this was proposed to Emmeline she made no difficulty, but received the order from her father as a thing of course. The day appointed for the fête proved fine, and carriages flocked to Kelford from all quarters; among other persons, Dr. Clifford and his son were invited, but they did not arrive till we had been on the ground some time. There is something very commonplace in scenes of this kind, and any newspaper would give the account of such a fête better than I could—*the underplot, the underplot* in all these scenes gives the interest; and who is to tell these

underplots to the public? It happened that the palm in the first contest was adjudged to me—a sort of matter of course, as I am the hero of the narrative. Oh, what a hero! and I, no doubt, thought that I looked wonderfully—what shall I say?—superior, interesting, anything else? While standing under the little raised platform, I received the scarf from my charming Italian cousin. Emmeline stood by her sister at the time, with others of the superior ladies of the party; and, as Savona arranged the scarf on my shoulder, my eye fell upon her I really loved, and I thought that she looked unusually serious. It occurred to me that there might be a little feeling of jealousy in her young mind, and I said to myself, "Well, it is natural—I shall soon set all right, when the gay people are gone from Kelford: or perhaps a word now might be beneficial;" and I sprang upon the platform among the ladies, and, drawing near to my little cousin, I addressed some very simple question to her, in answer to which she said, "I am so glad, Edmund, that you have got the first prize—I have been wishing it for you all the time." "Oh!" thought I, "there is no harm done yet," and I kept my place, having one of the lovely sisters on each side of me; and in this position we watched what was next to ensue.

Presently we observed a stir at the end of the area, and the whisper went round that young Clifford was come, and was accounted the best archer in England.

"I am very glad," said Emmeline, in a low tone, "that he did not come before."

"And wherefore?" I asked.

"Because," she replied, "if he had tried with you, he might have carried the prize which you have gained."

This remark did not please me, though most simply uttered.

The competitors had by this time taken their places, and among them Henry Clifford, looking hatefully handsome and provokingly gay.

There was a whisper on the platform when young Clifford appeared, and I was hurt at the comments which were made on his appearance.

There were many awkward and some skilful attempts to gain the prize among this second set. Henry Clifford was the last who sought it. There was much attention when he drew his first arrow, and a deep silence till the target gave a dead sound, as it received it close

by the bull's-eye. Again he drew his bow, and his second arrow stuck fast by the other; and a third time, taking skilful aim, he pierced the eye. A loud cheer followed, in the midst of which I exclaimed, "I will try again, by Heaven! that fellow—"

"No, no, Edmund," said Emmeline, laying her hand on my arm, "no, let me entreat you to forbear. If you should fail, think how foolish you would look."

"Foolish," I repeated, "what a word you use!"

"Never mind my words," she said, "only do stay here, dear Edmund—he has deserved the scarf, let him have it;" and she held my arm so firmly with her delicate little hand that I could not stir without creating confusion. In the mean time Clifford was brought forward to receive the prize, which she presented to him with an eagerness and apparent pleasure which probably seemed very flattering to him, and certainly was most displeasing to me, though I might have understood her feelings. The various arrangements and ceremonies had taken so much more time than had been expected, that it was getting rapidly dusk before the meeting in the park broke up. From the archery-ground to the house was a considerable distance by the carriage-road, and a short and delightful walk on foot. While the carriages were drawing up, my uncle Theophilus proposed to his nieces that they should walk back to the mansion; and directing me, who was by no means unwilling to be so directed, to take Emmeline, he followed with Savona.

We had to dip immediately into a woody and very deep dingle, to cross a foot-bridge over a brook, and through a grove of larch, to come to a small gate which would bring us immediately into the shrubberies. Before we had gone many steps Clifford and his father overtook us, but still kept behind us, there being no room to pass. I do not remember what nonsense I talked to Emmeline as we walked on together; but this I remember, that she said very little in reply. Being come to the brook, we found that the hand-rail had been broken down; and, as it was by this time very dark in the dell, the young ladies expressed some little alarm, while there was a sort of bustle among the gentlemen to get them safely landed on the other side; which being done, I gave my arm to my cousin, and we instantly entered the shade of the larch wood, where it was dis-

mally dark. There I recommenced my discourse, in the same strain as before, talking a great deal of nonsense; at the same time taking the hand which hung upon my arm, and uttering a sort of commonplace rhapsody about the happiness of living with those we love —far from the gay world, and from all scenes of worldly pomp and grandeur. No reply was made, but the hand which I held was left passively in mine, and no attempt made to withdraw it, even when I ventured, under so much encouragement, to raise it to my lips, and vow by it eternal constancy in the profane language too often used by men under such circumstances. There was another commotion of the party at the gate, and, as it was unfortunately found to be locked, Clifford and I were obliged to raise it off the hinges. A few minutes brought us to the mansion, and, as we entered the hall, I turned to look at Emmeline, who was holding my arm, and to read in her countenance, if possible, the effect which my warm declarations had had on her mind. I perceived by the light which blazed upon her face that she had been weeping; but there was no displeasure depicted on that fair face: however, she hastily drew her arm from mine, and wishing me a good-night, as she was not to be present at the ball, she ran after her sister, no doubt, in order to bid her a last adieu. I watched them both as they retreated along a gallery which led to the stairs, and for once was not sorry that the opinion of my aunt Theophilus, who thought Emmeline too young for such a public display as the ensuing ball, had provided for her not being present that night, to observe anything which might pass between me and her sister on this our last evening.

Of the remainder of this day, or rather this night, I can give little account. I found it impossible to get a moment alone with Savona; and hardened as I was, yet now that this dream of folly was about to terminate, I really felt uneasy on observing her deep depression. But although here was food for vanity, for I could not doubt that I had effectually won the affections of my lovely cousin, yet I seemed to crave the further satisfaction of seeing that this triumph was known to the world; for every one saw my brother going off, as was supposed, in the light of an accepted suiter, and if Savona looked sad, it was set down to the account of her speedy separation from her father and sisters.

Thus that night terminated with me in apparent gayety and secret heartache; and when I took my last leave of Savona, at two o'clock in the morning, for it had been determined that, as she was to leave Kelford at a very early hour, I was not to see her the next day, the hand she gave was as cold as marble.

I did not, however, return to my uncle Theophilus till the morning was spread upon the hills, and all nature was arrayed in the fairest tints of the summer dawn. I had thrown myself on a couch in the library after every one had retired to rest, and had been awakened by the servants who were busied in setting things in order in an adjoining room; but I shrank from the idea of further leave-taking; and, in truth, I felt somewhat ashamed (now the gay dream was over) of the part I had acted as it regarded Savona and my brother. Springing up hastily from my short feverish sleep, I crossed the court, and, as I passed near to the stables, the great clock on their roof sounded the hour of six. I walked slowly over the beautiful pleasure-grounds to the parsonage, and, as I entered a little wicket which opened into the shrubbery, I saw Emmeline among a cluster of rose-bushes, wearing a simple straw hat, gathering rose-leaves into a basket. On hearing my steps she turned towards me, and showed a face moistened with tears: "Oh, Edmund!" she said, and dropping her basket, she stood till I came up to her, and anxiously inquired why she wept. This inquiry increased her tears, and she began fairly to sob, but more like a child than one to whom I could venture again to speak as I had done the evening before; however, she alarmed me, and I was much relieved when she told me that she was weeping because her sister had come, and was going, and had never tried to love her.

"But your Edmund is left to you, my Emmeline," I said, "and cannot he comfort you? We will be together and happy, as we were before Savona came."

"We were happy once," she answered, "oh, that those days could come again!"

"What days, my little beloved one?" I asked.

"Before—before," she answered, sobbing again, "before they told me that I must not love you as sisters love their brothers."

"Who told you that?" I asked, flushing with resentment.

"My grandmamma," she answered; "but she is not like dear aunt Theophilus;" and there she paused a moment, and then resumed—"I am sorry for Savona, because she has not been brought up in this happy place; ah, poor Savona!" and she wept afresh, while I would gladly have wept with her, so deeply sad did I feel. But hers was only natural sorrow; it was not mingled with remorse as mine was; for blind, and dark, and selfish as I then was, I could not fail to feel that I had been acting the part of a villain; and though, upon reflection, I saw more and more that Savona was not the woman I would have chosen for a wife, yet I missed the excitement of her society, in comparison with which the simple, artless behaviour of Emmeline seemed vapid to me, though I still admired and respected her beyond any young person I had ever known, and saw that this sweet blossom required only time to expand into one of the most lovely flowers that ever graced this lower earth. But I had already, young as I was, practised myself in the art of double dealing; and if the elders at the hall had not detected my art, it was not to be supposed that Emmeline would be able to discern what was passing in my mind during the few remaining weeks of the long vacation which I spent under the roof of my uncle Theophilus. As to jealousy, which, had it existed in the breast of my little cousin, might have given her a premature insight into what was going forward, I was soon set at rest on that head; the gentle girl had not a conception of the kind. But enough, and too much of these subjects. I am not writing a tale of love—no—as I proceed, other matters demand my attention, and yet not a passage which has gone before could have been omitted, if the dreadful experience of the Monk of Cimiés is to be fully unfolded to the reader.

Having concluded my long vacation at Kelford, I went to Oxford, and was there more attentive to my studies than might have been expected. At Christmas I was again at Kelford, and still found Emmeline as simple as to all worldly matters as before; though she was grown and improved in every respect. I once or twice thought of reminding her of the conversation which we had had in the larch grove, at which time, as I thought, she had heard me with pleasure, when uttering the rhapsody above alluded to; but there was always about that lovely one such a dovelike and un-

apprehensive modesty when she was conversing with me, that I never could bring myself to disturb it by the introduction of that sort of discourse which had, as it appeared to me on reflection, only been once permitted, because not understood. Thus the time for declaration passed away, and I parted from my lovely Emmeline, little anticipating the great changes which were to take place before we met again.

Immediately after the winter vacation, my uncle, Lord C——, was appointed to a diplomatic situation in a northern court: and, as he expected to be absent two or three years, he persuaded his younger brother to accompany him.

My uncle Theophilus, accordingly, got permission from the bishop, established a curate at Kelford, and, with the ladies and children of both families, passed over in the suite of his brother to the Continent. These arrangements were made so rapidly that I did not see Emmeline and my aunt Theophilus before their departure, even for a single day, though I had an interview with my uncles at Oxford. However, I wrote to Emmeline, and received an immediate answer, couched in the same open, childlike terms which she had always been accustomed to use towards me; and this correspondence continued during our separation, with no other variation than this, that her letters gradually evinced more and more of an enlightened, elegant, and well-furnished mind, while mine became more laboured and restrained in measure as I became more conscious that I must not make my real character apparent to my lovely correspondent.

It may be asked what our seniors were about in allowing this correspondence. The answer is too evident to my own mind—but I must avoid anticipation.

I have always been in the habit of considering that the absence of my uncle Theophilus and his family, precisely at that period of my life, and for so long a time, was the greatest misfortune that could have befallen me. But, no doubt, there was a wise reason for all these arrangements, and that everything was so ordered as to bring about that which will be most for my advantage in the end. But being separated from the associates I had loved and valued for the last years of my life, I was thrown back again on the society of my own

family, which, to my misfortune, had always been most uncongenial to me.

All my vacations, henceforward, were spent either at the deanery or at my father's country living. Eustace being still abroad, and communicating so little with his family that we hardly ever knew where to address him. He had written once or twice from Florence, but had left us in the dark as to the success of his suit; his very silence, however, on the point was sufficient, at least to me.

There was no time in my life when I sympathized in the spirit of my father's house; and, with respect to my sisters, they were in youth as little agreeable to me as I was to them, although it never occurred to me that it was my pride which made me incapable of enduring theirs. In the mean time, every year which denied a son to Lord C—— brought the coronet nearer to my father's brow. Still there were many contingences which might dash the sparkling cup from his eager lips at the moment when he was about to taste it; and in that case, even should Eustace enjoy it, my mother would lose her title, and the honourable would never be attached to the names of my sisters. Oh, the torture, the long-protracted torture to an ambitious mind, of watching the chances of life, of births, and deaths in the family standing between itself and a desired object! My poor mother's whole life, at least the whole of her married life, and the latter part especially, was poisoned by these unholy anxieties. There was an old lady, a Mrs. Catharine Gordon, who lived in the cathedral close, whom I detested, because I saw through the low cunning with which her weak mind prevailed over the stronger mind of my mother, by the manner in which she played fast and loose with her ambitious hopes. She was continually bringing in various reports which she pretended to have heard—that Lady C—— expected an increase of family, that Lord C—— was ill or well, likely to live long, likely to die soon, or that his lady was failing rapidly, in which case, should the worst occur, the old lord would certainly have a young wife, and other such reports.

Our city, to which I will give no name, was one in which a very thriving manufactory was carried on; in consequence of which, its inhabitants were divided into two distinct factions—the aristocratic party, which

consisted of all and every person or persons who either had in time past, then actually did, or hoped hereafter to belong to the cathedral, and those who appertained to the city. Of the former faction were a multitude of widows of deceased dignitaries of the church, with their daughters and nieces; a number of spinsters of a certain age, who thought to obtain sanctity by residing under the shade of the sacred edifice; and several younger brothers of great men, who were fit for little else but to talk scientifically of sacred music, and to take a hand at the quadrille and whist parties, with which even my worthy father did not refuse to solace his declining years.

These formed a circle round my mother as the present queen of their little world; nor did they tend to the diminishing of my overweaning conceit of my own superior merits. Nevertheless, in spite of flattery, I found the society even of the young ladies of the cloister most intolerably chill, for there was not one of them who had either the travelled intelligence of the too fascinating Savona, or the natural and unsophisticated graces of the elegant and beautiful Emmeline; but whither was I to fly from the insupportable ennui of these female coteries, as I was accustomed to call them? I found little more amusement in the companions of my father—the clerical members of the choir, who were for the most part stiff high-churchmen, who fostered and cherished their chillness by refusing to receive any idea not strictly conformed to their notions of orthodoxy—which orthodoxy consisted chiefly in the observance of certain formalities, and the use of a few garbled quotations from Scripture. But it should be observed, that, situated as I then was, such clergymen of the Church of England, and such only as agreed with my father, gathered about him and formed his society; those of more enlightened principles naturally withdrawing themselves, or only paying my father the attentions due to his station. Hence my views of the character of the clergy of the Church of England were very narrow and partial at the time I speak of, and for many years afterward.

But, as I loathed the society of my father's house, where all was cold formality, and, as amusement was necessary to me, I sought it among the sons and daughters of the other, or town party; and, as I did not con-

descend to introduce myself fairly and openly, and upon equal terms, to the families of the superior tradesmen, but crept in among the citizens, as I used to call them in contempt, through the introduction of wild sons and nephews, and indiscreet daughters, I of course found little footing in the superior houses; and, though known as the handsomest son of the dean, I was avoided by the respectable matrons and prudent young ladies of the city.

The consequence of this was what might be expected; I soon had a set of acquaintance unknown to my parents, and habitually wore two faces—the one being solemn, cold, and haughty within the precincts of the cathedral—the other that which I now blush to describe in the low scenes into which I introduced myself. I shall presently hint at the awful means by which I was stopped in this career of guilty pleasure, and terrified into another course of a very different nature. But, before I proceed to open out this page of my history, I must observe that I have hitherto verified a remark which I made at the commencement of my narrative—that I should not have much occasion to blush, from any necessity which might be imposed upon me by historic truth, of being the recorder of my own good actions; for assuredly, from first to last, and I speak with shame, I have not often met with one who was more consistently wicked than myself.

CHAPTER V.

I COMMENCE my fifth chapter by introducing a new character to my reader.

There was in the city a certain leading man among the dissenters, of which more than a third of the population consisted, known by the name of Ebenezer Watson, or sometimes Dr. Watson. He was a man of independent fortune, but all his family, from time immemorial, had been in trade. What his denominaiton as a dissenter from the Church of England might be, I will not say; let every party which may think him worthy of the honour choose him for their own. When I first

came in contact with him, he might be any age between thirty-five and fifty-five. He was a man who looked lower in stature than he really was, being thick-set and short-necked, though otherwise not ill-proportioned; he had a smooth, white, oily complexion, and a shining brow, from which the hair had withdrawn itself as far as the crown; his beard, however, and the hair in the poll, were remarkably thick, strong, and extremely black; his eyes dark, large, and sparkling; his eyebrows low and shaggy, and, when he was not pleased, very apt to contract and throw a deep shade on the eye. His teeth were white, and when he did smile from kindly feelings, which was not very often, that smile was very beautiful, and changed the whole character of his face.

This man was an overpowering preacher—one who used to hold forth till, even in the coldest day, the perspiration would stand in large drops upon his brow; and the purport of his discourses was chiefly to prove—that all men are fools—that all they do is done wrong—that all human establishments are corrupt—that kings are only cumberers of the ground—that fathers are often tyrants to their sons—that old people are full of unholy and useless cares, and that young people are mad in the pursuit of pleasure—that, in fact, everything had hitherto gone wrong in the world, and would infallibly get worse and worse, if the present and rising generations did not open their eyes and set manfully to the work of reformation. Such, I was told, was the continual tenour of the discourses of Dr. Watson, the reports of which were constantly brought to my father; and his political opinions were stated to be mixed up with Antinomian and high Calvinistic doctrines, which I had been taught to hold in utter abhorrence, though, candidly speaking, I did not then comprehend what either of these terms included.

Many were the discussions which I heard at my father's table concerning this formidable Dr. Watson, in whose single person was imbodied, in our imaginations, all that is hated and feared by high-churchmen and dissenters. There were also many occasions upon which Dr. Watson was brought into contact with the clerical body, and on those occasions it was certain that what my father proposed, Dr. Watson would oppose. If, for instance, my father wished to establish a school, Dr.

Watson would throw every possible impediment in his way, telling him to his face that he never could think of promoting any charitable institution where there was a chance of the promulgation or the enforcing of the false principles held by the Church of England; and yet this very same Dr. Watson and his faction used to call my father illiberal, and I know not what else, if he opposed any work of benevolence set on foot by the opposite party, himself being at their head.

The Church of England was in a very different condition then from what it is now; these were but the beginnings of that spirit of democracy which now threatens to grind all earthly establishments to powder, and not to leave one single stone of the ancient authorities upon another. But at the time of my life of which I am now treating, Dr. Watson and his disputatious spirit did not much trouble me; I cared not how the world went on, so that I was left to enjoy my own desires. My life was divided between the studies necessary to be attended to to carry me respectably through the university (and they were at that time comparatively light), and the pursuit of what the world calls pleasure, which I followed without moderation.

I would willingly draw a veil over a circumstance of my life which occurred during the long vacation after I had passed my examination, and when only a few necessary forms were required for taking my degree; but how shall I state the impression made on my mind, without narrating facts of a too horrible nature for a young and comparatively innocent reader? A few words, however, may suffice to convey to my reader the nature of this circumstance. I was called to behold the dying agonies of a young and beautiful person, who, but for me, might have long continued to solace the declining years of a widowed mother.

There are some occasions in which every feeling of man's heart is worked up to agony, even in cases where additional torture is not superinduced by a sense of guilt. When the heart is assured that every suffering is appointed for man's good, there is a support under the bitterest afflictions; but when the consciousness of guilt excludes hope under severe trial, can we wonder if the whole character is for a while affected thereby! I may say that I never recovered the elasticity of my spirits after this event; I was from henceforward incapable of

being gay, excepting when under the influence of excitement, and my poor parents fell into the common error of supposing that, because I was more serious, I was a reformed character, for they had had their previous suspicions that I was not, as a candidate for the ministry, altogether the very correct person which it behooved me to be.

My seriousness, therefore, gave them pleasure, and my mother failed not to proclaim the reformation of her Edmund, attributing my change of conduct entirely to the desire of doing honour to the station to which I was an aspirant; while I, hoping that my delinquency in a certain affair would never be proclaimed among the elders of the church, tried to make myself believe that I was what my mother thought me, a truly reformed character; though I had never been, at that period, brought to hate sin, or to desire to be freed from it, excepting from the dread of its present consequences.

In the mean time the crisis of my ordination was approaching, and I was to be subjected to several examinations previous to that which was to be accounted decisive of my fitness for my office.

At this period I was as totally ignorant of the real nature of the Christian religion, as the philosopher who has only read the Scripture as a matter of history, and believes it only as a genuine record of ancient events.

The bishop's chaplain, a Mr. Short, was a friend of my father, and so frequent a visiter at the deanery that it was thought he would have been won by Maria, could she have descended a few steps from the high position she had taken in the society of the cathedral. My father placed me under the tuition of this gentleman previous to my last examination; and he, together with my father, endeavoured to assist me in arranging my ideas respecting my creed.

I have but vague recollections of the great part of the instruction given me at that time. But this I must confess, that when in after years I became a papist, I had very little to unlearn of what the worthy chaplain had taught me: that is, that whatever comments were made by him, either upon the words of Scripture or the articles, had a strong tendency towards those errors which, in their following up, must end in what is called popery. Mr. Short very properly took the articles of the church

as the basis and outline of his instructions; and had he stopped short by simply requiring proofs of me, derived from Scripture, for the doctrines therein contained, leaving me to put my own constructions on the words of Scripture, as rendered from the original, he would have done his best, and all that man can do, to set my feet in the way of instruction. But the worthy man had so many inventions, either of his own or of others, for weakening the force of the words of Scripture, and for proving that our reformers could not possibly mean all they asserted, though these assertions had, for the most part, their parallel passages in Scripture, that he left my mind much in the same state of confusion in which he found it. For instance, when in the first article it is asserted that God is the maker and preserver of all things, he brought various evidences to prove to me that there were, of course, many exceptions to this assertion; or rather that the word "preserve" had two significations, and would apply as fitly to the keeping of the wicked for and in eternal damnation, as to keeping the righteous for everlasting joy; not considering that the Scripture saith, "that the long suffering of God is salvation."—2 Peter, iii., 16.

Several years after this, when by the grace of God I was turned from the errors of popery, and led to examine the articles of the Church of England in, I trust, a more humble spirit, I stood in amazement in reflecting how the Spirit of God enabled our old reformers to put together a creed so pure and blameless as that which is found in these our articles, wherein I now discern scarcely a passage which I should desire to change or would wish to erase, lest a risk should thereby be incurred that, in removing the imperfection, that which is most precious to the souls of men should also be defaced. The article which I consider most faulty is the eighth, in which our establishment, in inconsistency with herself and with that which she had declared in her sixth article, hath given three creeds, which are confessedly composed by men, to be thoroughly received and believed. In consequence of this departure from her own principles, it is to be apprehended that she has done much to hide from the eyes of her children the height, the breadth, and the depth of the work of salvation wrought by Christ our Lord.*

* The clauses here alluded to are those found in the latter part

But, as a writer of the last century says, "the gospel, by the grace of God, bringeth salvation to all men; but few in comparison have seen this so as cordially to fall in with and confess it, when by all men is to be understood every individual of the human race. Some, indeed, in every period of the Christian church, have seen and acknowledged this; but, by one means or other, this excellency of the gospel has been hidden from the eyes of the generality both of the preachers and hearers."

So far my author—and to this quotation I add my own observations, that the dread which the visible church has ever entertained of going too far in religious matters, and of following the words of Scripture to the lengths which they are prepared to carry any candid student, has sealed up more souls in ignorance, under the present dispensation, than any other feeling whatsoever not exactly equivalent to wilful obstinacy.

A philosopher examines a number of facts, and ascertains the law which governs them; other facts subsequently occur which are not explained by the same law. Another law, more general, is found to apply to both series; there are, however, some few remaining, which are not explained by this more general law—it is not universally applicable. These residual phenomena require further investigation. Now the philosopher does not throw aside these residual phenomena, but, having established the laws applicable to the facts before examined, he seeks a still more general law, which shall embrace the whole.

Such is the system adopted by the man of science, while the student of religion starts at the idea of following any principle, however important, as far as it would carry him. He has a but, an if, and an exception

of the creed of Athanasius, which are to this effect: "at whose coming (Christ's) all men shall rise again—with their bodies—and shall give account for their own works, and they that have done good shall go into life everlasting, and they that have done evil into everlasting fire: this is the Catholic faith, which, except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved."

Athanasius was probably a holy man, meaning well to religion, but at most he is human authority, and whatever word he might have used to express his ideas in the original, certain it is that the Greek word in the Testament, rendered "for ever and everlasting," &c., in our translation, does not convey the idea of eternal and everlasting, but a cycle or age, or that which belongs to a cycle or age.

to tack upon every promise, and a condition to attach to every declaration of free salvation through Christ the Saviour; he often, even when acknowledging the first principle, denies the deduction, and according to this plan did Mr. Short carry on his instructions.

I was at that time in a state of mind, in which I was inclined not only to dispute, but to inquire and to reason; I do not say correctly and justly, and as in a state of light, but at least with some view to logic. And I remember well, in the examination of the second article, saying, "if Christ died to reconcile his Father to us, and to be a sacrifice not only for original guilt, but also for all actual sins of men, then are all men saved."*

My tutor started at this expression, which he called Antinomian, and spent an hour or more to prove to me that the work of salvation by Christ certainly did not, nor could extend to those who reject Christ, but to those only who, through faith in him, are enabled to produce the fruits of holy living. "There is no but, nor if, nor exception in the words of the article," I replied; "and does not the Scripture say that, 'as in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.'"

Be it observed that I was arguing with Mr. Short at that time, not in the spirit of conviction, but in the spirit of contradiction; and if I, by chance, had taken the right side in this argument, it was entirely through the love of controversy. But I well recollect his reply to this part of my argument.

"As in Adam," he said, "or in union with Adam, all men are subjected to natural death, so all who are in Christ, without exception, live in him; but this passage is far from proving that those who are not in Christ live in Christ."

I was silenced, I recollect, by this piece of casuistry Nevertheless, we fought it out through all the articles, till, turning again to the nineteenth, I posted myself thereon to pose him with a question by which I had long been perplexed. I wanted much to obtain satisfaction on this question, which I stated as follows, as nearly as I can recollect. "What is that church which is described in Scripture as the spouse of Christ, and the universal mother of all believers? Is she a visible

* Isaiah liii., 6.

church? Has she always had a seat on earth since the period of the day of Pentecost—where is her seat, and how shall we know her?"

"You can know her only," he replied, "by her characteristics."

"And what," I asked, "may they be?"

"The true church, or a true church," he replied, "is she with whom Christ, according to his promise, has always been present from the commencement of the Christian era to the present hour, and with whom he will be to the end of the world; she," he added, flying off in a sort of oratorical harangue, "to whom the Almighty has committed the care of the divine oracles, and the administration of the means of grace; she to whom it is given to explain and proclaim the gospel, and to guard and protect it from the corruptions of men; to preserve the divine words in their purity, and to unfurl the standard of peace and love to the nations sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. This," continued he, "is the character and office of the beloved of Christ; of her for whom he shed his precious blood, and whom he will present without spot or wrinkle, as a royal bride, before the throne of the Father."

How long he might have gone on in this strain I know not, if he had not observed marks of impatience in my countenance; on which, coming to a sudden stop, he asked me what I had to say. "Simply," I replied, "that I desire to know where the seat of this church is to be found?"

He shrugged up his shoulders, and raised his eyebrows, and really seemed to be at a loss to answer me.

I became more impatient, and said, "Am I to understand that the seat of this church is, and always has been, on earth?"

"Certainly," he replied. "If her duties are to administer the means of grace to men in the flesh, her seat must necessarily be on earth."

I said, "Where is this church? For either she, as being the spouse of Christ and the universal mother of all believers, is spiritual, and hence not to be discerned in any forms or ordinances; or else she is visible, divided, frail, and apt to fall—and hence a doubtful guide, and a broken and mutilated pillar."

"What, Mr. Etherington," replied Mr. Short, timidly,

yet with a meaning look, "what think you of the Church of England?"

"Where was this our Church of England before the Reformation?" I asked.

"Her doctrines being scriptual," he replied, "were, no doubt, in the hearts of many—therefore, though under another form, she has existed from the era of Christianity."

"Where?" I said.

"In many secret and hidden places, no doubt," he answered.

"How then in secret," I replied, "was she visible? How did she raise her standard to the nations, or even hold communion with her own people?"

My father happening to enter at this moment, the chaplain instantly stated the nature of our argument to him, which, when he had heard, he became more excited with what he was pleased to call my pertinacity than even the chaplain had been a while before. His address to me was to this effect:—

"You require us to say what the church is: and I answer, Edmund Etherington, is it now a time for you to plead ignorance on this subject, when your education as a minister in the established Church of England is nearly complete? Tell me, Mr. Short, is there a chorister or a verger in the cathedral would put such a question?" Here he paused; and then proceeded—

"If you, the son of a dean and the grandson of a bishop, a graduate of the first university in the world, one acknowledged on all hands to be an accomplished scholar, put questions which might shame a babe, what can I say? If you do not comprehend what is meant when we speak of the church, I know not who should. This ignorance, Edmund, must be assumed, in order to perplex us—this blindness must be that of obstinacy. If you cannot see the perfection of our beautiful national establishment; if you discern not in her liturgies, her articles, and her canons the pillar and ground of the truth; if you see not her vast superiority above all other establishments, and do not confess that if she does not deserve to be pre-eminently called The Church—I know not where you will find on earth another establishment which will suit your ideas."

There was nothing in all my father said capable of giving me the smallest satisfaction on the subject in

question. I was, however, silent; and my father, falling into a habit in which he often indulged among the inferior members of the clerical body, expatiated a considerable time on his ideas of the question then under discussion. He began with stating the three senses in which the word church is commonly understood: the first being a congregation of men professing Christianity —the second, a building accommodated for Christian worship—and the third and highest, that household of God of which believers are fellow-members, which is built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth into a holy temple unto the Lord. Nor did the worthy old gentleman hesitate to assimilate this holy temple, thus erected on the foundation of the apostles, with the Church of England, to the exclusion of all other Protestant churches: at least so I inferred, for he asserted that neither the churches of Geneva nor Scotland (which two he particularly mentioned) were Episcopalian, and that they therefore wanted one of the distinguishing marks of a true church.

Here my father came, I thought, somewhat nearer the point of my inquiry, and I asked him what he considered to be the marks by which the true church, or a true church might be apprehended by a sincere inquirer after truth.

"Primarily," replied my father, "the true church must have been established upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, our Lord being the chief corner-stone; and, secondarily, it must be conformed, as to its government and institutions, to the apostolic regulations; and, thirdly, it must be enabled to trace its ordinations in a direct line from the apostles; in consequence of which it will retain its three orders of bishops, priests, and deacons, and will not permit any man to administer its ordinances but those thus authorized by apostolic succession so to do."

"You understand, Mr. Etherington," remarked Mr. Short, observing that my father was obtaining my attention, "you understand through what channel the sacred unction has descended in a direct line from the apostles to our clergy?"

"I do," I replied, "through the church of Rome."

"As water may pass uncontaminated through a rusty

tube, so did the divine unction pass to our reformers," said Mr. Short, "becoming henceforward a well-spring of water to fertilize our fields, and cause them to stand thick with corn." He was proceeding, when my father interrupted him, saying, "I am not aware, I must confess, that there is a Protestant church now on earth, excepting the Church of England, which can trace the ordination of her ministers up to the apostolic age; and, if the statement which I have made is correct, all those who have forced themselves into the fold, without entering in by the gate, are but hirelings, though I hope and trust there are and have been many good men among them."

This was to me a new, and certainly flattering view of the subject. By what my father had just told me, I was to consider myself, after the bishop had laid his hands on me, as one set apart by divine authority to administer the means of grace to the community at large, these means being profaned whenever administered by hands not thus authorized. The privileges to which I aspired were, as my father had intimated, very great, but my warm imagination did not rest in the comparatively sober views which he had given me of these privileges. If such powers were given to an order of men by divine appointment, surely such order must be superior to every other description of persons, inasmuch as with them is the dispensation of the means of grace; to give or withhold as they judge it right, or as they find individuals worthy or unworthy. Thus rapidly grew the high thoughts of office which my father had first inspired, and I was precisely in that state of mind in which, had I lived at the time, I should have joined the rebellion of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. Having, however, sat silent some minutes, Mr. Short said, "I think, Mr. Etherington, that the arguments of Mr. Dean have at length brought conviction to your mind."

I might have replied that my father had, indeed, given me some new notions of a very flattering description, but that I was not aware of any very persuasive arguments which he had used to set my mind at rest upon the grand question of the church. I was not, however, in the humour just then to carry on the controversy any further, and therefore I waived the subject by remarking that my father's observations had tended to im-

press my mind with a sense of the vast privileges of the clerical character.

"Mr. Etherington," replied Mr. Short, "no human language can do justice to the infinite importance of our office. Inferior as my situation in the church is, I have a little benefice in the country, containing about two hundred souls, perhaps there are few parishes where there are a smaller number; and yet, when we consider that the eternal welfare of those two hundred souls depends upon me (for, as the Scripture says, 'how shall they believe in him whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?') how awful is the responsibility, how immense the burden upon the mind—how much to be pitied the case of a conscientious minister under such circumstances?"

If the dread and torment of all the orthodox of our cathedral, Dr. Watson, had been present at that time, he probably might have remarked, that if Mr. Short were to be pitied under the circumstances he stated, supposing them to be true, his two hundred souls were quite as worthy of commiseration in having such an inefficient dependance for their future happiness. But though something to this effect occurred to me at the time, yet I saw the truth only in part, and fancied that the absurdity of Mr. Short's statement only consisted in his happening to be a particularly dull and inefficient person; but as to the rest, I saw no arrogance in his asserting that the everlasting happiness of two hundred individuals, for whom Christ had died, should depend on the caprices or negligences of the minister of the parish in which they lived. What answer I made, I do not, however, recollect; but it seems that what I then said quite satisfied my father; for the good old gentleman, when he shook hands with me, which he did on my confessing myself convinced by his reasoning—that is, in plain words, convinced that I was about to enter that church, or that ecclesiastical polity, which, of all Protestant establishments, had the supremacy—looked smilingly at the chaplain, and thought, no doubt, that he had done much to make me a valuable acquisition to the Church of England. But alas! poor man, how was he deceived—he had only opened a door of inquiry to a mind which would not be content merely to peep in and turn away to other matters, as many do, but to one who, having looked in, must enter and follow on, as far

as the perplexed path which had been opened to him was calculated to conduct him.

I remember well that same evening, having left my father, and being in the cloisters, through which was the shortest way into a street of the city whither I was going, I was overtaken by Dr. Watson, who, dropping by my side, addressed me with that overweening self-confidence and familiarity which he seemed to have a particular pleasure in using towards the aristocrats of the Church of England.

"Well, Mr. Etherington," he said, "how is your worthy father? I call him a good man, though a mistaken one. It would have been happier for him had he been a poor preacher like myself, and never acquainted with the velvet chair and the silken scarf: these are great snares to a man, Mr. Edmund, great snares and stumbling-blocks;" and he shook his head, and muttered something about the love of the world, which I did not hear distinctly.

Here was a gauntlet thrown down which I failed not to take up; and presently, even before we had passed from beneath the arched doorway of the cloisters, we were deep in argument, and so interested in the conflict that we walked together, as much as two hours, in the shade of the trees in the cathedral close, having no light but from a young moon.

Our subject soon became the same as that which I had discussed with my father, viz., What is the Church? and truly, upon reflection, I do think that Dr. Watson, as to the main point, was not one whit nearer the truth than was my father. He held the church to be what my father did; at least so far that it was the household of God, built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone. But he vehemently, with foaming and sputtering indignation, rejected the idea of an exclusive ministry descending in a direct line, through the laying on of hands, from the apostles, and insisted on my telling him through what channel or channels this holy priesthood had passed to the Church of England. Here I own that I was posed, not choosing to repeat what Mr. Short had said on this subject: on which he laughed and said, "Shall I tell you? shall I show you the muddy and filthy channel which your pretended honours have glided down, through the course of time, to your bishops, priests, and

deacons? What is that channel but that of the waters of Babylon, beside which all true children of Zion hang up their harps and weep? And what are your ministers but the sons of the apostate church? And do they not to this day acknowledge the ordination of papists, while they shut their pulpits to every dissenter from their church, even when they cannot find a fault either of doctrine or morality?"

I was somewhat startled at this assertion; and, not being so well read in ecclesiastical history as my opponent, I was at a loss to know how best to answer him; and, therefore, had recourse to a question instead of a reply.

"Do you believe," I asked, "that God has ever left himself without a witness on earth?"

"No," he replied, "certainly not."

"Well," I resumed, "such being your acknowledgment, who was this witness before the reformation?"

"Not men clothed in the purple and scarlet of worldly authority," he answered, "nor in the raiment of her who sits on many waters;" and he entered into a long discourse, in which he endeavoured to persuade me that there had always existed a pure church from the period of the apostles, of which the members were holy, unambitious men; and that such small knots or congregations of faithful Christians still existed, and would continue so to do until the end of time, these being the witnesses clothed in sackcloth spoken of in the Revelation —the little flock which was in the wilderness—the lilies among thorns of the Canticles—the few sheep of the pastor David—the lodge in the garden of cucumbers —the fleece of Gideon, which was wet with the dew of heaven when all about it was dry—the city of palm-trees, and I know not what else; and his elocution was so rapid, his expressions so powerful, and his command of Scripture figures and phrases so very much superior to that of any person with whom I had ever associated, that I was quite unable to cope with him, and was actually, for a time, borne down into silence. But when my opponent, after a while, paused to permit me to reply—for what is the zest of argument when the antagonist is not allowed to answer?—I made this remark—"There is one point," I said, "in which you and my father entirely agree."

"Indeed!" replied Dr. Watson, with a laugh, "I was

not aware it was so; but you will oblige me, Mr. Etherington, in pointing out to me where this happy, though I should add, fortuitous harmony of opinions subsists."

"You both agree in this," I replied, "that there has always existed, during the ages which have succeeded the manifestation of our Lord in the flesh, a church which has borne witness to the truth, and with which the Saviour has dwelt according to his promise, 'Behold, I am with thee to the end of the world.'"

"Of course," he replied, "we do agree in this point; and we also agree in applying the promises to that church, be it what it may, which has borne this same witness; and we believe that the unction from above has been, and still is, poured upon it. But with all this we are no nearer to each other than Francisco de Sales was to John Calvin, nor ever shall be, till one or the other of us entirely changes his mode of thinking."

"Well," I replied, "setting personal feelings aside, having now found a point on which all divines agree, let us start fairly from thence. My father tells me that the Church of England possesses above all others the characteristics of the apostolic church. You deny this assertion, but you do not tell me where I am to find a truer church."

"You must look for her," replied Dr. Watson, "where there are fewer trappings of her who is described as riding on the beast. You must look for her where there is no adulterous union with the things of the earth, and no assumption of infallibility and exclusiveness—where men do not pretend to give spiritual life to babes and fools by the laying on of hands—or the sprinkling of water and the sign of the cross. You must look for her," he added, beginning to foam again with eagerness, "where men are humble and lowly, and seek neither stalls, nor mitres, nor pastoral staves, nor velvet cushions, nor thrones, nor titles; nor desire to be called my lord, or your worship, or the very reverend. Come to my chapel, Mr. Etherington, and there you will see how the poor men of Israel worship their God in simplicity and in truth. Show me such characters as I can show you among your deacons, and lay-clerks, and singing-men; for of what is your congregation composed but of profligate musicians and card-playing and dancing females! But depend upon it, Mr. Ethering-

ton, that this your church, which even you acknowledge to be but a limb of the Babylonian harlot, will perish, together with all those ecclesiastical polities which are upheld by human authority; while those humble bodies of true Christians, which in fact form the true church, will lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes till they fill the whole earth, and till their ministers (with the Divine assistance) shall be enabled to proclaim the kingdoms of the earth as being all conformed to the will of the Lord."

I was too ignorant, then, to detect the error of this worthy though violent man. I was too ignorant to tell him that the only difference between him, as representing the dissenting party, and my father, as representing the high church party, was, that one was in authority, and the other was not so; and that the very violence which was exhibited by him in the argument betrayed but too plainly his secret desires for the supremacy of his own party; desires of which he was himself unconscious, being hidden beneath the plea of a disinterested wish for the promotion of the cause of religion.

I was, in fact, too ignorant to perceive that the spirit and opinions of Dr. Watson were nearly as far from the truth as those of Mr. Short, inasmuch as neither one nor the other was aware that the interests of the invisible church are entirely independent of the forms and ordinances of any visible church; though there is wo to those who, having undertaken to preach the gospel, turn aside from the simplicity of that gospel to throw stumbling-blocks in the way of the weak believer, or to cause the feeble brother to err. However, years passed away before I was enabled to discern the truth among these various opinions, or to see the error of those who pretend that we are to look for perfection in any earthly establishment or visible church, or to expect that any forms, or ordinances, or arrangements of which man is the minister, will ever satisfy a soul whose affections are drawn up heavenward. This was by no means the last contention which I had with Dr. Watson, for indeed I had many. There was a sort of excitement in his conversation which suited me; and the more so, on this account, that he was not tied and bound down by those same fetters of custom and prejudice with which the minds of my father and those about him were as completely shackled as Gulliver was by the

infinitude of small and almost invisible threads with which the Lilliputians had bound him when found sleeping on their coasts.

In the mean time everything was pressing forward for my ordination. My uncle Theophilus's curate was about to leave Kelford for a living, and it was arranged that I was to take his place as soon as I was in orders; and all preliminaries being settled, I was accordingly ordained by the bishop of the diocess, a large concourse of ministers being present. There is not, in our liturgy, a finer service than that for our ordination; and could I at that time have comprehended the principle on which all our services were dictated, I should not have fallen into the grievous errors which have shaded the whole course of my pilgrimage; at one time by their immediate influence, and at another by their consequences.

The principle to which I allude is this—that our ecclesiastical reformers and rulers, in imitation of the apostles, who, in all their epistles, address each congregation of professing Christians as true believers, have adopted, especially in their occasional services, such terms as really and truly can only apply to the children of God, and to those inward and spiritual graces of which the appointed forms are merely the symbols. Whether this principle may not have been carried too far in our liturgy is not now the question; but, undoubtedly, as I said before, it would have saved me a great deal of misery had I understood it when I entered the ministry. On the contrary, when the bishop laid his hand on me, giving me authority to execute the office of a deacon, I felt myself suddenly, as it were, endued with a superior sanctity; by no means comprehending that man's authority goes not beyond the outward and visible sign, and that it is in indulgence to the blindness of the rulers of visible churches (to whom it is not given to discern between the spirit of hypocrisy and that which is from above) that all professors are thus confounded, and that the bishop is permitted to use those strong expressions which are found in his address to the priest when laying his hand upon his head.

Immediately after my ordination I took leave of my family and went to Kelford, imprudently taking with me as a footman a youth who had been brought up by my father's butler, and who had been too often my companion in scenes which I wished to forget.

Being settled in my uncle's house at Kelford, I very soon found that my predecessor had been a slovenly person, and I saw many things which I wished to arrange very differently. Even my uncle Theophilus had allowed things which I thought very wrong; for instance, the playing at fives, on a Sunday evening, against a dead wall of the church, and an annual wake, at which there were many pastimes that I could not approve. Against these and sundry other abuses I resolutely set my face, and accordingly I exerted myself in every way, both within the walls of the church and without; I used my influence as a clergyman of the established church, backed by my relationship to the lord of the manor, to enforce what I said from the pulpit. I succeeded in restoring a decent appearance to things, though I made myself detested, and was anything but the preacher of good news; but I was handsome and young, and allied to nobility, and I had my admirers, and these were undoubtedly among those whose admiration is most prized by young men. I heard that I was called the beauty of holiness; and this flattery, gross as it was, fed my vanity in the two ways in which it was most greedy of food.

In the mean time the lower classes detested me, and many began to look eagerly for the return of my uncle Theophilus. But mine was a temper that was rather inflamed than otherwise by seeing the weak efforts which were used to shake off my control.

During the period of my residence as a deacon at Kelford, I had to prepare for priest's orders; therefore, to avoid interruptions, I often withdrew to Lord C——'s library at the Grove.

The Grove was a building which had been erected at several times; and there was an old library in the ancient part of the house, abounding with large dusty tomes, the works of the fathers, and with much other old divinity. In this antique apartment, of which the very windows were Gothic, I often shut myself up for hours; and having already as much Greek as would serve me for the coming occasion, I fell into a sort of reading, the very worst I could have chosen for the confirmation of the errors in which I had been educated, viz., the works of the fathers, Jerome, Chrysostom, and finally Augustin. Thus, from leaving the Scriptures and following men's opinions, I became from day to day more blind and confused.

I learned by these to magnify more and more what God had appointed man to do in the work of bringing his fellow-men to salvation; and, in my imagination, I made the visible church a sort of outwork of heaven, through which every man must needs pass before he can ascend to the celestial state. The ordinance of baptism I made the door of this outwork, and the ministers the keepers of the gate. But then came the important inquiry—Have these ministers entire liberty to appoint each other? Are they directed in the selection by the Holy Ghost, or has the priestly office descended to the present generation through the laying on of hands from the time of the apostles? Thus I was led back again to what my father had taught me.

As soon as my age would permit, I was ordained a priest; and, taking the type for the antitype, came back to Kelford, in the full assurance that such powers had been conferred on me as never can belong to a mere child of Adam.

When I had been at home to my ordination, I had seen Dr. Watson, and, as usual, we had our warm discussion; he had informed me that he was meditating a journey to town, and as he must needs pass Kelford, I invited him to stay with me one night, being nothing loath to show him the magnificence of the Etheringtons.

He smiled, and accepting my invitation, said, "Well then, my young priest, when we next meet we shall have better opportunity of carrying on our discussion than we here enjoy," adding, that he longed to open my eyes to the grievous mistakes under which I lay; "for," continued he, "my young sir, you are at this moment scarce a hair's breadth from popery—the very mark of the beast is budding on your brow."

It was a few weeks only after my return from Kelford, and nearly about the time in which I expected Dr. Watson, that, being one evening on the way from the mansion to my house, and passing through a thick coppice, I heard voices speaking in considerable heat at a small distance before me. The coppice was thick in leaf and the path was winding—hence I approached the speakers without being seen; when, suddenly hearing my own name mentioned, I stood still.

One of the voices was that of my man Joseph, and it was evident that the fellow had been drinking, for with all my schemes of reformation I had never been able

to break him of that love of strong liquor so common to idle footmen. The other voice was that of a surly old labourer, whom I had caused to be fined several times for using oaths.

"I hate," said the labourer, "your godly ones, who make sins of every trifle. Who would ever have thought that Master Edmund should turn out so overmuch good?"

I heard Joseph answer—and it was to call in question this over-goodness. "It is in the way of his business," he said, "to keep us poor folks from our pleasures; but," he added, and laughed heartily, "I could tell you a tale that happened just before he was bishoped," and his voice fell, but he went on in a lower tone, and, no doubt, was telling that of me which should never have been told. Inflamed with rage and pride, I sprang upon him and felled him to my foot. It was but the work of a moment—an ungovernable ebullition of anger, followed by a paroxysm of shame, as violent as the rage that had gone before; yet the man had deserved my displeasure, and when he rose up, all bleeding as he was, for his head had struck the gnarled and knotted stump of a neighbouring tree, I commanded him to prepare to be gone that very night; and, in fact, dismissed him without a character as soon as I reached my house.

But I would have gladly been spared one witness to this scene whom I little expected. It was Dr. Watson, who had just come up from the high road at the moment I struck Joseph; and, lo and behold, when I lifted my eyes from the bleeding and trembling youth, the doctor was standing perfectly still and unmoved, and with no other expression of countenance than that of a quiet archness, which, whether he would or not, continued to play about his mouth. He knew Joseph, and, as I afterward found, directed him to go to his house when he was dismissed from mine, and to remain there quietly till his return to his own city; and truly I believe that he did this out of regard both to me and to the youth, for he afterward procured him a situation, and I heard no more of his impertinences. But Joseph being dismissed to make up his packages for his departure, and the countryman having slunk away, the doctor stepped forward, extended his hand to me, and smilingly said—"Where is your ecclesiastical dignity, Mr. Etherington?"

I apologized for what I had done by telling the whole history of the offence of which Joseph had been guilty.

"The young man," replied he, "has behaved very ill, Mr. Etherington; the story he was telling was known to me; it was an unhappy one, but those to whom the depravity of our nature is no secret, do not dare to condemn a fellow-creature, or to say that it is impossible that the very worst characters may be reformed. I have reason to think," he continued, "that you have in some degree seen the error of your way in this instance, and God forbid that I should be the man to quench the smoking flax; and yet, Mr. Etherington, should not what has happened this evening, and what you remember of your former transgression, admonish you to change your mode of preaching, and to give your people more of the gospel and less of the law, inasmuch as you must perceive that the law has not the strength to restrain even your own passions when under provocation—even yours, I say, you who should be the example to your congregation."

"How do you know what I preach?" I answered; "have you ever heard me?"

"No," he replied, "nor conversed with any one who ever did; but when I see a feather, I can give a shrewd guess of the note of him that wore it. You preach the law, I do not hesitate to assert, and you have many false notions of the dignity of human nature, and very imperfect ones of the work of salvation. You imagine that man may be reformed and rendered pious by human authority; you believe that the ministry of man is all that is needful to make a corrupt child of Adam a regenerate creature. You are not acquainted, I repeat, either with the doctrine of human depravity, or the necessity for the regenerating influences of the Holy Spirit; you do not know that the law is a dead letter; you are entirely ignorant of the freeness of the work of salvation by Christ our Lord."

Thus was the challenge to controversy again given, and given with a vengeance, before we had been together many minutes; nor was I slow in taking it up. I was not disposed to submit quietly to such home-thrusts as these, and, in consequence, we spent the rest of the day and half the night in hot dispute—our principal subjects being the universal and particular depravity of every son of Adam according to the flesh, and the necessity of a new birth by the inspiration of the

Divine Spirit; and the total inefficacy of man's efforts to produce a change of heart in a single individual.

I could not take in any of his arguments, and we parted the next morning with feelings of mutual irritation, which the good man felt to be so wrong on his part, that he sent me a note from the inn in the village where he was waiting for the coach, begging my pardon if he had been surprised into any unchristianlike conduct, and praying that the dew from above might descend upon me in full measure. This note came with a letter of such lively interest to me that I read it in haste, threw it away, and never thought of it again till the hand that penned it had been long cold in death. But the eventful history of my life now requires me to turn from Dr. Watson and his polemics to scenes which are so entirely contrasted with the sphere in which the good doctor ever moved, that one can but wonder how the name of such a man should ever have mingled in a narrative containing such facts as will eventually be brought forward.

CHAPTER VI.

Two letters had been put into my hand, together with Dr. Watson's billet, both of which excited my warmest interest; one was from Italy, directed to Lord C——, by the hand of Savona, and sealed with black. I dared not open it, but through the thin paper I deciphered a few words which conveyed the intelligence to me of the death of Lady Beresford. It was evident from this letter that Savona had supposed that her uncles were at home. I mentioned before that my brother had followed Savona to Italy; and as no result had ensued from this visit, we had all been led to conclude that he had failed in his addresses. From Italy he had proceeded to join his uncle, Lord C——, at the court in which he resided; and, as he was a most laconic letter-writer, we were still in doubt whether he had been entirely rejected, or whether some distant hopes were yet held out to him. The other letter was from Emmeline to me; it apprized me that I might expect to see her at

Kelford in a few weeks, and was couched in the same artless strain which had ever delighted me in that lovely girl.

Having perused this letter again and again, with a feeling which should have admonished me that any peculiar interest in the yet unopened letter should not belong to me, I walked out to the Grove, and repaired to the old library, to prepare a sermon for the next day, resolving to warn my parishioners of such principles as my late visiter had strenuously supported during our controversy. But it is one thing, I presently found, to maintain a bad argument, *viva voce*, and another to make error consistent with itself, in a treatise composed in comparative tranquillity of mind and with deliberation of thought. I was certainly made somewhat aware, in this attempt to write, that my own ideas on many subjects were extremely confused, and on that particularly which I had selected for the discourse of the next day, namely, the nature of man. The text which I had chosen was from Hebr. vi., 1, "Let us go on unto perfection," which I thought would serve as a basis for my superstructure, which was intended to be a discourse on the beauty of virtue and the dignity of human nature; but, having stated my text without reference to the context, and after having written two or three high-flown sentiments, in which there was much sound and little sense, I threw down my pen, stretched myself on a sofa, and wasted the rest of the morning in desultory reading. On my return to the parsonage, I was informed that a gentleman had called a short time before, and, not finding me at home, had promised to call again. A card which lay on my study table apprized me that this visiter was young Clifford; and, being informed that he had gone out in a certain direction of the park, I put on my hat, and followed whither I supposed he had gone. This path among the groves soon led me to the spot which had been once occupied by the archery-ground, and there, in the green hollow, seated, or rather extended under a tree, upon the bank on the side of the area, I saw my fellow-pupil.

I gave him a call which made the valley ring again, on which he sprang on his feet, and we shook hands more cordially than we had ever done before.

"So," I said, "you are come to see me, and you will stay with me, I trust."

"On Monday," he replied, "I must be in town."

"Which may easily be effected, even if you stay with me to-morrow," I answered.

He accepted my invitation immediately, and indeed made it appear that such had been his plan; and having engaged him to take my place in the pulpit the next morning, I devoted the rest of the day to his society.

"And what were you doing here?" I said, as we strolled along the bottom of the archery-ground—"you seemed deep in meditation when I arrived."

"I was comparing the present solitude of this place," he replied, "with the gay scene exhibited here, the only time that I was ever before at Kelford."

"When you and I bore away the glittering prizes," I answered, looking somewhat curiously in his fine, open face.

"Yes," he answered, "it was a day I shall not easily forget, for it is not often that we see such a galaxy of brilliant stars as those which then shone from that platform."

"You are getting figurative, Clifford," I remarked; "but, in plain English, what did you think of Lord C——'s daughters?" and I added some commonplace expression of approbation, which, as I expected, served to throw him off his guard, and to draw him out to utter something of what was in his mind.

"Oh! that little Emmeline," he answered, "that fair young creature, Edmund, she was precisely such a being as sometimes crosses the fancy in our dreams."

"And you came here to-day," I added, speaking with an effort, "to endeavour in this place to recall the vision, if possible, in its original colours."

"Perhaps it might be so," he answered; "but, after all," he added, seeing my colour rise, "I have the highest respect for your uncle's daughters, and know myself too well to presume to look at them but at a distance." So saying, he waived the subject, and began to talk gayly and simply with me on indifferent matters. What he had dropped, as it were, by chance, respecting Emmeline, had however made me very uncomfortable, for of all men in the world whom I had ever seen, Clifford was the last man whom I would have chosen for a rival.

Henry Clifford was at that period just twenty-four, and a handsomer man I have seldom seen. His mind

was of that rare construction in which it seemed that every desirable quality was equally balanced, so that no one seemed to preponderate to the injury of another. I speak merely of his natural qualities. With respect to those gifts which are spiritual, it seems as if it had been the Divine will that I should not have it in my power to plead to my own conscience in after life, that I had never seen a fair example of what an enlightened member and minister of the Church of England might and ought to be.

Such an example as young Clifford was permitted to exhibit, an example which ought to have struck me more, as being manifested by one of my own age, and by one of equal pretensions in all external matters with myself, might have been highly beneficial to me. It would seem, however, on a cursory view, that this manifestation was utterly uninfluential as it regarded me. But who is to calculate the influence of circumstances upon the character of an individual? Man commonly judges only from immediate effects, and, not seeing these, he is led often to set down the labour of a parent and the admonitions of a friend as entirely unavailable, and as being scattered to the winds; whereas it is my firm belief that no one dispensation or arrangement of Providence is ineffectual in producing some good, however removed beyond even the eye of faith, to that individual whom they concern. But who shall say how far such reflections as these might tend, or whither they might lead, or how much they might prove? We spent the Saturday evening, as I well remember, in active exercises, exploring the whole vicinity of Kelford, and, supping early, retired to rest in good time; for I had been weary of controversy the previous night, and I was careful of not entering upon religious subjects before the hour of divine service the next day, because, as I well knew that Clifford and I should not agree, I thought it best to let him alone until he had filled my place in the pulpit. Moreover, not having a sermon prepared, I should have been somewhat perplexed had he drawn off from his promise under the plea of a discordance of opinions; though, if I thought that my young companion held false doctrines, I did not manifest any great strength of principle by putting him in my pulpit in order to administer to my own ease.

The first observation which I made when Clifford

mounted the pulpit was, that he had no written discourse, not even a note-book, but only a Bible, which he laid on the cushion before him; I think, however, there were no others in the congregation who observed this. Humph! I said to myself, this looks like schism; but wherefore it should do so I knew not—for I am not aware of any canon of our church which requires that a man should write his discourses. He will stammer and hesitate by-and-by, I thought, or else commit tautology and rant, and I folded my arms, sitting as I was in the family pew, where I might have the best advantage for seeing him.

There was, however, neither hesitation, tautology, ranting, nor vehement exertion—no wiping of the brow nor foaming at the lips. Clifford lost not for a moment the dignified composure of the perfect gentleman; and, when most earnest, I observed it only by an increased pathos in the tones of his voice.

The subject of his discourse was the burning bush—and when he had explained this bush in flames to be the emblem of the union between the divine and human natures of our Lord, he entered at once into a statement of the whole plan of man's salvation, as ordained in the eternal purposes of God before the foundation of the world. As he proceeded with this glorious subject, he compelled me to acknowledge that his ideas were remarkably fine, whether founded or not upon Scripture; and that his language was that of a gentleman and a scholar, who had sufficient refinement of taste never to use a laboured expression where one which was simple, and easy to be understood, would serve to convey the same idea. He concluded his statement of doctrines, as I well recollect, by explaining what were the necessary fruits of faith—proving that faith was the gift of God, and good works the natural consequences of faith.

But although I could not withhold my admiration from Henry Clifford's performance, I was excessively angry with myself for having allowed him to preach in my pulpit, and I came out of the church in such a state of irritation as prepared me before night to break out into a violent argument with him. I had, however, sufficient self-command to restrain myself within bounds till the evening, when Clifford, having proposed to walk as far as an inn on the London road, about four miles

distant, by which the coach would pass at six the next morning, I proposed accompanying him, and we took rather a circuitous course over the park.

When fairly out among the woods, and having some time before us, the irritation of my mind, which had hardly been restrained for some hours past by a sense of hospitality, broke forth, and I commenced my attack by remarking that I had had with me the day before the famous Dr. Watson. "And, by-the-by, Clifford," I added, "I marvel much what he would have thought of your sermon: he calls me legal, and perhaps he might bestow upon you the epithet of Antinomian?"

"I think not," he replied; "Dr. Watson and I agree in many particulars."

"Indeed!" I answered; "are you acquainted with the ideas of this turbulent sectarian, as they regard the Church of England?"

"Of course," he replied, "he does not think as I do with respect to our church; if he does, he is not the honest man I take him for; for, thinking as I do of the Church of England, he could not dissent from it."

I will pose him now, I thought, by my grand question, and bring him within the horns of a dilemma; for if his notions of the character and authority of our church are high, I will turn upon him, as the doctor has often done upon me, and call him a papist; and if they are low, I will charge him with sectarian principles. In consequence of this amiable purpose, I propounded my question, viz., "What is that church to which the promises of Scripture appertain?" adding, that my father and Dr. Watson entirely differed in their definition thereof.

He smiled when he had heard my question, and, looking archly at me, asked me to what my question tended—whether to the confounding of truth or the detection of error.

"Of course," I replied, "to the detection of error."

"But you do not venture to assert, Edmund," he answered, "that you ask this question for your own benefit?"

"Be that as it may," I said, "let me hear your opinions on the subject."

"They will be easily stated," he answered. "That church to which the promises belong, with which Christ has declared that he will be to the end of the world, is

that of which Israel was the type, the seat of which is above, although a portion of its members are still in the flesh, and hence invisible as members to those who partake not with them of the same spirit. And this," continued Clifford, "is the one only true church, having the attributes of universality, of holiness, and of unity; being universal, because it includes all the children of God by election, whether it be those who have already passed into another state of being, those who now dwell in the flesh, those who have not yet been called into existence; being perfectly holy, because its members are those which are or shall be born of the spirit; and being one because it forms one body with Christ through the one spirit. This, my dear Etherington," continued Clifford, "is that church with which Christ has promised to be until the end of the world, hereafter to be manifested in all its derived beauty; that to which all the promises contained under types and symbols through the whole course of prophecy appertain in their spiritual signification; and thus that church to which, I trust, we belong—on which our hopes are built—and which we must forbear to confound with our private ecclesiastical establishments, unless we would fall into the same errors with the papists. For what else is popery but the attributing of the prerogatives of the church which is above to any assembly of men which is below."

"What do you make, then," I said, "of the prerogatives which our ecclesiastical rulers and ministers appropriate to themselves in many parts of our liturgy?"

Clifford had a peculiarly gay and easy manner, which was probably natural to him, but which was undoubtedly assured to him through life by the wonderfully bright views of religion vouchsafed to him, even in his childish years. But there was nothing in him that I hated more than this air of ease, because it seemed to throw a reproach on my temper, which was naturally stern and morose, and was seldom gay or playful, except when under excitement.

"What," he replied, "do I make of certain expressions found in the rituals of the Church of England, by which she appropriates such prerogatives to herself as cannot properly belong to her—or, I should say, rather seems so to do?"

"Well," I said, "what do you make of this?"

"Simply this," he replied; "every visible church on earth is typically a representative of that which is above, and in that character administers the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace, as is clearly explained in our catechism on the subject of the sacraments. I will, however, acknowledge that I could wish that in some portions of her liturgy she had sometimes made a broader distinction between her prerogatives as a type, and those of the church above as the antitype."

"I perceive, then," I replied, "that you do not altogether approve of the church of which you are a minister; I much fear that you are tainted with sectarian principles; and, to be plain with you, Clifford, this is what I have heard hinted against your father."

"Indeed," he answered, with his usual ease, as if the charge did not at all touch him, "my father must be a wonderful exception from his fellow men if he is not often misunderstood. However, at any rate, Etherington, the world's opinion of my father can have nothing to do with your question."

"But your father's sentiments," I replied, dryly, "may have a good deal to do with your answer to my question. You say that you could wish that our church had in some instances made a broader distinction in her liturgy between the type and the antitype; and no doubt you have other objections to make against her, not immediately connected with this point." The question was insidiously proposed, but the answer was given in the uprightness of the regenerated affections of the friend of whom I was utterly unworthy.

"See you not, my dear fellow," he said, "that in consistency with my first principle, that the one universal church—the spiritual body of Christ, of which the seat is above, is the only pure church; the only church which is without spot or wrinkle: that in consistency, I say, with this principle, I look not for perfection in any ecclesiastical establishment on earth; but believe not only that every church, of which men are ministers, may err, but necessarily will and must err; a doctrine, by-the-by, to which I am sworn in our own articles. I am, in consequence, compelled to acknowledge that I must either forsake all congregational worsihp and all established forms, or mingle with and administer to such as are more or less imperfect."

"You hold, then," I replied, "that all visible churches are imperfect?"

"Certainly," he replied; "look to your articles,* brother Edmund; we are not papists, are we? Nor are we such as, denying the perfectibility of the Church of Rome, think that it lies within the sphere of possibility to establish a pure church, under any circumstances, of which men in the flesh are to be the ministers."

"What sort of persons answer to this your last description?" I asked.

"All new speculators and reformers, in a mass," he replied, "and many of our old sectarians, some of whom, like Dr. Watson, are good men, although blinded by arrogance, and not carrying into practice those principles and doctrines which they admit in the abstract."

"To what particular principles do you allude in this place, Clifford?"

"The principle or the doctrine of the utter helplessness and depravity of human nature in particular," he replied; "for if man, as our article fully acknowledges, is utterly vile,† his ministry will always have the effect to deteriorate rather than to build up—to nullify rather than to improve—to formalize rather than to spiritualize."

"Indeed!" I replied; "your opinion of man's ministry is somewhat disheartening; and permit me to ask you, my good fellow, if man can do so little, what, I pray you, is the use of any establishment whatever for divine worship and instruction?"

"Oh! now we come to another question with a vengeance," replied Clifford, laughing; "tell me, Edmund, are we, or are we not to take Scripture as our guide?"

"Assuredly," I answered; "I am no infidel!"

"Well, what are the commands of Scripture in this matter? What was the example of the apostles? and what has been decided on this point, through all the ages which have succeeded since the ascension of our Lord?"

"Then you do think that ecclesiastical establishments are just and right?" I answered, sneeringly. "I was not aware how far your doctrine of man's incapacity might tend: but give me leave to say, that I much

* Nineteenth article. † Ninth article.

fear, Clifford, that your mind is a little warped to Antinomianism; your discourse this morning, I confess, somewhat startled me in that quarter."

He was proceeding to answer me, when I said, "But let us return to our first question. If you maintain that every ecclesiastical polity established by man is more or less imperfect and inefficient; and if you also admit that the church by law established in this country is also partaker of this universal imperfection, on what ground do you hold to this last-mentioned establishment rather than to any other? Do you hold to it on the conviction that, though still faulty, it is better than any other established church? or merely because you were educated in it, and have the best hopes of preferment in it? for I think that your father has pretty considerable interest with our bishop." The last part of my speech was meant to be delivered in a way which I thought might touch where he expected it not.

Clifford, however, took no notice of the low sarcasm, but replied calmly to this effect: that as a man should require much more serious motives for abandoning the house of a parent than he would in changing a common lodging, in like manner, a son of the Church of England ought by no means to abandon that church for any other, having equal qualifications, as it regards matters of faith with herself; and for this reason—that independent of the intrinsic merits of our national establishment, or of any old national establishment, there is a duty or gratitude due to that establishment, if a man and his parents have lived in peace and safety under it, which ought not to be lightly cancelled. For example: where two establishments, such as the Church of England and the Church of Scotland, both hold the truth, though differing in some forms and unimportant matters, with old affection and ancient ties, the love of order and national conformity thrown into the scale, should keep the individual of each nation within his own place of worship.

"According to this, Clifford," I replied, in the same spirit of contradiction, "had you been born a papist, you would be a papist still?"

"Certainly," he replied, "had no superior light been vouchsafed to me."

"But, granting that that light had been vouchsafed

you would have thought it right to hold still to mother church, because she was the mother church?"

"In that case I should have done wrong," he replied; "because the Roman Catholic Church holds not the truth, but substitutes will-worship and the doctrines of demons in the place of doctrine of justification by Christ alone. The Church of Rome," he continued, "is an adulteress; she has departed from her first love; I can hold no communion with her; none of the arguments I have used above apply to her, nor to any church, nor any individual who sets an idol in the place of the only Saviour of mankind."

"The papists," I answered, "say, I am told, that they do not adore their images, but set them in their churches merely as mementoes."

"These," replied Clifford, "are distinctions which I do not comprehend; but, be that as it may, they, as a body, with many Christians of other denominations, as individuals or small knots of individuals set up their church, their preacher, or their sect so high between themselves and their Redeemer, that the Divine merits are continually hidden from their eyes by those of their church or their saints, and they are induced to arrogate to these those health and life giving attributes which belong to God alone." There he paused a minute, and then added, "I have the greatest reason to thank my father for the pains he has taken in clearing my ideas respecting the subject of our argument this day, and in making me to discern the distinction between that church to which the promises appertain, and of which the seat is above, and the members of which will not be manifested to the world until the resurrection of the just, and those ecclesiastical polities called on the earth a church or churches, which, from their very nature, as being composed of men in the flesh, must be more or less imperfect, and must partake of that general law of the fallen earth—the constant tendency to decay, to deterioration, and to death."

"Well," I replied, "I must confess that you have said a great deal, Clifford, which I presume, could I remember it, would be very convincing; but I must acknowledge myself, after all which has been said, to be about as much in the dark as I was before we commenced our discourse."

"If your memory is at fault," replied Clifford, gayly,

"I will endeavour to assist it. For, all being well, before I sleep to-night I will record our few arguments on paper, and you shall have them in a letter before to-morrow's noon."

I did not much care whether he did so or not; and actually, when his packet arrived, which it did the next morning, threw it sealed into my desk, and read it not till many years afterward. It has assisted me, however, to recover this conversation so much in detail as I have done.

But I at that time hated Clifford, because I was jealous of him; and jealousy never permits itself to be instructed by its object. Yet, before I close my chapter, I must record the postscript of Clifford's letter, which was of great importance, and struck me much when I read it, between twenty and thirty years after it was written.

"My father says," added the young man, in his postscript, "that they who consider religious establishments only in one point of view, that is, in their spiritual influence over mankind, undoubtedly take a very partial view of the subject. By Christian men in general, the spiritual influence of religious polities is probably too highly rated; whereas, on the contrary, their political influence is commonly too little understood.

"Their spiritual influence is too highly rated, because the work of salvation, in all its parts, is divine, and is wrought by divine agency; and though man is always made the instrument when the work is made manifest to our apprehension, yet is his ministry, in no case whatever, other than the channel and means of grace, and never the grace itself. Hence the work of grace in the soul may be effectually wrought, and often is so where the means are weak and imperfect in the lowest degree.

"But the political influence of religious establishments and religious hierarchies cannot be too highly estimated. Hence, where the religion of a people is entirely corrupt, as in all heathen nations, the whole political economy of that nation must consequently be corrupt; and the polluted stream which flows from a corrupt faith will necessarily insinuate its various rills into the most retired walks of life, poisoning every source of enjoyment, and corrupting every motive of action and feeling of the heart. Whereas, on the other

hand, where the religious establishment of a country is as pure as an imperfect government can render it, such as is our Church of England, it is impossible to calculate the good which is derived from it to every part and portion of the great national family. Hence, when the national church acknowledges the truth, and protects the truth, any attempt to subvert it, even with the view of establishing something more perfect, in some men's opinions, in its place, ought to be well considered, and the dreadful hazard duly estimated of throwing the multitude adrift on their own opinions—the multitude, by which may be understood the mass of the people, who have not yet been made new creatures by regenerating grace.

"He that violently destroys a national church is like one who swamps a crazy ship to save the crew."

With these opinions of the archdeacon, I terminate my chapter of controversies, and drop Dr. Watson and Henry Clifford, the one for ever on earth, and the other for many days. Many of my readers are, no doubt, weary of these discussions; others are offended at the turn they have taken; others, having dipped into them, pass them over. Nevertheless, the serious reader will perceive how important the results of these were to my after-history.

CHAPTER VII.

A VERY few days after Clifford had left me, I was suddenly summoned to the hall. The person who brought the message having informed me that a carriage had just before driven up to the door, I obeyed the summons with alacrity, and had scarcely set my foot within the vestibule when I was met by my cousin Savona.

"Oh, Edmund!" she said, as she extended her hand to me, "Oh, Edmund!" a most brilliant glow, at the same moment, rising to her very brow.

I was, however, agitated far more than she was when I saw this beautiful creature standing before me. My eyes had, for some time past, been accustomed to behold only very ordinary specimens of the female human

creature. I had not beheld anything like a truly elegant and beautiful woman for many months. I had almost forgotten that high, lofty, aristocratic, indefinable air of superiority which we sometimes see in high-bred females, hardly, perhaps, even in the best specimens of lower life, and I was abashed, and actually blushed, and felt awkward, and wondered aloud how it happened that she had come to Kelford when I only was present to receive her.

"Alas!" she said, smiling in a manner half playfully, half maliciously, as if she was delighted with my embarrassment, "what an unhappy arrangement of fortune is this; but if at Florence I did not happen to be able to calculate the precise day when my father should be at Kelford, or if I were wholly ignorant of your residence in this place, Mr. Etherington, my apparent imprudence is accounted for; but, happily, here is the good Abbé Beauregard, who accompanied me from Florence, and under his pious auspices we may hope to be protected from the idle tongues of your busy English gossips, even should it so happen that the good family should not return to sanction our intercourse quite so soon as you seem to desire."

All this, and much more (for she told me that the death of her grandmother had occasioned her sudden return to England), was uttered in tones so melodious, that one might have wished that an Italian accent and idiom might ever be given to our English language; and with just so much action as imparted ease without an injury to gracefulness. She was in deep mourning, and her hair was disposed in a manner to give her finely-formed head the air of an antique statue. Her complexion still preserved that polished and perfect whiteness and delicacy which I have mentioned before, though, when she was animated, the colour rose beautifully to her cheeks. Her features were more exquisitely delicate than memory had painted them to me, though her nose was somewhat higher and more Roman than that of Emmeline, as I recollected it; the mouths of the two sisters were, however, in form and in the colour of the lips precisely the same; each might have been modelled from the bow of Cupid, wrought in coral. Yet, with this strong natural similarity, the expression of the lips of Savona was wholly different from that of Emmeline; in the smile of the elder there was that

which, while it fascinated, inspired apprehension; in that of the younger there was so much innocence that no one could have conceived the depth of feeling and strength of principle which lay beneath.

The first salutations having passed rapidly over, I accompanied Savona into the library, where we found the gentleman of whom she had spoken, the Abbé Beauregard, who had accompanied her from Italy, and seemed to be on the most confidential terms with her.

I never could understand whether this man was a Frenchman or an Italian, for he spoke both languages with elegance, and, as far as my ear could serve, like a native of either country. He spoke English also, but with a foreign accent. He was a handsome man, having the fire of youth in his eye, but the air, physiognomy, figure, and costume of a man between forty and fifty, affecting to be thought older rather than younger than his appearance indicated.

His general manner was polished, careless, and debonnaire; he sometimes sunk into deep reveries, from which he started when he thought himself observed, and commonly, on these occasions, accounted for his abstraction by pretending to have been occupied by some unimportant matter, whether literary or scientific, which he stated to have puzzled him. He did not attempt to conceal that he was a papist. That he was a Jesuit I did not know till long afterward; on the contrary, I at first conceived that he sat very loose to the affairs of religion, and was much devoted to literature and science, particularly to botany; for, as Savona told me, he was indefatigable in his researches after scarce plants.

The Abbé Beauregard, however, could make himself excessively agreeable, nay, delightful, in company. Our countrymen, it must be acknowledged, arè, generally speaking, inferior to many foreigners when the object is to please in conversation. Our abbé had been a traveller in one of the most interesting countries of the world, Italia la Bella, as he called it. He was deeply versed in antiquities, and was a musician by nature, as the Italians commonly are. I had never then heard anything finer than his recitatives, all of which were sacred. There was a large organ in one of the halls at Kelford; the abbé used to engage Savona to play, while he, with her, brought before my ear, in the very truth, some of the most beautiful and pathetic chants which

are used in the Roman Catholic service, especially in the chapels of convents. Ah! how little did I then anticipate the circumstances in which I should again hear such solemn and touching symphonies. But the return of Lord C—— and his suite was delayed from week to week, and, during that delay, my unguarded heart, unguarded by any correct principle, was subjected to trials which I did not even attempt to resist. On the contrary, I entirely abandoned myself to the fascinations of Savona; I forsook my home, excepting during the hours of sleep; I did no duty whatever but what was absolutely necessary, and all my reformation schemes, of course, vanished in thin air.

I thought every hour lost which I did not spend with my beautiful cousin; and, although I was continually left alone with her, I hoped that the presence of the abbé in the house, and that of a sort of Italian gouvernante, who had been established near Savona in infancy by her grandmother, would give a sufficient sanction to our intercourse in the eyes of the neighbourhood. The abbé, as I afterward discerned, was not without his motives for leaving us continually together. Savona and I never wanted amusement; we walked, we sang, we sketched the most beautiful points of the pleasure-ground, and Savona insisted that I should study Italian, nay, and endeavour to talk it too with her; and, being well acquainted with Latin, my progress in it was rapid. Alas! alas! how little did I then think how much this language would hereafter be requisite to me.

Poor Savona! during that period of our indiscreet intimacy, she hid few secrets from me. I know not what tales of rejected addresses she then told to me; I understood that among these were those of my brother, but I heeded no other names. Yet it fed my vanity to find that princes, marquises, and counts, none of whom, however, were to be estimated in comparison to my brother, had all, it seems, been discarded for the faithless Edmund; and I was even flattered by the bitter manner in which she asked me wherefore I had never written to her, even if not permitted to visit her.

I made out some tale of excuses, which were accepted in the foolish confidence of affection; but it rather pained me to perceive that she appeared to have no jealousy of her sister, nor was it probable that she should, considering that she had as yet only seen Em-

meline as a child. It is certain, however, that at that time my regard for Emmeline was much cooled by long absence. Hence there was little in my manner to lead Savona's suspicions in this direction; yet, free to a certain degree as my heart then was, and although my fair Italian cousin was actually, at that time, exercising a powerful influence over my senses, the very means she took to please me offended my delicacy to such a degree, that I never thought of her as a wife. I am making no excuse for myself; I acted a very bad part, and I have suffered for my base conduct, but not in equity as I have deserved. But the tale is a miserable one, and I would willingly refrain from anticipation.

Oh! how do I detest the cold-blooded wretch, such as I then was, and such as I might be now, if the regenerating power of the Lord the Spirit had not effected such a change in my heart as to make me hate what I once loved—the cold-blooded wretch, I repeat, who could have delighted, nay, gloried, triumphed in awakening feelings which were to spend themselves only in disappointment. But they that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind.

Deep and cold, and hollow in heart, however, as I then was, I had one to deal with who was still deeper, and colder, and more hollow than myself. But my narrative shall unfold itself, and develop in, its course, the deep-laid purposes of the apparently mild and unpretending Jesuit. Alas! poor Savona, how little did she suspect that that beauty in which she prided herself was no other than an instrument in the skilful hands of one of a body, whose motto is—the end sanctifies the means.

Savona had been several Sundays at Kelford without once attending divine service. Had I not myself been the minister, I might have overlooked the circumstance. But on the third Sunday, the services being concluded, as I was proceeding through the pleasure-grounds to the mansion, I met my cousin walking silently and alone, followed by Diana, a little greyhound from Italy.

"Well, fair lady," I said, "I am glad to see you abroad; I feared almost to hear that you were indisposed."

"And wherefore?" she replied.

I gave her my reason, which was, that she had not attended divine service.

"Nor heard," she answered, "the deep and melodious tones of your voice, Edmund, through a service of an hour and a half. Any other time, in any other place, or on any other theme, I would gladly listen to you for twice that period, and only think the time too short, for I love melodious tones—but not in your assembly. No, Edmund, you must never expect to see me there."

Of course I expressed amazement; and the more so, as I perceived that she was so much agitated while she spoke as to be hardly able to stand. There was a rustic chair under a tree near at hand; I led her to it, and threw myself carelessly on the grass at her feet, looking up gayly to her, and asking her why such tremours upon the simple question—wherefore she had not attended the services of the day.

"Ah, Edmund," she replied, "you know not the depth of the question—you know not how much depends on my reply."

"Truly, I do not," I answered, "nor can I conjecture what you mean."

"Edmund," she said, "must I lose your regard, and that of my father, sisters, uncles, and all my relations, if I make the avowal, which I am about to do, that I am upon conviction, and under the assurance that there is no safety without its pale—a daughter of the Holy Apostolic Catholic Church of Rome? My grandmother, some years before her death, was converted from heresy to the truth; and, in consequence, knowing what I might be subjected to in my father's house, she made me the sole heiress of all that property which was at her disposal to the exclusion of Emmeline—whom, however, she recommended to be done more for, in consequence, by her father. Thus am I protected from pecuniary trials, for that which my grandmother left is ample; but to a heart like mine, Edmund, a heart to which it is necessary to be loved, these earthly possessions cannot give consolation. And now," she added, "you know my secret, and will you betray me? will you hate me? You do not speak—you hesitate; then I have lost your esteem—lost it at once and without recall?" and she worked herself up into a sort of hysteric before I could spring upon my feet and perform the part of a comforter, which I did, as any other unprincipled young man would have done under the same circumstances, with vows,

and promises, and protestations, and assurances of eternal secrecy. These protestations and assurances were received with demonstrations of the utmost gratitude on the lady's side; and though, no doubt, we were both acting parts, the scene passed off with good effect.

When I say that we were acting parts, I mean that she, on the instigation of her Jesuit creed, affected to feel more than she did in her way, and I, on the instigation of my own heart, made professions of what I did not feel in my way; not that I was insincere when I praised her beauty, which was exquisite, or expressed a delight in her society, which was captivating; but these feelings were totally distinct and different from that sort of sacred love which seeks the divinely appointed seal of marriage—which, indeed, seeks that union which never can be broken, and which is not dissolved, as far as it is intellectual and spiritual, even by death itself, for a union divinely established can never be dissolved.

But the excitement, whether real or fictitious, being over, I asked her what she proposed in endeavouring to keep that fact a secret from others which she had told me.

"I have two motives, Edmund," she answered, "for not revealing that to the family at present which I have told to you. In the first instance, I am a stranger at home, and I wish to make myself some interest in the affections of my relations before I venture a confession which may set them immediately against me: and, in the second place, I shall be of age in a few months, and I wish to have everything arranged as it regards my property before this people, this land of heretics (excuse me, Edmund, for the expression) shall know me to be what I am."

I started at this last avowal—there was evidently so much art and contrivance in it, that it degraded even the beautiful Savona, with all her fascinations, in my opinion: for this was the first example of artful conduct which struck me powerfully; and it did so, because what I had hitherto seen designing, and not open, in her actions, I had set down to the excess of her love for me. She instantly saw the impression she had made, and began either to weep or to seem to weep; but I then thought that she did really weep; and drawing her hand from my arm (for we were walking towards the house),

"Edmund," she said, in broken accents, "return to the parsonage and leave me—I see that I have lost your affection. My mind is made up; I will brave my father's displeasure to the utmost, I am resolved; I will not use the cautionary measures which the weakness of my heart had suggested; but I cannot stand the displeasure of the whole family in assemblage. I go, Edmund, tomorrow I go from hence; and now, farewell; my mind is resolved, attempt not to shake its purposes;" and suddenly producing a small cross of brilliants, which hitherto she had worn in concealment, though I had often seen the golden chain by which it was suspended from her neck, she raised her beautiful eyes, and having thrice kissed it, she broke out much to this effect:—"Oh! Mary, Mother of God—Mater carissima—inviolata—purissima—veneranda—consolatrix afflictorum—deliver my soul from the temptations which now assail me! Help me to break every human tie, to renounce all earthly affections, and to fly to thy fostering bosom. Jesus, Son of an immaculate Mother, help me to devote myself to thee, and to thee only, in renunciation of all inferior attractions;" and then, still covering her eyes and weeping, she stood a little turned from me, as I have since seen a beautiful Magdalen, wrought in marble, at the foot of some magnificent crucifix.

It was with more heart and less dissimulation and suspicion that I, on this second occasion, attempted to sooth her. What my assurances and protestations might have been, I do not pretend to recollect; but they seemed to have the effect of satisfying her: I say seemed, for it would be hard to define what was genuine and what was artificial in any of our actions or addresses to each other at that time. There were three of us met at Kelford, each of whom had objects in view which were not to be known to the others. The object of the abbé was, I discerned many months afterward, to make me a proselyte to his church through the seductions of Savona. She so far knew his plan, and, being deeply attached to me, was fully willing to fall into his views. She was herself, I hesitate not to say, a sincere papist at that time; but, in order that she should succeed, it was needful that she should not at once betray her object.

As to myself, my reader need not be told how little of sincerity there was in my conduct. However, on the

present occasion, I found means to sooth and quiet my fair cousin, for I did not merely promise to keep her secret, but to assist her in any difficulty which might arise from her friends, should they insist on her attending to any of the forms of Protestantism. In consequence, she not only soon became calm, but more gay, and playful, and fascinating than I had ever known her to be; and it was needful that she should thus exert herself, for her avowal had plunged my mind into a very unpleasant train of reflection.

There is nothing, perhaps, more dangerous for one young mind than the partnership in a secret with another, when that other has any sinister design. It little matters what the nature of the mystery may be, provided that it is sufficiently weighty; it administers so many opportunities and motives for the interchange of intelligent looks, and whispers, and little conferences, which are not to be remarked; and we, that is, Savona and I, had another confidant, more dangerous to me even than the lady, the Abbé Beauregard, the deep, calculating Jesuit, to whose conduct in these affairs might be applied the expression in Macbeth,

"They palter in a double sense."

This man was deceiving not only me, but her who supposed herself to be in his entire confidence. Alas! poor Savona! those who blame her most must acknowledge that she was most unfortunate on many accounts. But after that Sunday of which I have spoken, ten more days elapsed before any interruption of our dangerous proceedings ensued; and these were days more fatal to me than all which had gone before, because I was not, at this time, as it were, initiated in the councils of Savona. I had sworn to conceal her acknowledgments and avowals; and under this seal of secrecy many things were included which I had not anticipated.

It is a principle of the Roman Catholic church, I may say an elementary principle, that no soul is saved which is not within the pale of that church;* and hence

* "Le Chef invisible du Corps mystique de l'Eglise, est Jésus Christ; et son Chef visible est le Pape; et ses Membres sont tous les fidéles Chrêtiens.

D. Si l'Eglise est un Corps mystique, qu'elle est l'ame qui anime et qui gouverne ce Corps?

R. C'est le Saint Esprit.

it naturally and necessarily follows that every sincere Roman Catholic should endeavour to make proselytes. With all that I thought wrong in Savona, I believe that she was sincere in her religion; but I could hardly dare to say as much of the Abbé Beauregard; at any rate, the passion of ambition and the desire for the earthly exaltation and enrichment of his church were so mingled and mixed up with his religion, that no mortal casuist could separate and distinguish his motives. These motives, however, were at that time so entirely cloaked to me, that I hesitated not to class him with honest Dr. Watson, and to set him down as one who, however mistaken he might be in some points, had really and simply at heart the salvation of souls; and I heard his incessant pleadings for his church and his faith at least, without the suspicion of deeper motives than I saw, and was thus exposed to the temptation without a guard. The point on which he had art enough to see that I was most weak was that on which he principally attacked me. This point was the same on which I had had the unsatisfactory discussion with my father, viz., on the nature of the universal church; that church, in fact, which is addressed in Scripture as the spouse of Christ, the bride and the universal mother of all believers, with whom our Lord had promised to be to the end of time. I was drawn out to recapitulate the conversation which I had had with my father and the bishop's chaplain to the abbé, and was surprised to find how far he went with them. He allowed that my father's description of the true church was entirely correct—that the true church was that which was established by the apostles and prophets, our Lord being the corner-stone—that it is such as is arranged, as to its government, as the apostolic churches were—that it should be enabled to trace its ordination of ministers in a direct line from the apostles—that, in consequence, it should have its three degrees, to wit, bishops, priests, and deacons; and that no man should be permitted to administer its sacraments but those thus legitimately authorized so to do.

D. L'Eglise ne peut donc pas errer, puisqu'elle est animée et regie de l'Esprit de Vérité.

R. Il est vray, elle ne peut pas errer dans les matières de la Foy.

D. Ceux-là donc qui ne sont point de l'Eglise, sont dans l'erreur, et par consequent ils ne sont point dans le chemin de salut."

(Catéchisme Théologique de la Compagnie de Jesus.)

These were my father's words; and the abbé assured me that so far Monsieur le Doïen agreed entirely with the orthodox; but having admitted these first principles, "Mr. Etherington," he continued, "and allowing that Christ has been with this church from the beginning of the Christian era, where, I say, was this church before your reformation, as you falsely call it; that is, supposing, for argument's sake, that your church is the true one?"

I answered from an argument used to me by Dr. Watson, "With the Albigenses, and Waldenses, and poor men of Lyons."

"Granting it," replied the abbé, "according to your own position, your ordination, if these Waldenses and Albigenses are the legitimate church, should have come through them; but what do your own histories assert on this subject?"

I could not answer, and the abbé went on and brought so many arguments to bear upon me from his own books, that if I were not convinced at the time, I was completely posed. I had nothing to say; and, in truth, he added so much respecting the sins of heresy and schism, that I was alarmed; and having no foundation of truth in my own mind, I was as a vessel tossed to and fro by various winds, not knowing in what direction I might next be propelled. As the arguments which the abbé used were principally taken from the Jesuits' catechism, I shall bring those passages forward in a note for the satisfaction of such as may be curious in these subjects.*

* "D. Qu'est ce que l'Eglise?

R. C'est l'assemblée de tous ceux qui croyent en Jésus Christ, et qui reconnoissent pour son Vicaire en terre le souverain Pontife Romain.

D. Qui a établi l'Eglis ?

R. Jésus Christ luy-mêsme.

D. Quoy donc; Avant la venuë de Jésus Christ n'y avoit-il pas une Eglise?

R. Ouy; Il n'y a eu aucun temple dépuis le commencement du monde, auquel l'Eglise de Dieu n'ait esté; parce-qu'il y a toûjours eu des hommes qui ont servy Dieu de la façon, selon laqu'elle il veut estre servi de nous.

D. Pourquoy dites vous donc que Jésus Christ a établi l'Eglise?

R. Parce qu'il a aboli la Synagogue des Juifs, qui estoit pour lors la vraye Eglise, et en a fait une nouvelle beaucoup plus sainte et plus parfaite, laquelle il a cimentée de son propre sang.

D. Comment s'appelle cette Eglise?

Other scenes now call my attention—scenes in which innocent love would have extended her spotless hand (spotless as far as aught which appertains to sinful man can be deemed spotless) to draw me back into the ways of peace. But, ah! it might not be; domestic love is seldom the portion of him who has not respected the honour and feelings of the wives or daughters of other men. Alas, my beloved Emmeline! memory still presents thee to me as thou wast in thy early, sunny days—while youth, and health, and hope (hope not unpleasing to thy God) shed their glad beams along thy path. Ah! sweet and lovely one—but another word, and I shall forestall my narrative. But while my delirium of folly was at its height, it was unpleasantly interrupted, when I was one evening, as usual, talking nonsense with Savona at the Grove, by a messenger from the parsonage bringing the unwelcome intelligence that my mother and my sister Maria had arrived, and desired to see me immediately.

I was struck dumb at this information, and Savona burst into tears. There was a pathetic scene, of course, spent in lamenting the termination of a delightful dream —but I must needs obey the summons; and promising to see Savona again as soon as possible, I took a sorrowful adieu.

Being arrived at the parsonage, I hastened to meet my mother with apparent unconcern, but was admonished at the first view of the maternal countenance, as she sat with much solemnity on the sofa in the drawing-room, my sister by her side, that I must prepare for certain parental reproofs, to which I was by no means disposed to pay much attention.

"Well, sir," was her first word, "so I hear that Miss Etherington has been at Kelford for more than a month."

"Very true, madam," I answered: I did not add—

R. Elle s'appelle l'Eglise Catholique, Apostolique et Romaine.

D. Pourquoy s'appelle-t'elle *Catholique?*

R. Parce qu'elle est répanduë par tout le monde (car ce mot de *Catholique* signifie *Universelle*), et parce que dépuis son état lissement, elle a toûjours esté la mesme, et le sera jusqu'à la fin des siècles sans souffrir aucun changement, ny aucune nouveauté.

D. Pourquoi l'appellez-vous *Apostolique?*

R. Parce qu'elle s'est accreuë par la Predication des Apôtres, et qu'elle ne reçoit point d'autre doctrine, que celle qu'ils ont enseigné.

D. Pourquoi l'appellez-vous *Romaine?*

R. Parce que celuy qui en est le Chef a son Siege à Rome.

and what then? though I much wonder that the words did not escape me.

"And you think it prudent, sir, do you, that two young people should be thus associated in a lone country house without an elder?" There was a pause and a searching look; then another admonition much to the same purpose, to which I made no answer, but turned round and gazed through the open window, whereupon Maria spoke, and asked me if I did not hear what her mamma had said.

"Yes," I replied, "I do hear—and I hear that my mother is casting reproach on my conduct and on that of my cousin."

"It is not I, Edmund, who have made the first animadversions on this subject," she replied; "the thing was the country talk, I promise you, before it was told to your father or to me. But Lord C—— is expected in England in a day or two, and I am come to take his daughter to town to meet her father, and I trust that this foolish business will never reach his ears."

"Very well, madam," I replied, "you are to do as you please." And shall I confess that I was almost glad that things were thus arranged, as I was myself alarmed at the lengths which I had gone with Savona?

This is not the part of my history on which I wish to enlarge. It is disgusting to me even to think of the cold and heartless villany of my conduct at that time. Suffice it to say, that I had only one private interview with Savona after that hour, for my mother insisted on taking her with her the next day to town, telling me, when I resisted the proposal, that if I really liked my uncle's daughter, my way was plain—I had nothing to do but to make my wishes known to her father. But this way, if plain to my mother, was not so to me; for, as I have often said before, I had not that esteem for Savona which could induce me to make her my wife, though my regard for Emmeline would not, I think, at that time have stood in my way.

My last meeting, without the witness of my mother, with poor Savona was very painful to me; yet I kept myself clear from any professions which I thought binding. And thus we parted—when and where to meet again?

CHAPTER VII.

It had been arranged that the Abbé Beauregard was to remain at the Grove, Savona having undertaken to say that her father would have pleasure in affording a residence to any friend of hers. Neither was she mistaken in this point, for Lord C—— was the most benevolent and hospitable of men: nor was I sorry to have a companion left me in my solitude, in this pleasing and intelligent foreigner. I had every expectation, however, that, in a few weeks at the utmost, the whole family would return to Kelford; but in this expectation I was mistaken, I will not say disappointed, for, after a fortnight, I received a letter from my uncle Theophilus, saying that he was coming down immediately to Kelford with his lady and niece, but that Lord C—— would probably be detained yet some time in town. A letter from Savona, sent at the same time to the Abbé Beauregard, was full of regrets, because business compelled her to remain in London till she should be of age, which would take place in a few weeks. This letter, which the abbé showed me, wore a deep impress of sadness; and she spoke therein of the few weeks she had lately spent at Kelford as the happiest she ever expected to see in this life.

The abbé remarked "that his fair pupil wrote in low spirits," and asked me if I would not write and comfort her.

"I am afraid of her," I replied.

"And wherefore?" he asked.

"I fear that she might shake my integrity, as it regards my faith," I said.

"Wherefore should she shake your integrity?" he replied. "If your faith is fixed on a sure foundation, there can be no fear of its being thoroughly and deeply investigated. Controversy is the test of truth, Mr. Etherington; hence I must suppose, that if you dare not encounter the simple pleading of such a babe as Signora Savona, you have already some suspicions that you are not right."

Here followed a long discussion, in which, though not

convinced, I certainly had the worst of the argument, for I was not furnished with any weapons of spiritual warfare capable of overcoming such an experienced champion as the Abbé Beauregard. I was now, in truth, in the very mouth of the serpent, and yet there was to be one more chance given me for recovery. This period, however, when left alone with the abbé, proved to be one that urged me very far forward on the dangerous path on which I had stumbled.

At length a letter arrived which informed me of the speedy approach of my uncle Theophilus, with his lady and niece; and, the next day after the receipt of this letter, I was apprized that the travellers were in sight by the merry peal from the steeple—a compliment, no doubt, from the heart, paid by the villagers to the old pastor, and, I imagine, somewhat at the expense of his young curate.

It was, I well remember, a glorious summer morning, and I had scarcely had time, after I heard the peal in the library at the Grove, where I was deep in polemics with the abbé, to run up to the parsonage before the carriage drove up to the gate.

The party were all beaming with delight on seeing their beloved home again. The moment Emmeline stepped on the ground, I saw that she was as tall as her sister, but at the same instant her bonnet concealed her face. My uncle and aunt immediately entered into the house; but, when Emmeline had nearly reached the door, she stood to look around her, an opportunity of which I availed myself to examine her from head to foot, and to compare her with Savona. There was a striking, sisterly resemblance—nature had been equally profuse in her gifts to each of these lovely young women; and I might add that education, in two opposite extremes, had done its utmost also to preserve and improve these natural gifts; with one, however, by adding polish without spoiling simplicity—with the other by conferring that last touch of artificial manners whereby refinement is so complete that it seems again to become nature.

But while I was thus earnestly considering the fair creature who stood before me, she turned suddenly round to me, and almost started on perceiving the ardent gaze which was fixed on her. A bright glow rose on her cheeks, yet she seemed inclined almost to laugh;

"I see," she said, "that you are astonished, Edmund: you expected to see the same little girl in a white frock who parted from you four years since; you think me much altered, no doubt; but I do not feel that I am so; and now that I am returned to Kelford I shall be a child again."

It matters little what I said in reply; I was strangely troubled and uneasy, for this single view of my first beloved, improved and beautiful beyond all anticipation, had at once thrown my affections back into their natural channel; and yet there was an entanglement which I had myself wrought, which might, I feared, stand much in the way of my success with Emmeline.

However, as she did not seem to know anything that had passed between me and her sister, I was by no means the person to inform her; and as to my uncle and aunt Theophilus, they were as free from suspicion as was their niece.

It was in the summer, I forget the month, when my uncle Theophilus returned to Kelford. Over the events which followed during the next two months or more, I purpose to make a rapid progress. It was a sort of Arcadian scene which then passed before me. The scenes of my life have been various: nor was that to me a happy period, from the constant dread which I had of some very disagreeable interruption. Nevertheless, at that time I made such a progress in the affections of Emmeline that, with the sanction of my uncle and aunt Theophilus, she gave me leave to demand her of her father. Of course I could not misunderstand this permission, and ought to have acted upon it immediately by applying to my uncle; but I was fully aware that this was not so easily done while Savona was with her father. Oh! how at that time did I regret the folly, to use a milder word than the offence deserved, by which I had thus wilfully involved myself with one whom I had never respected. However, being thus approved by Emmeline, I took upon myself all the allowed privileges of an affianced lover; and as no double dealings were at first suspected by the lovely young lady herself, and as the sanction of her parents by adoption was already given, no suspicion attached itself for some weeks to my procrastination. I was thus permitted to be constantly with my beloved, and to experience the delight of feeling myself the object of the affection of the

most lovely woman I had ever seen or ever shall see, as long as I am left in the present scene of existence. But even then, much as I loved and admired (I will not use stronger words, though they might suit my feelings at that time), much as I then loved and admired Emmeline, I did not understand the source from which proceeded the extreme correctness of her conduct and the purity of her sentiments; nor could I have told wherein consisted that majesty of virtue which would have made me tremble to offend her, and compelled me, as it were, to seem in her presence a totally different character to what I really was.

With all my schemings, however, it became apparent to me, that towards the latter part of this period she had one or two misgivings concerning me; perhaps these might originate in my ever-varying excuses for remaining where I was instead of going to town to speak to Lord C——.

In the mean time the Abbé Beauregard, though he came not often to the parsonage, had discovered that at present he had little more to hope from the fascinations of poor Savona in the accomplishment of the plan which he had formed when he first arrived at Kelford, of making me a proselyte to his creed through her influence. He was not, however, disheartened, for his arguments had already made some impression on my mind, of which he was perfectly aware. Indeed, he was not the man whom he afterward proved himself to be, if he had not conceived some hope, even when he first conversed with me on the subject of religion, that (to use an expression of Dr. Watson) the mark of the beast was already budding on my brow.

It is asserted with truth of the ministers of popery that they stand at nothing to make a proselyte, and that for this purpose they would willingly move heaven and earth; nay, and even stoop to dabble with the politics of hell. That the Abbé Beauregard was an accomplished Jesuit there can be no question, and that he was resolved to gain me for his church was very certain, and that his hopes were built on my character was equally certain; for, wherever there is legality in a minister, together with pride and ambition, that man is already a papist in his heart. The first plan of the abbé, I make no question, was to break up the soil of my heart with a heifer of my own family; that is, to en-

tangle me through the blandishments of Savona. But having failed in this attempt, or nearly so, he changed his mode of attack, and taking up again the argument respecting the church which we had held together several times, he asserted that my father had taught me rightly when he assured me that there was only one pure, visible, universal church on earth, although he had not gone so far as to admit that this church was no other than the Church of Rome. I will again place the arguments which he used in a note,* being derived as they are from his own books; but will add something upon the effect which they had upon my mind. And first, I was unable to see their fallacy, from not knowing that the Catholic church spoken of in the creed must, if it mean anything definite, refer to the one universal church, of which Christ is the head and the saints the members. But understanding, as I did, and as many others do, that these words related to some visible church, it was impossible for me to be otherwise than confounded by the arguments built upon this false principle, especially since many of these arguments were strengthened by garbled yet ingenious

* I understand that Christ has a church on earth; that his church is but one; and that we are bound to believe her in all things belonging to faith, because God so commands, under pain of being looked on as heathens or unbelievers. *If he will not hear the church, let him be then as a heathen and a publican.*—Matt. xviii., 17.

The church cannot err in faith, because Christ has promised that he and his Holy Spirit will remain with her, and teach her all truth to the end of the world.—John xvi., 13. The church is the congregation of all the faithful, under Christ Jesus, their invisible Head, and his vicar on earth, the pope. The pope is the Bishop of Rome, who, as successor of St. Peter, is the visible head of the Church of Christ on earth. The word pope signifies father, and the Bishop of Rome is the spiritual father of all the faithful.

The marks of the church are four—she is one—she is holy—she is Catholic—and she is apostolical. She is one, because all that belong to the true Church of Christ are of one faith and communion, and all obey one authority. A man cannot be saved in any church or religion, because there is but *one* church and *one* religion in which the true faith and the means of salvation are found; as there is *but one body and one spirit—one Lord, one faith, one baptism.*—Eph. iv., 4, 5. Indeed, as God cannot reveal contradictory doctrines, so two churches teaching contradictory doctrines of faith cannot both teach that faith which was revealed by God, and *without which it is impossible to please God*, Heb. xi., 6, and, consequently, to be saved.—*Douay Catechism on the Ninth Article of the Apostles' Creed.* "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints."

applications of Scripture; however, I was beginning to be weary of the confusion of my mind. I felt that I was all afloat, and exceedingly uneasy. In many respects, I loved pleasure, and I feared hell, as understood in vulgar apprehension; and I felt drawn to popery, in the first instance, because it supplied present atonements and satisfactions for those sins which were particularly pleasant to me; and, secondly, because it was decisive as to that knotty question, What is meant by the holy Catholic church, in which we all declare ourselves to be believers? and which my father had stated to me as being built upon the apostles and prophets, our Lord being the corner-stone. I was pleased, I repeat, with the abbé's arguments, because he was so decided on what this church was—what it had always been—what were its pretensions and powers, and how they were founded, even on the basis of the apostles and prophets, for instance, of St. Peter himself, to whom our Lord said, "upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." This holy personage, as the Jesuit reported, having been the first bishop of Rome, entailed his prerogatives through the laying on of hands to his successors, even to the present day; and I was also flattered when I considered that among the prerogatives of the church was that of binding and loosing the souls of men. But when I would have assumed some of these prerogatives in my own person as a minister of the Church of England, the abbé told me that the true church did not acknowledge the Church of England as being anything more than an assembly of heretics; "for, inasmuch as," he continued, "your church does not agree with us in every article of faith, it has not the characters and proper qualities of the true church; for the proper qualities of the true church are, that it is one, that it has the same faith and the same chief, that it is universal and perpetual, and that it is holy. Now there is only the Roman Catholic Church which has these qualities, from whence it follows that this is the true church, and that all others are but the synagogues of Satan."*

It was natural for me to put this question in reply to these assertions—"How is it that your church can be called holy, when we see so many of the members who

* Jesuits' Catechism.

are not holy?" He answered, "The Catholic Church is holy, because Jesus Christ, who is her head and husband, is holy, and the believing husband sanctifies the unbelieving wife; the spirit which animates her is also holy, because it is no other than the Holy Spirit. Her sacraments are holy—her doctrine is holy, and to be holy nothing more is necessary than to follow her orders and to obey her laws."*

Such discourses as I have shortly related were repeated nearly every morning during the period I speak of, and at these times was discussed almost every article of the Roman Catholic faith, the celibacy of the clergy being almost the only point of which we did not speak; the Jesuit, as I suppose, thinking it would be premature as yet to meddle with that matter. Thus we spent most of our mornings, and the abbé sometimes joined our party in the evening at the rectory, where he made himself extremely agreeable, for he had great diversity of talent. We took many sweet walks together during that season, and the abbé improved us in the knowledge of botany; and what then was wanting but a quiet conscience and straightforward principles to render me as happy as man can possibly expect to be on earth? At length it was, I well remember, just at that period when leaves grow sere, and evenings close in, that two letters from different quarters aroused me from the dream in which I had remained for the last few weeks, and caused me to do that which is ever painful to a mind not at peace with itself—to reflect. The first of these letters was from Lord C—— to my aunt Theophilus, requesting her company in town with Emmeline. It was evident, from the style of this letter, that there was a purpose concealed under the invitation. The second was from my father, telling me that the well-conditioned benefice of I——, in the neighbourhood of my native city, was vacant—that it was the gift of the bishop—that he had solicited his lordship on my behalf, and had obtained a sort of conditional promise that I should have the first refusal of it: I was, therefore, to hasten to the deanery.

It was early in the day when these letters came, and my aunt Theophilus prepared immediately to obey the

* Jesuits' Catechism.

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summons: we therefore were to part the next day, and I implored a private interview with Emmeline in my uncle's study the same evening. It was granted, and I then made the most open, and explicit, and ardent professions of my regard, entreating her to give me a solemn assurance that she would never contract herself to any other than myself while I remained single (for Eustace was in town, and I much feared that his father would press her to give her hand to him). Well do I remember her answer, which was delivered in a style of such calm and sad solemnity as might have led a superstitious person to suppose it dictated in a spirit of prophecy.

"Edmund," she said, "I will be as sincere with you at this moment as discretion will permit; and this promise I will give you—that I never will marry another while you live and remain single."

"This is not enough," I answered; "will you not also promise to take me?"

"I cannot promise this much," she answered, "till I know my father's will."

"Then," I replied, in vehemence, "you do not love me, Emmeline—you are cold. You know not what that passion is which would induce the sufferer to incur every risk, present and future—temporal and eternal, rather than suffer the deprivation of its object."

"No," she replied, with a steadfastness which ill concealed, I saw, some inward struggle, "no, Edmund, I thank God that I do not know such a passion as you describe. That I have loved you, and do love you," she added, melting into tears, "you ought not to question; and Heaven is my witness that I never loved another. But, Edmund, do not expect that I should manifest this love by a dereliction of principle; for I have been led to make it my daily prayer that I may be enabled to resist any temptation to evil which may proceed from regard to you."

"What suspicion, Emmeline," I answered, "what doubt of me, has dictated your prayer?"

"I know not," she replied, sighing deeply, "but I have lately, more than once, been led to doubt."

"Of what?" I replied.

"Of the entire openness and candour of your conduct," she replied. "Why have you been so long in

stating your intentions, as they regarded me, to my father?"

I remember little more, distinctly, of this conversation, nor do I know what answer I made to the last searching question; but the good sense and high principles of Emmeline were not a match for my deep dissimulation and knowledge of the female heart. Suffice it to say, that, during that interview, I found means to satisfy all her doubts, at least all her present doubts, and to leave her with the assurance that she had fixed her affections on one as entirely worthy of them as man could be, and thus we parted. My last act being to give her a little heart of rock, pierced with a barbed arrow, a toy which I had caused to be made on purpose; and thus, I repeat, we parted.

The next morning saw me on horseback, on the road to the deanery, accompanied by my servant. I shall be rather succinct in the next passage of my history, having already introduced more subjects of religious controversy than will be pleasing to most readers.

I arrived at my native city late in the evening, and was, I thought, somewhat coldly received by my family. This was explained to me after supper, my sisters having been admonished by a parental nod to withdraw.

It was then opened out to me by my mother, that it had been remarked that I was playing double with the two elder daughters of Lord C——; that Lord C—— himself had mentioned it to my father, by letter, within a few days, and that this was, no doubt, the reason why Emmeline had been sent for to town.

To this I simply answered that I had only treated Savona as common courtesy required from one relation to another, but that I had always really loved Emmeline. My mother shook her head, and my worthy father gave me a lecture so long and so severe (though by no means more severe than I deserved), that my pride boiled against him, and it was with difficulty that I restrained myself from speaking as sons should never speak to fathers. However, I told my mother, that being of age, and being also ordained, and having an independent property, I considered that I could no longer be accountable for my conduct to others—that I was sorry if any slight attentions, on my part, had wounded the feelings of my cousin Savona, but that I felt very easy as it regarded Emmeline, and not at all jealous of my

brother, although he had my father's interest, and that of others of the family. As I expected, this brought both my parents on me again, and they told me that they only wished that I were just such another as their excellent Eustace.

I thanked my mother for this, at the same time glancing my eye over my whole person; in short, I acted the cold, heartless, and insolent son so well, that my poor mother withdrew in tears, and my father gave me another lecture of so severe a nature, that I thought it right to concede a little, and to say that I was sorry if I had pained my mother, telling my father, as if in confidence, that he must not be too hard upon me, if my cousin Savona, whose manners were somewhat foreign, had engaged me in a little innocent flirtation, of which I had thought no more when it was over. The subject was then changed for that of the business for which I was to come to the deanery, and my father told me that I must go in the morning to the palace, to have some conversation with the bishop.

"On what subject?" I asked.

"On doctrine, no doubt," said my father. "Of course, his lordship would wish to ascertain your principles before he bestows the living upon you."

All this appeared to me as a matter of course; and I accordingly repaired to the palace the next morning after breakfast, and was ushered into the bishop's library, where a conversation took place, which, speaking after the manner of men, fixed my fate.

I was hardly myself aware, at that time, how my mind had been already imbued with the doctrines of popery; but, as I learned many years afterward, the bishop, who was a good and careful man, had had his suspicions excited, and therefore was the more minute and searching in his inquiries. He told me at once that he should have great pleasure in giving the vacant benefice to the son of his old friend the dean, but that he must first consider his own duty as the head of the diocess, and would, therefore, trouble me to answer a few questions—for instance, what my principles were respecting the Eucharist.

My mind was in confusion, nor could I, at that moment, distinguish between the opinions on this subject formerly taught me by my father, who, good old man, had never been a clear teacher, and those I had lately

acquired from the Abbé Beauregard. However, so it was, that I shaped my answer to this first question in such a way, that his lordship shook his head and said, "Mr. Etherington, I fear that what I have heard of you is too true, and that your principles are strangely warped by the person with whom you have lately been associated: I allude to the Italian abbé now residing at Lord C——'s."

Had I answered mildly, it might yet all have been well; but, instead of so doing, I forgot my relative situation with the bishop, and maintained that I had said nothing but what was supported by the ritual of the Church of England, nay, by the Scripture itself.

"Do you mean to say," replied the bishop, "that our church asserts that the bread and wine given in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is verily and indeed the body and blood of Christ; and that our church pretends that her ministers have power to convert the simple elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ; thus adopting one of the leading errors of popery,* and attributing to the minister a prerogative which can only belong to the Deity!"

* "D. Que signifie ce mot *d'Eucharistie?*

R. C'est un mot Grec, qui signifie *Bonne grace*, ou *Actions de graces*, parceque ce Sacrament est une source inépuisable de graces, et contient l'Auteur de toutes les graces; c'est-à-sçavoir, JESUS CHRIST.

D. Qu'est-ce que Mystère?

R. C'est une chose cachée à nos sens, laquelle nous ne pouvons connétre que par la Foy.

D. L'Eucharistie est-elle un Mystère?

R. Ouy, parce qu'elle contient un Dieu-Homme, caché sous le voile des Espèces Sacramentales, c'est-à-dire, sous les apparences du pain et du vin.

D. Quel est cet Homme-Dieu?

R. C'est JESUS CHRIST, vray Dieu et vray Homme, nôtre Seigneur et nôtre Sauveur, qui a institué ce grand Mystère pour nôtre amour.

D. Quand est-ce qu'il l'institua?

R. Ce fut la veille de sa Passion en la derniere Cène qu'il fit avec ses Apôtres, dans une grande sale en la ville de Jérusalem.

D. Comment est-ce qu'il l'institua?

R. Il prit un pain entre ses mains, et l'ayant partagé selon la coutume, en autant de pièces, qu'ils éstoient de personnes à table, le distribua à ses Apostres, leur disant, *Prenez et mangez, cecy est mon corps qui sera livré à la mort pour vous.* Aprés il prit une Coupe, dans laquelle ayant versé du vin, en donna à boire à ses Disciples, leur disant, *Bevvez-en tous, celluy-cy est le Calice de mon Sang, qui sera versé pour vous et pour tous les hommes.*

"It is a prerogative or privilege," I replied, "derived to the priest from the divine head of the church, with several others of equal importance, viz., that of spiritual binding and loosing, of admitting within the rule of salvation, and of excluding by excommunication."

I might fill quires of paper were I to detail at large my argument with the bishop at this time, for we both grew warm; the chaplain was called in, and my father sent for; and as I, through pride and obstinacy, became more determined not to concede an iota, the bishop at length dismissed me, of course without my promised endowment, and I found such looks of displeasure in my family, that, without taking any leave, I mounted my horse and returned to Kelford in a state of mind in which self-satisfaction and pride contended with the apprehension of what effects might be produced on the minds of Lord C—— and his beloved daughter,

D. Quel fut l'effet de ces paroles?

R. Lorsque JESUS CHRIST dit, *Cecy est mon Corps*, il changea la substance du Pain en son corps, et en disant, *Celluy-cy est le Calice de mon Sang*, il changea la substance du Vin en son Sang.

D. La parole de JESUS CHRIST, peut-elle faire un si prodigieux changement?

R. Ouy, sans doute, puis qu'elle est toute-puissante, estant la parole d'un Dieu, lequel par sa seule parole a crée de rien le Ciel et la Terre, ce qui est bien un plus grand miracle, que de changer du pain et du vin en son corps et en son sang.

D. Je crois bien que JESUS CHRIST à pû faire ce changement, mais qui nous a dit qu'il l'ait fait effectivement?

R. Luy-mesme nous en asseure par ces paroles; *Cecy est mon Corps, Cecy est mon sang;* car s'il n'avoit pas fait ce qu'il a dit, il auroit menty, ce qui ne se peut penser sans blasphême, puis qu'il est l'Eternelle Vérité.

D. Je suis parfaitement convaincu de cette vérité. Je voudrois maintenant sçavoir, si les Prêtres ont le pouvoir de faire le mesme changement.

R. Ouy, ils ont ce pourvoir de JESUS CHRIST, de qui ils sont les Ministres, et font tous les jours le mesme changement en disant la Messe.

D. Comment le font-ils?

R. Par les paroles Sacramentales, qui sont les paroles de JESUS CHRIST, et lesquelles ils prononcent en consacrant l'Hostie et le Vin qui est dans le calice.

D. Qu'est-ce que cette Hostie?

R. Ce n'est que du pain, avant la consecration; mais aprés la consecration, c'est le corps de JESUS CHRIST. De mesme, ce qui est dans le calice, avant la consecration, ce n'est que du Vin avec un peu d'eau, qu'on y mesle, mais après la consecration, c'est le Sang du mesme JESUS CHRIST."—*Catéchisme Theologique des Jésuites.*

when my failure with the bishop should be stated to them. It immediately occurred to me that I had no remedy but to hasten to town, and to make my application to the father for his lovely daughter, before any rumour of my miscarriage should reach him. Being arrived at Kelford, I flew to the Abbé Beauregard, whom I found packing up for London. When I told him what had happened, he embraced me, according to the foreign mode, and, calling me brother, crossed himself, thanking his God and the Holy Virgin for my deliverance; adding, "you must come with me to town —you have no longer a call to this place—you are rejected from the heretic church, and the true church and universal mother is ready to receive you to her bosom. There is joy now among the celestial hierarchies, because he that was lost is found. And who knows, my son, but that you may be the means of bringing also the beautiful Emmeline into the bosom of the blessed Mother."

"Alas, my Emmeline! my lost, my lovely one!" I exclaimed, and a tear, notwithstanding my utmost efforts, filled my eye.

The abbé looked intently upon me, and was, no doubt, at the moment, so reading my countenance as to be better able to form his calculations, and to direct his next measure upon what he saw there: at first he affected not to understand me, asking me wherefore I should account my Emmeline as lost to me.

"When her father is told what has passed, I am convinced that he will deny her to me," I replied.

"But Lord C—— has another daughter," he said; "it always, till lately, appeared to me that you preferred the Lady Savona to her younger sister."

"You were mistaken then," I answered, abruptly.

"That might easily be," returned the abbé; "a mind like mine, wholly withdrawn from earthly things, loses its insight into these matters."

I believed him, and replied that this was only the natural result of studies such as he pursued.

"But," he continued, "wherefore, because your mind has been opened to the truth, and, in consequence, there is some probability that you may meet with opposition from the father of the lady to whom you aspire—wherefore, I repeat, should you give up all in despair, espe-

cially as it now becomes a sort of imperative duty for you to persist in your purposes?"

"A duty!" I repeated, being thoroughly unable to comprehend this speech.

The abbé took no notice of this exclamation, but said, "Do you think that you possess the heart of the maiden? It has appeared to me, Mr. Etherington, that you have great powers of pleasing where you choose to exert them."

I did not deny that I believed myself to possess the affections of Emmeline.

"Such being the case," he replied, "you have a divinely-sanctioned motive for using that influence which you have over the young lady, to win her, if possible, from that heretical household to which she belongs, and in which she will assuredly perish, if not won, one way or another, to the side of truth."

"I do not see how this could be done," I replied; "that is, how I could obtain Emmeline in opposition to the will of her father."

"Such matters as these are not in my way," returned the abbé; "I have ever felt that my poor talents lie rather in quiet discussions, through which I trust that I have ever sought to advance the honour of the church, than by any interferences with the affairs of men. In this especial case, though I see the line of duty—though I see that a soul, now in peril of eternal damnation, might be saved, yet I cannot, dare not advise; but I have a friend who will be in London in a few days, a man of devoted piety, and one in considerable authority in the church—a man, too, of noble blood in Italy, and one once known by an illustrious name, though he is now addressed in England merely by the appellation of the Signor Gasparo, or, in his own country, the Padre Juliano. I know not the man whom I would sooner consult in difficult circumstances, and, if I am permitted, I shall have particular pleasure in introducing him to you, Mr. Etherington, when we meet in town."

"I can have no objection," I answered, "to become acquainted with any friend of yours; but I see not what advice could profit me under my present circumstances."

"It does not yet appear to me what can be done," returned the abbé, "or what my friend, who is a pious man, would advise; but probably he might think that

you, having been almost miraculously snatched from the way of death, in which you were assuredly walking, are required to use your influence with the lovely donna, to pluck her, as a burning brand, from that fire which is never extinguished; for observe, Mr. Etherington, that no soul can be saved which is not in the church."*

The abbé next proceeded to hint at further plans, viz., a flight to Italy, and a residence there with the object of my affections, until friends were reconciled. And though the images of domestic peace and delight which he brought before me were most captivating to a man, feeling as I did for Emmeline, who was, of course, to take her place in these scenes, yet my spirits, instead of rising in measure as he proceeded, became every instant more depressed; and, remembering my last conversation with Emmeline, I said, "No, my friend, I have no hope from her weakness; I feel that she is lost to me; and I also find that I never knew, or truly estimated her value, till I thought her lost."

"Why lost?" he answered, forgetting his affected prudence; "do you doubt her love?"

"No," I replied, "I have no question that she has always loved me, and me only."

"Are you a man of sense and spirit," he replied, "and do you not understand how to manage a devoted woman? I could tell you tales, Mr. Etherington," he added, becoming warmer every moment, "which have come under my own knowledge, nay, my own personal knowledge," and a red glow rose on his pale cheeks, and went mantling up to his brow, "in which women, yea, noble, and beautiful, and honourable women, daughters, and wives, and mothers, yea, mothers of babes yet hanging to the breast, have been brought by that same all-engrossing passion, which already harbours, as you say, in the breast of your uncle's daughter, to break all

* "Nul ne puet estre sauvé s'il n'est dans l'Eglise; de mesme que pendant le deluge, rien ne fut sauvé hors de l'Arche.

D. Qui sont ceux qui sont hors de l'Eglise?

R. Premièrement, les Payens et les Idolâtres, qui ne croyent pas en Dieu, ou en JESUS CHRIST. 2. Les Hérétiques qui ne croyent pas tous les points de nostre foy 3. Les Schismatiques qui ne reconnoissent pas le Pape, pour Chef de l'Eglise. 4. Les Excommuniez, qui pour leurs crimes, ont mérité d'estre retranchés du Corps de l'Eglise, comme des membres pourris."—*Catéchisme Théologique de Jésuites.*

ties most binding to the female sex, merely for the melancholy gratification of beholding one loved object through a double grating. But then," he added, with a smile half of gratification and half of contempt, "these victims to love had not to deal with such as you, Edmund Etherington, but with such as, having their feelings under control, knew how to seize and twist each delicate fibre which passion made bare on the surface of the heart into cords so strong that female virtue could not resist them."

"Were it the other daughter," I answered, "there might be hope."

The abbé smiled, and addressing me by a name and title which he had often before used, when in a playful mood, "Ah, then! Signor Edvardo," he said, "ah! then! had we but the Signora Savona to deal with, our path would be plain; and permit me to say, that were you but to observe the golden rule, you would turn again to her whom you might win to your object with so very little labour."

"And therefore," I replied, haughtily, "I consider that she would not be of any value to me when won." And with that I concluded the discourse, having resolved to accompany the abbé to town the next day.

CHAPTER VIII.

Being arrived in London, I accompanied the Abbé Beauregard to a lodging which he had procured, it matters not where, but in a part of the town nearest to the finest Roman Catholic church we then had in the metropolis; and having settled myself there, with a servant procured for me by the abbé, I established another quarter, whither my friends and letters were to be directed, at a fashionable coffee-house at the west end of the town; after which I repaired to my uncle's house in ——— Square, arriving a little before dinner time.

I was proceeding to the drawing-room, where I was told the ladies were, when my uncle's own servant, coming hastily after me, informed me that his lordship wished to see me before I saw the rest of the family.

It may be supposed that I did not obey the summons with very pleasurable feelings, and that I stood, or rather sat, in no enviable condition in the presence of the venerable peer, while he stated to me that he was thoroughly acquainted with my conduct as it regarded his family. There was no coldness, or harshness, or hauteur in his manner; he spoke like a gentleman, and as an affectionate relation. He stated candidly, that, having no son, it had been the ardent wish of his heart that my brother should marry one of his daughters, his first thought having been for his first-born. He pointed out to me how I had wantonly interfered with his plan, and plainly told me that I had won the entire affection of Savona, who, as he made it appear, had been disconsolate ever since it had come to her knowledge that I was acting the same part with her sister as I had done with her.

I was about to remark upon this, and to plead that I had been thrown by accident with Savona, &c., but my uncle interrupted me. "No more of this, young man," he said; "no excuses can be admitted; and the less so as you might have known, that, had you come candidly forward and asked Savona of me, I could not have refused her to the son of a beloved brother, even to a younger son; but when I found, which I have done within these few days, that you had again baffled me, and counteracted your brother's views as they regarded Emmeline, what could I think of you? but that you are," here he paused, and added, "unworthy, wholly unworthy of your excellent parents." He seemed affected when he spoke these last words, and turned away. Then again addressing me, "Young man," he said, "you have made all your family miserable; understand that I cannot permit you to see either of your cousins, and I advise you to return to your father's house, and leave me to make such arrangements as may be best for the happiness of my family."

I was again about to answer, but my uncle had risen to ring the bell for a servant; and as I did not choose to undergo the ceremony of being duly shown to the door, I soon made my way into the square, not knowing whether I were more pleased at hearing from such good authority that there were two beautiful young ladies in despair on my account, or annoyed at the lecture I had just received. On the whole, however, I think that

pleasurable sensations preponderated, for I was undoubtedly, at that time, as hardened a young man as ever sprung from Adam's stock.

As I hastened back to my lodgings, I was thinking the whole way how I should obtain an interview with Emmeline, for my uncle's report had given me fresh courage, and I built much upon the force of her regard for me, thinking there was now a probability that she might be persuaded to leave the kingdom with me, after having given me her hand in the Roman Catholic chapel.

Now, inasmuch as I am not writing a novel, but a serious and solemn history, I shall pass over in a summary way the various attempts which I made during the next fortnight or three weeks to communicate with Emmeline. The Abbé Beauregard called several times at my uncle's with a wish to see her, but saw only Savona, and that in the presence of my aunt Theophilus.

My new servant, an Italian of the name of Cæsario, next undertook the intrigue for me, for I cannot give it a better name; but after some chance, as he thought, of success, for he somehow got admittance into the servants' hall, he was obliged to give up the matter, having incurred some suspicion, which induced my uncle's maître d'hôtel, a truly faithful person, to order him out of the house.

In the mean time I had not yet seen the friend of whom the abbé spoke, namely, the Signor Gasparo Sacripante. It seems that he was out of town, at some distance, I believe, in Ireland, when we arrived in London, and the abbé waited for him before he would venture to give me further advice. This was a period of vast discomfort to me, and it is necessary to say something of the manner in which I passed my time when not engaged in any manœuvre by which I might hope to gain an interview with Emmeline. Although my vanity had been elated, and my hopes of further mischief excited by what had fallen from my uncle, yet I was not long supported by this false elation. The constant postponement of my hopes made my heart sick; and when compelled to reflect on all the circumstances of my situation, I became subject to such violent paroxysms of uneasiness that I could not bear my own thoughts. Company I found I must have. I did not like to go where I might see my uncle; yet I could not be alone. There was a party of foreigners about the Abbé Beaure-

gard—of young men who were loose upon the world—persons who had much to say, and were very insinuating in their manners. With these I herded, and they led me into low scenes of dissipation; and I was induced on several occasions to drink so deeply as to be perfectly intoxicated. It was after one of these seasons, having been brought home from some scene of riot, that I was left to sleep off my intoxication on a sofa in the Abbé Beauregard's apartment. Where he was, whether at home or not, when I had been thus disgracefully introduced, I know not; but it was the early dawn when I opened my eyes and raised my aching head, and beheld for the first time the person whom the abbé had called his friend, the Signor Gasparo Sacripante, who had, it seems, returned to town the evening before. Much will be said in the sequel of this man—he is to play an active part in the tragic story which will be related; and, though I knew it not then, the former events of his life had already been mingled with the thread of mine.

I knew no more of his private history then, nor long afterward, but what the abbé had told me. He was a priest, I saw at once when my eye first fell upon him, and was not, apparently, more than thirty years of age. He was a very handsome man, though perfectly Italian, his complexion being sallow, yet clear; his features what we characterize by the word Roman; and there was majesty in the contour of his head. His eyes were awfully fine—dark, piercing, and melancholy in their general expression; but at times they spoke so plainly of what was passing within the breast, of which they were the index, that they were not always to be trusted. Hence the Signor Gasparo had accustomed himself to drop their lids whenever he spoke on any subject which greatly interested him. I have learned from the example of this man, yet learned too late, never to trust the individual who cannot look his auditor in the face while speaking. Such was the figure which presented itself to my eyes when I awoke from my sleep of brutal intoxication. He sat writing at a table with great earnestness, being dressed in a loose morning coat; and, as he wrote, his features worked as if from some secret connexion with the nerves of his fingers; and though it was cold, and the fire extinct in the grate, his brow was shining with perspiration.

He had just concluded his letter, and was looking about for the means of sealing it, when his eye fell upon mine; and, seeing I was awake, he arose, and approaching me, accounted for his presence by saying that the Abbé Beauregard, having been unwilling that I should be left alone in the state in which I had been brought to the house, had accepted his offer (as he had despatches to write which would take him all the night) of sitting in the room with me.

I thanked him for his attention, at the same time expressing what I really felt—shame at the want of decorum of my conduct. His mouth laughed, but the expression of his eyes accorded not with the motion of his lips, as he replied, "Being in the high day of youth, signor, it may be expected that you should not have the discretion of more advanced age. Happily, our church has a remedy provided for all errors of which man may be guilty but that of heresy, in which, if he continue, he cannot be saved, even though he be not aware of his heresy; because, if he fall into sin, as you have now done, young gentleman, he cannot restore himself by the sacrament of penitence, which he has not—but only by a pure love of God, of which it is extremely difficult to form an act such as is requisite in order to be saved."*

While he was uttering this sentence, which he did with much solemnity, I arose and sat upon the couch where I had been lying, and looking at him, "You are," I said, "the Signor Gasparo Sacripante."

"At your service, sir," he replied. "I am that unworthy son of holy mother church, and my heart's blood is oozing at every pore for you, Signor Etherington, looking on you, as I do, as one whom Satan desires to have, that he may sift you as wheat—and one also for whom the holy church is extending her arms to invite him to come to her, and be with her, and partake of that peace which she alone is able to impart."

* "Il est certain que plusieurs (heretiques) ne connoissent pas leur erreur, mais il y en a bien peu que n'ayent grand sujet de douter qu'ils sont dans l'erreur. Et quand-même ils n'en douteroient nullement, et qu'ils croiroient estre dans la vray Eglise, il est toutefois presque impossible qu'ils se sauvent, parcequ'il est presque impossible dans la liberté ou ils vivent, de ne point tomber dans une infinité de disordres et de grands pechez, dont ils ne peuvent se relever par le sacrement de Penitence qu'ils n'ont point, mais seulement par un pur amour de Dieu, dont il est bien difficile de former un acte, tel qu'il convient pour estre sauvé."—*Catéchisme Théologique des Jésuites.*

"Peace!" I repeated, as I stood up and stretched myself, "what have I to do with peace? I doubt whether even the church could give it me;" and then sitting down again and rubbing my forehead, which ached severely, I cursed myself for a fool—for one who had blasted his own fortune and uprooted his own happiness: then, again addressing Gasparo, I added, in a sort of spirit of reckless levity,"' Signor, I have blighted all my prospects—I have displeased every friend I have on earth—I have lost the esteem of the only woman I ever loved—and, what is worst of all, I have lowered myself in my own sight; and yet you talk to me of peace. I tell you, man, that you might as well cant of paradise to one in the infernal pit—and of hope to those suffering under pains eternal and infinite."

I have omitted to say that Gasparo spoke very imperfect English, and but little French; he was therefore obliged to address me in Italian; but this language was familiar to me—poor Savona had taken great pains to instruct me, and the Abbé Beauregard had accustomed me to argue with him therein, and the language must ever be easy to one well-instructed in Latin. Still, however, I had not then the command of it which I had of my native tongue; and, in consequence, when drawn on, as I afterward was, in the course of this conversation, to speak of my own most private affairs to Gasparo, I betrayed probably more of the simple truth than I should have done, could I more readily have selected my expressions.

Gasparo filled, as I afterward found, the situation of confessor to a certain society of religieuses in his own land: he had, therefore, been accustomed to insinuate himself into the deepest recesses of the human mind. He had accordingly little difficulty, in the reckless state in which I then was, to draw from me all he wished to know of my affairs. Probably he had learned already all that the Abbé Beauregard knew of my history; but his object, no doubt, was to lead me to put himself into my confidence, and to tell him myself such particulars as the abbé had not yet made him acquainted with—in all which he so well succeeded, that, before my mind was calmed by a cup of strong coffee which he procured for me, I had opened to him all the most important circumstances of my life and loves, even to the va-

rious attempts which I had made since I had been in town to communicate with Emmeline.

I observed, or rather I recollected afterward, that when I spoke of Savona, a strange sort of agitation imparted itself to his features as he sat opposite to me—his mouth working and his eyelids moving together with the muscles of his forehead. Nevertheless, he never interrupted me, as I remember, at any time, until I had concluded each portion of my communication.

At length, when all was said which he probably wished to hear, he answered, "Signor Etherington, am I to understand that you have made up your mind to abjure the heresy in which you have been educated?"

"Were I fully persuaded that I had been brought up in error," I replied, "I should, of course, desire to abjure that error. But I hang still in doubt—I confess that I cannot quite make up my mind respecting the church."

"In what particular?" he asked.

"In this particular," I replied; "whether that church mentioned in Scripture, to which all the promises appertain, and with which our lord has engaged to abide till the end of time, is or is not a church which may be apprehended in its outward forms and ordinances by the natural senses."

The eyes of Gasparo were fixed on the floor while I uttered this inquiry, and again I observed the working and agitation of his lip. It was a minute or more before he spoke; and when he did speak, it was to put question for question, and the first question was this, What was understood by me in the word church?

I was somewhat at a loss to define what I meant, and, in reply, asserted that the answer to my question and to his were one and the same, and that, if I could define the exact meaning of the word church, as used in its largest sense in Scripture, I should not be at a loss to know what that was to which the promises of our Lord appertained.

"I presume," replied Gasparo, dryly, "that you believe in the revealed word?"

I answered, "Of course I do."

"Then," he returned, "what do you make of these words, Tu es Petrus, et super hunc Petrum ædificabo ecclesiam meam?"

I was not ready with an answer, and he (raising his

dark eyes, and fixing them intently upon me) added this question, "Were the words of promise confirmed to the holy apostle by their subsequent completion—or did St. Peter pass from this earth without having been enabled to lay the foundation of this church spoken of by our Lord?"

"St. Peter," I replied, "as we are told in the Acts, took the lead in the establishment of the first Christian church immediately after our Lord's ascension."

"And what was one of his first public acts?" continued Gasparo.

I was still slow to answer, and he added, "His first public act was to ordain an apostle in the place of him who had lost his bishopric, thereby testifying that power had been given him, by the laying on of hands, to recruit the hosts of the church, and to endue the ecclesiastical warrior with the armour of the spirit. Again we find him with the apostles, laying their hands on a third order of ecclesiastics, the first of which was represented by the twelve apostles; the second by the seventy elders; and the third by the seven deacons. Here, then, is the beginning of the church, which was to be established on the rock Peter; and its incommunicable characteristics are—that the gates of hell shall never prevail against it—that it is built upon the apostles and prophets—that our Lord will ever be with it—and that whatsoever it binds on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever it shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

To all this I made little answer; indeed, I had none to make, for my head was not in a state to detect any flaw in the arguments which had been brought forward to convince me; add to which I was precisely in that condition in which I wished no better than that popery might be true: for if I had obtained nothing else from the instructions of my uncle Theophilus and other paternal friends, I had obtained this through the divine blessing, that I was not an infidel; and though in the utmost darkness of mind, yet I never questioned the power and will of God to punish the wicked, unless some satisfaction could be provided by the sinner. But this Roman Catholic Church pretends to make satisfaction for all sins but heresy, and therefore her creed was more pleasing to me than that which I had derived from my parents, because it placed fewer obstruc-

tions to the gratification of my passions; for however dark and mistaken my parents may have been—however formal and legal in their services—however self-righteous and self-sufficient, they never went so far as to suppose that any ceremony was capable of cleansing the wilfully impure, or of washing the stains from the hands of him who had not, at least, resolved never to sin again. But the system of alternating vicious and meritorious acts was so congenial to me, that, all reflections being made, after this conversation with Gasparo, I resolved, on the following Sunday, to seek admission, through the sacrament of baptism, into the bosom of the papal church. And so it was; I was baptized in the Roman Catholic chapel with all due parade, after which I was admitted to the sacrament of the Eucharist, though the wafer was only administered to me, my ordination in the Church of England not being accounted as available for obtaining me that privilege in the Church of Rome. To this circumstance I very quietly submitted, as I had no thought at that time of giving up my Emmeline; depending still on what the abbé assured me, that if she loved me I should certainly have influence to persuade her to take me without her father's consent; and feeling, also, that it would not be at all necessary to tell her of my change of sentiments as it regarded religion till after she had so involved her fate with mine that she could not draw back.

I have said that every attempt I had hitherto made to communicate privately with Emmeline had failed; and having tried every expedient I could think of, Gasparo at length offered to undertake that a letter should be conveyed from me to the young lady.

"Write such a letter," he said, "as, if it should fall into the hands of strangers, may tell little. Omit the lady's name, and put your own only in initials. I will find means to get introduced to the family; and if I can prevail on the young lady to meet you, we will unite you according to the forms of our holy church, and we will then immediately depart for the Continent; and thus may we trust, through the benign influence of the mother of Mary, that by your means, Mr. Etherington, another soul may be added to the holy assembly of believers."

In the mean time, as I had resolved, at all events, to leave England, I made arrangements for my departure,

intending to go by a vessel to Bordeaux, and so across the south of France over the Var into Italy; and while things were hanging in suspense as it regarded Emmeline, I kept from that part of the town where I was likely to meet any of my uncle's family or my former friends, sending my servant every day to the coffee-house to inquire for letters. Of these I received several—one from my poor mother, and a mother's letter indeed it was, blotted by tears in many places, and full of tokens of deep and wounded affection, but most unhappily injudicious.

First she begged me to come home—then insisted that I ought not to appear at home until I could choose to go and recant, and humble myself in the presence of the bishop. Then came a long, a glowing, and pathetic appeal to me, for having deprived her of the loveliest daughter-in-law whom mother could have wished, by conduct most base, as she chose to term my little affair with Savona, of which I did not then think but as of a very natural and blameless exploit, and a concluding prayer that Eustace might soon be able to comfort the lovely mourner; adding that he had everybody's voice in his favour but the lady's, who, as I hear, she continued, persists in saying that she asks only permission to remain unmarried. What else my poor mother's letter might have contained, I was graceless enough not to ascertain, so highly encouraged and gratified was I to find that Emmeline did not favour my brother.

Nevertheless, I was excessively enraged with Eustace, not observing that our mother's letter expressed only a wish that he might be able to comfort the lady, and no assertion that he had attempted it. However, this letter of my poor mother had no other effect than to propel me still forward in the way which I had chosen. My first step on the receipt of it was to tell the Signor Sacripante that I accepted his services to discover for me, if possible, what was going on in my uncle's house; and having so done, to judge for me what should be my next step; thus I fell at once into the snare prepared for me, and played directly into the hand of one of the deepest and most designing of the human race; yet I knew as little what the nature of that snare was, and what had been the designs of Sacripante many months afterward, as I did at the time. As to suspicion of him, of course I had none when I trusted him; but when

young people abandon their natural friends to give themselves up to the guidance of strangers, they may expect that the consequences will be such as they have by no means anticipated.

It has so happened that I have never come to any light respecting the real mode in which the Italian carried on the intrigue which I had committed to his management. This I know, that for two, three, or more days, he went and came, and reported progress; he had seen the Bella Donna at an assembly; he had admired her singular beauty, and compared her to the heroine of the Retratti of Giovan Georgio Tressino;* he had seen her again, and spoken to her; he had procured admittance at an assembly at Lord C——'s, and had addressed the lady several times. My uncle, I remarked, has two beautiful daughters; take care that you mistake not the elder for the younger: I afterward recollected that a very deep flush or glow spread over his cheeks and rushed to his brow as I uttered these words, and that he answered somewhat shortly: "Be assured, Signor Edvardo," as he had lately taken to call me "that I full well know the elder signora from the younger. I know the one that wears the crystal heart transfixed—Know you the lady by this token?"

"And does she wear that jewel?" I replied. "Then I am satisfied:" and, by the suggestion of my two counsellors, I prepared a letter for the lady of my choice, though without names, lest it should be mislaid, and earnestly supplicated that she would grant me a private meeting, having made up my mind to render this meeting a decisive one. After having intrusted this letter to Gasparo, some delays ensued, whether actual or pretended I know not; during these delays my hopes were sometimes excited, sometimes depressed. But I am weary of this subject, and disgusted with the review of my folly and wickedness. Sacripante had informed me that Lady C—— was about to give a fancy ball, and that he had been invited. "This evening," he said, "will probably be decisive of your fate, Signor Edvardo; the lady has her scruples, yet she loves you most ardently; I think that I shall be able to persuade her to see you once, in doing which, she will take such a step as cannot be receded from. Be prepared then, Edvardo; re-

* "I Retratti—or the Portraits of Giovan Georgio Tressino," in which a most beautiful woman is described.

member that a soul—the soul of one most dear to you on earth, is at stake, and how blessed will your influence be if it succeeds in withdrawing this beautiful heretic from the way of perdition:" and crossing himself, he broke out in a sort of address to the Virgin Mother of God, as he called Mary. After which, the Abbé Beauregard added this comment—that no part of the divine wisdom and love is more remarkable than the various means of which the Almighty makes use to draw souls unto himself; sometimes serving himself of the passions of men, sometimes of their foibles, sometimes even of their corruptions; and not unseldom, as in your case, Signor Edvardo, compelling human beings to exertion by such a union of desire and duty, that it is almost difficult for the mind itself to distinguish its motives. But, I remarked, I did not believe that Emmeline had such vehement affection for me as to make her meditate on such a step as meeting me unknown to her friends.

The abbé smiled, and shrugging up his shoulders, replied, "Ah! Signor Edvardo, you are a young man, and you know not the nature of the female mind; you know not the depth, and extent, and ardour of woman's affection, especially in cases where it is opposed. I, as a stander-by, have perhaps penetrated more deeply into the heart of the donna than you have been enabled to do; nor am I quite convinced that she is altogether so blind to the truth as you have imagined."

"You have probably, then," I said, "found some opportunities of conversing with her upon the subject of religion?"

"Of course," he replied, "I could do no otherwise than at least attempt to insinuate the truth to her young mind whenever an opportunity has offered."

"But I do not recollect," I answered, "that you were ever alone with her while you were at Kelford."

"We will speak of this another time," returned the abbé—"we must now consider our plans of action. I recommend nothing but what I trust will be most pleasing to God and for the honour of the church, and I therefore do insist, Signor Edvardo, that your first step, when you see the lady, be to entreat her to engage with you in the holy sacrament of marriage under my sanction and that of my brother here."

"But," replied I, "does not the church object to the union of relations so near as that of first cousins?"

I perceived that Sacripante started on my putting this question; but the Abbé Beauregard undertook for a dispensation from his holiness in this particular case, on its being made to appear to him that by this marriage a soul would be won to the church.

As I before said, my heart sickens at the review of this part of my history; I would therefore hurry past this period of my narrative. It was agreed, before we broke up our hypocritical conference, that Cæsario should prepare everything for our departure, which we determined should take place as soon as we could induce the lady to join us; for I made no doubt but that, if Emmeline could be persuaded to meet me clandestinely, my difficulties would then be over; and it was settled that Gasparo should accompany me, his affairs in England being all terminated, and the next day being that of the assembly at Lord C——'s.

How the time passed till Sacripante returned from the assembly, I know not; but, when he came, he startled me with the singular expression of his countenance, nor could I imagine what information was about to proceed from lips which quivered and were perfectly convulsed with agitation. Before he spoke, he threw himself on a chair, and drawing a long breath—"Edvardo," he said, "love has at last triumphed, and will enjoy his revenge, and here is the token that the lady will meet you tomorrow night." So saying, he placed the crystal heart in my hand, "to be kept," as he said, "till the lady came to redeem it. But remember," he added, "that the donna says she will only converse with you a few minutes, and say one last adieu!—on you the rest must depend."

And now, my reader, observe a trait in human nature which you may not perhaps have suspected—flattering—deeply flattering to my vanity as this consent of Emmeline's to meet me certainly was, it did not satisfy me, it did not make me happy. I stood, as I recollect, holding the jewel in my hand, wishing, yet in vain, that I could still think of her for whom I had caused it to be made, as I had done when first I had placed it in her keeping. Yet with this my heart beat violently, and I longed for the moment when I should see this beautiful one and call her mine; and yet with my esteem, my love, it

seems had lost all that was not of earth in its composition, and instead of being the only restraining and correcting principle which had remained to me after I had renounced my family and my religion, I might now rather compare it to a torrent bursting all bounds and driving me to destruction.

I have a most vague recollection of the time which intervened from the period in which Sacripante informed me that the lady had consented to meet me and the actual hour of the appointment.

We had made up our minds to depart immediately from the place of rendezvous to that of our embarcation, having hired a carriage to take us directly to the port. We had not appointed the lady to meet us at the lodgings we had hitherto occupied, which were those of the Abbé Beauregard, and where we were surrounded by persons who knew us at least by sight, but in another apartment which we had hired for the purpose, and which lay more conveniently for the road to the port, without passing through so much of London. We had sent Cæsario forward with our heaviest baggage, and when it was dusk we repaired, that is, myself, Sacripante, a servant of his, and the Abbé Beauregard, to the place where we were to meet the lady. I had it in my mind, and supposed that it was in the minds of my companions, that some little gentle force might be necessary to prevail on Emmeline to go off with me, but there were more than enough of us to effect this purpose, and I tried to think that it was all right—all for the good of the lady: nevertheless, I was so excessively uneasy, that I more than once applied to a case of very strong liqueurs which Sacripante had prepared to solace us at sea.

I had provided myself, as had Sacripante, with a brace of pistols, and when we arrived at the house we had hired, which was kept only by an old woman, we sent her out to fetch us a supper from the nearest eating-house, together with something to drink, for we were not to expect the lady till midnight. There was in this house a small parlour below and a drawing-room above; we had ordered fires and lights in each, and while we were waiting in the parlour for our supper, Sacripante examined his pistols, and was about to charge them, when I asked him if he expected to meet with banditti in England.

"No," he replied, giving me one of his inexplicable looks; "but, to be plain with you, Signor Edvardo," he said, "I have stayed long enough in your country, and I am suspected of being somewhat too deeply attached to my spiritual father and his interests, and this morning I received a letter from a friend, advising me to make off as speedily as possible, lest some inquiries might be made to me which I might not like to answer; hence I could not remain in this your metropolis longer than to-morrow, even had not your affairs required me to be off this night. I was therefore proposing to charge my pistols by way of silencing any impertinent inquirer who might meet us on the road; but, if you fear gunpowder," he added, "I will defer the work till later in the night." So saying, he laid the pistols on the mantelpiece.

I ate little of the supper which was set before us, my uneasiness becoming every moment greater, but I did not refuse to drink, and took much more than I was aware of. At length a very hasty knocking at the street door roused me to a state of excitement such as I then had never experienced; but, by the advice of the abbé, instead of running to the entrance, as not being quite sure if the persons who knocked were those I expected, I sprang up stairs, standing on the landing-place to observe who came in: this was but the work of a moment, yet the knocking was repeated.

From my place of observation I saw Sacripante's Italian servant open the door, at the same instant two females entered, and I heard the lady say, in terrified accents, "For mercy's sake shut the door, we are followed."

"Impossible," exclaimed the abbé, coming from the parlour. Before the ladies could reply, a power was in operation from without to prevent the street door from being shut. The females instantly ran to the stairs, I having advanced to invite them so to do; and the first, in rushing by me, said, "Oh! Edmund—Edmund, conceal us, for Heaven's sake conceal us!" I flew after them, and opening the nearest door, they rushed in, while I turned the key upon them, putting it into my pocket; returning thence to the head of the stairs, and looking down, I perceived that my brother had forced an entrance, and was high in argument with the abbé. I heard him say, "I wish to speak with

those ladies who were admitted only a moment since." The abbé replied that he had seen no ladies; that he had not been in the vestibule a moment before, with much more to the same purpose, to which Eustace paid no attention; for, seeing me, he came forward, and addressing me with forced composure, "Edmund, I come here after a lady who is now in this house: being apprized of the imprudent step which had been meditated, I come with no unfriendly motives, but to offer my brotherly counsel."

I answered, that I required none of his interference in my affairs.

He directed his eye to the abbé, and entreated that I would allow him to converse with me without witnesses.

I stepped down the stairs, and, opening the parlour door, showed him where he might go for his private conference, though I expected to find Sacripante there; but there was a passage from this room to a parlour behind of which I was not aware, and Sacripante had gone out by this means.

Having entered, Eustace calmly closed the door after him, and began to reason with me with a mildness and composure which did him the more credit, because it was evidently forced.

"Edmund," he said, "you look upon me as an enemy and a rival."

"I do," I replied, with as much insolence as I could throw into my air and attitude, for I had folded my arms and was standing gazing at him.

"I am no enemy to your person, Edmund," he said, "though I utterly condemn your conduct; and I only wish that I were as free from every other evil passion as I am from any jealousy of the object of your affections."

"Permit me to say, Mr. Etherington," I answered, "that, in this your last assertion, you deviate from the truth."

"You are my brother," answered Eustace, "and under the protection of that character you are at liberty to say what you please to me."

"And under that plea to give you the lie direct," I added.

He took no notice of this offensive language any further than by a sudden and violent change of colour

from paleness to crimson, but said, "You are at present under the influence of passion, Edmund; but when I solemnly assure you that, though I wish my cousin well, and am exceedingly jealous of her honour, yet that I have not the smallest desire or intention to interfere with you in your suit, you will perhaps be inclined to hear reason."

"It is very possible," I replied, "that now, at this moment, seeing how small your chance is likely to be with her, you may have thought it best to give up all hopes—so far I can believe you; but will you dare to assert that you never did love her, think of her, or desire her affections?" There I paused, and looked steadfastly in his face, entirely misunderstanding the cause of the confusion and astonishment depicted on his countenance. Then, before he could recover himself, I turned away with an insolent laugh, admonishing him to look somewhat more closely into his heart before he gave himself the credit of acting in this case from purely disinterested motives.

This insolence seemed to set him almost beside himself, and he told me plainly that I was acting the part of a villain; and threatening, that if I would not permit him to see the lady, whose name he seemed, from motives of delicacy, to be unwilling to mention, he would go back immediately and make the case known to Lord C——, "or, what will be making shorter work of it, Mr. Edmund," he added, "to the nearest magistrate."

This threat was the last expression used by my brother which I remember accurately. I immediately, on hearing it, sprang forward between him and the door, on which he attempted to force me from the door. I hurled him furiously round in my arms, having been always much stronger than he was; he refrained from striking me again when I let him go, but he repeated the word villain.

I called him a coward.

He replied that the cowardice lay in me for attacking one of known inferior strength to myself, or something like it; to which my retort was still more violent; and at length, taking up one of Gasparo's pistols from the mantelpiece, I bade him take the other, and fight it out like a gentleman. I must do myself the justice to say that I had not supposed that the pistols were charged;

though, in the deadly rage in which I then was, I fear that I should not have been withheld, even had I known that they were so. But my brother, instead of doing as I directed, sprang forward to wrest the pistol from my hand, and, as well as I can remember, for the scene is entirely confused in my memory, during these efforts it went off, the mouth being towards my poor brother, and the next instant he had fallen his full length upon the floor. By whom had these pistols been loaded, unless by Sacripante, and when had he done this but during the confusion in the hall? However, he never acknowledged having so done.

There was a rush of many persons into the room at the sound of the report of the pistol, followed by a violent knocking, probably of the watch at the street door, amid which noises I only heard these words of Sacripante, accompanied by a dreadful Italian oath, "He is dead, and we must fly for it; this country can no longer harbour us." And I felt myself violently seized by the same speaker, and dragged out of the house by a back door, for he had chosen a house with that convenience. In vain I pleaded with the fierce Italian, who was assisted by his servant to drag me out; he only answered with curses. "You have lost the lady," he said, "by your murderous folly; and if I am found with you I shall be made a prey to those who hate me for my church's sake."

Thus I was torn away, for guilt and horror had made me incapable of resistance, with the impression that I had murdered my brother. Another impression of almost equal weight lay at the same time like cold lead upon my heart, and this was, that my Emmeline had as little principle as her sister, and that I had been the guilty means of bringing to light the hitherto unsuspected levity of her character—a levity which had brought me to stain my hands with a brother's blood, and to incur the hatred of all my family. I would have given all I possessed to know whether my poor brother still lived, but I was not permitted to take any measures to satisfy my burning anxiety. I was hurried on to a seaport, and there hastened with Gasparo on board a vessel about to sail for the Mediterranean. My companion having, from the time he tore me from the fatal house in London, manifested a violence towards me which added not a little to the horror of my situation; for the curses which

he sometimes muttered between his teeth, though in a foreign language, were better understood by me than he perhaps imagined.

I knew not then how thoroughly, by my violence, as it regarded my brother, I had subverted his dearest and most deep-laid plans. But now, having brought my reader to this point of my history, I give him notice that he will know me no more as I once was, and that he will henceforth scarcely recognise the gay, cold-blooded Edmund Etherington in the dark and despairing character which will presently appear before him.

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE endeavoured throughout my narrative to keep back the expression of such feelings as I certainly had not at the time when the facts hitherto related took place. I thought and felt like other thoughtless and profligate young men, with probably neither more nor less depth and acuteness than many others, until that horrible night in which I first looked upon myself as a murderer—a second Cain—one on whom a mark is set—an outcast from my father's house. To have thrown, therefore, the gloom and despair of the succeeding period of my life upon my earlier days would have been to give a false impression to my reader. I was reckless, as I said before, until one certain period; but I was not what I afterward became—a character of an awful description, and one which is never perfected or finished, according to its outline and natural tendency, without the aid of that peculiar form of superstition into which I had plunged myself. This dire delusion has lately been thus described by one by whom the truth has sometimes been exhibited as few uninspired men from the beginning of time have ever been able to show it forth.

"The papacy—that deepest conception and mightiest achievement of Satan; into which he hath admitted the whole canon of truth, and yet contrived that it should teach only error; into which he hath admitted the whole revelation of light, and yet contrived that it should breed only foul and pestilent darkness. Oh! it is an ample

net for catching men, a delusion and bondage made for the world! No partial error, like that of the Gnostics, framed out of mystic imaginations—or that of the Arians, framed out of the proud arguments of reason—or that of the Munster Anabaptists, framed out of the licentiousness of the will; but a stupendous deception, and universal counterfeit of truth, which hath a chamber for every natural faculty of the soul, and an occupation for every energy of the natural spirit. Pagan Rome is Satan's work, constructed with his own materials of ambition, arms, policy, and knowledge; but papal Rome is Satan's work, constructed with the materials of God revealed in his Holy Word."

Such is the glowing description of the papacy, and how entirely do I subscribe to the truth of this description! The system of popery is altogether a work of Satan, constructed with the images of Holy Writ—and hence its power to deceive, and its vast and long-protracted influence over the minds of men; and even, in many cases, where its name and its open authority are rejected, the influence of its doctrines is felt, though not acknowledged as being papal, to the utter perversion of the truth, as it is in our Lord.

What, I ask my reader, what was it which prepared my mind for the reception of popery, and for actual dereliction from the established form of worship of my father-land, but the papistical notions with which my father and his society were infected?—notions which, in a greater or lesser degree, affect all the high-church party in England, and not only the high-church party, but every party, either within our church or dissenting from it, which assumes any peculiar perfectibility to itself. Had not my poor father taught me that there was one form of worship on earth divinely appointed and superior to every other, I never should have lost myself, as I did, in seeking the authorities for these pretended prerogatives, commencing my search in my father's library, under the shade of our own cathedral, and finishing it under that of the Duomo at Padua.

But to leave these discussions, and to commence the narrative of the second era of my existence—an era of gloom, upon which now, through the mercy of God, I am enabled to look back in the same spirit of gratitude for deliverance as that of a mariner who, having been thrown, when in a state of utter helplessness, on some

friendly shore, looks back on the boiling ocean from which he alone has been preserved of the many who had been exposed to the same perils as himself. And who shall calculate the value of that mercy, by which a man, a sinner, and a chief of sinners, a hardened, obstinate, and wilful transgressor, is brought in old age to acknowledge that all has been done well for him, that man is nothing, that Christ is all in all, and that his salvation is as secure as the throne of him who is its author and its finisher.

To describe my feelings, as I was hurried on by Sacripante towards the port, would be as useless as impossible; indeed, I remember little of what passed, as we flew on as for life to where the vessel lay in which we hoped soon to cross the seas for Bordeaux. Life, at that time, was so unimportant to me, that I cared not whither they conveyed me. I was not so hardened as to think with calmness on a bleeding and, perhaps, dying brother; nor was I insensible to the shocking situation in which I had left my Emmeline. She was now, I felt, indeed lost to me; and when I mentioned this feeling to Sacripante, he burst upon me with such expressions of violence, and almost of hatred and contempt, telling me that if I had lost the donna, I well deserved it, that he awed me into silence. Yet I could not conceive wherefore he should manifest such fierce inveteracy in his manner, or wherefore he should be even more anxious than myself to get out of England, which, however, he evidently was, as well as under considerable fear of pursuit; for he looked from time to time out of the windows of the carriage, calling to his servant who was without to inform him if he saw any doubtful or suspicious persons following us. I have since, on reflection, had no doubt that Sacripante had come to England, and gone over to Ireland, upon some business by which he was in danger of being involved with the government; and that it was as important for him to escape as it possibly could have been to me in case the worst I dreaded had occurred.

I shall not mention the name of the little port where the vessel lay, which had been provided for us, and where Cæsario, my servant, was waiting; suffice it to say, that we were on board as soon as possible, and that the small vessel, which was a foreigner, bound to Bor-

deaux, weighed almost as soon as we were on board, the captain having waited only for us.

The accommodations on board this vessel were not great; it was a trading vassel, full of rancid odours, which, together with the motion of the ship and the horrors of my mind, threw me into a fever, accompanied by delirium, during which Sacripante watched me incessantly, but more, I felt, as a keeper than as a friend. In this persuasion I was confirmed by a scene which occurred one night, while in the ravings of fever I reproached him with having prepared my ruin by the arts which he had used to seduce my cousin to take the disgraceful step which had driven me to imbrue my hands in a brother's blood. I question not that my expressions were of the most stinging and irritating nature, for I told him, that as one older than myself, and a minister of religion, he ought rather to have kept me from evil than to have driven me forward in the way of destruction. But knowing Gasparo as I afterward knew him, I still wonder that he broke out, as he then did, in anathemas so violent and unqualified, that for a few minutes he actually seemed as if beside himself, and as if all sense of prudence was departed.

"On whom," said I, as he stood glaring with rage at the foot of my bed, "on whom are you spending those curses?"

"On her," he answered, gnashing his teeth, "whose love is so light that it glances on every fool."

In retorting this insult, my violence became such that it overpowered even that of the fierce Italian. I sprang up in my bed, and was with difficulty forced down again by the united efforts of Cæsario and Sacripante, while the latter endeavoured to make me believe that I had been dreaming, and that he had actually descended only that moment from the deck, being called by my outcries. As Cæsario swore to the same thing, and as I was actually, at that period, under the influence of fever, I thought it might be so, and that I had been dreaming, and that Gasparo had never manifested the violence which I fancied he had done; and as, since that crisis, he had entirely changed his manner, and recovered that of the mild insinuating Jesuit, I was once more lulled into confidence.

The former part of our passage was very slow, owing to baffling winds; we had originally intended crossing

the south of France from Bordeaux, but it was thought best to deviate from this plan and proceed by sea. Sacripante, therefore, hired passages for us in a small vessel bound for Genoa, to which I was transferred without going on shore.

The oranges and light wines which we took in at Bordeaux were so refreshing to me, that my health began to mend from the time of our reaching that place; and when we had sailed again, I was enabled to speak more calmly of my plans. I had seldom mentioned my brother's name since I had left England; but Sacripante had hinted to me, that from what he had heard those say who had raised him from the ground, there could be no hope of his life. To return ever to England was, therefore, out of the question for me. But I had no immediate anxiety about my support, having provided myself with a considerable sum of money, in the hope of having my uncle's daughter as the companion of my travels. Nevertheless, I was so thoroughly miserable that I did not dare to reflect, but how to check those thoughts which would spring up in my mind I knew not. I had been like a raving maniac till I arrived at Bordeaux, but from that period my temper seemed entirely to change. I became generally silent, and very reserved, and my mind gradually settled down into that state in which, with few variations, it remained for several months.

I would gladly define that state were it possible; it would be a curious study, and would manifest one experience, at least, of the operation of natural causes on the human mind. The horror which I had conceived from the idea of having been the instrument of the death of a blameless brother, whom I had cursed but a moment before, had rendered me incapable of all pleasurable sensations which were not actually sensual; but, as if the closing up of all other channels of desire had increased the force of those which remained, I became, from that moment, that is, from the time in which the fever left me, eager for the pleasures of the palate, and for the exhilaration, especially, which proceeds from fermented liquors. In the mean time, there was a feeling of pride remaining, which restrained any manifestation of intemperance that could be avoided, and added to this pride was a fitful, for it was not a permanent, sense of remorse, in which I was often ready to curse

myself for the blight which I had brought upon my own prospects; for, had I conducted myself properly, as I was wont to say to myself, might I not have been most happy, residing in the elegant retirement of the benefice which the bishop was willing to give me, with my lovely Emmeline as my companion, and in happy ignorance of what I had since believed to be her character—that of a fond woman, ready to sacrifice all considerations to the gratification of passion? But now I was an outcast of my father's family, a murderer, and the murderer of a brother. I would gladly have laid my crime, in the whole or in part, on Emmeline's weakness, thus imitating the example of my great progenitor, who pleaded that he had eaten the forbidden fruit because the woman gave it to him. But again, had I not been as the serpent or the tempter to the woman? so was not Adam. Yet are not women taught from babyhood, I also thought, that they must not yield to the seductions of men! But Emmeline had sinned through excess of love, and I had acted through excess of hate. Reason as I would, and struggle as I would, there were times when I could not endure the stings of remorse, but these were, generally, when not in company; so that in the night season I would often spring up from my cot, rush upon deck, and be restrained only by the dread of what was to follow death, from throwing myself into the sea.

It was on one of these occasions, that, having got up in haste and hurried on my clothes, Gasparo followed me, and dragging me from the gangway of the felucca to which I had hastened, caused me to sit down by him; while first he brought me to confess my present feelings, and secondly he applied those deceptive consolations which the Roman Catholic religion has ever at hand for the healing of the wounds of her people.

I had been inquiring of him whether yet there might not be a way of my communicating with Emmeline—whether there was not a chance, as she had already taken such a step in my favour, and probably, thereby, incurred the displeasure of all her friends, that she might yet be prevailed upon to accept me, if I could but find a means of communicating with her.

"Much must depend," he replied, "on what we hear from England when we arrive in Italy." And he then told me that he should expect a letter from the Abbé

Beauregard, which might probably be waiting for him at Genoa.

"I still hope," I answered, "that my poor brother may not be dead."

He cut me short, saying, "Let us expect the worst, and then we shall not be disappointed; and let us form our plans and act upon that supposition."

"In that case," I replied, with a deep groan, "I must renounce my Emmeline, my country, and all the friends of my youth." I could say no more, but, being seated on the carriage of a gun, I stooped my head upon my knees, and, no doubt, uttered such deep groans as rendered it necessary for my companion to apply those consolations which I alluded to above.

"Signor Edvardo," he said, for he had dropped the name of Etherington since we had come on board, "Signor Edvardo, I thought that there had been more of the man in you; if your brother is slain, it was not by the hand of the premeditated murderer. If your donna is beautiful, there are other lovely faces and sparkling eyes on the earth."

"I have done," I answered, forgetting what I had said but a moment before, "with beautiful women for ever; my soul abhors these light daughters of the earth, who inflame the passions of men only for their destruction. Had Emmeline not proved weak, or had she never been tempted to break through the usual decencies of society, my hands might yet have been clean. And yet, who that knew her in her unsullied and innocent days, while her beauty was undimmed and her reputation without taint, who could have thought that she could so soon fall!" Here I paused, and then added, "It is my resolution, Gasparo, from henceforward to renounce the whole sex as accursed. Women were made but for the destruction and misery of man."

"If by woman came man's fall," returned Gasparo, calmly, "by a woman came man's salvation, even by Maria our blessed Lady, full of grace and truth—by her who carried in her virgin bosom the Creator of the world; what then have you to do, Edvardo, but to turn to her and to implore her succour? It is Maria who intercedes for those who trust in her before the throne of God; and, as the holy Anselm asserts, more grace and mercy accrue to the believer in calling upon her name than in invoking her son. The three glorious persons

of the Trinity gave her her name—all hence bow to her both in heaven, and earth, and under the earth, which is to her adorers a subject of joy sweeter than honey."

He then proceeded to speak upon the subject of mortal sin, and pointed out to me that the act which I had committed was a mortal sin; for, although he allowed that I had not intended to murder my brother, yet he asserted that the feeling by which I had been impelled to the murderous act was a mortal sin;* and hence, as

* "D. Qu'est-ce qui le Péché Mortel?

R. C'est celuy qui nous rend ennemis de Dieu, et dignes des supplices éternels.

D. Pourquoy l'appellez-vous *Mortel?*

R. Parce qu'il nous prive de la Grace de Dieu, en laquelle consiste la vie de l'Ame.

D. Quels sont les effets du Péché Mortel?

R. Ses effets sont funestes et inexplicables: Car, premièrement, il nous prive de la Grace, qui est ainsi que je viens de dire, la vie de l'Ame, et la vie de nostre vie. 2. Il nous prive aussi de la gloire qui est une vie éternelle. 3. Il détruit tous les merites passez, nous faisant perdre tout le fruit des bonnes œuvres que nous avons faites. 4. Il fait mourir tous les mérites présens, et rend inutile pour le Paradis tout le bien que nous faisons. 5. Il est la plus honteuse mort civile qui puisse estre, nous faisant passer auprès des Anges et des Saints, pour des infâmes criminels de Lèze-Majesté divine. 6. Il est la cause de la mort du corps, le rendant indigne de ressusciter jamais, si ce n'est pour mourir éternellement.

D. Pour pécher mortellement, est-il nécessaire de connêtre que ce qu'on va faire est un Péché *Mortel?*

R. Non, il n'est pas nécessaire de faire cette actuelle réflexion; mais il suffit de connoître qu'une telle action, est mauvaise. Que si vous doutez si c'est un Péché Mortel ou veniel, et que passant sur ce doute, vous ne laissez pas de faire cette action, telle qu'elle est; vous faites un Péché Mortel, quand même il ne seroit de soy que veniel.

D. Lorsqu'on est tombé dans un Péché Mortel, peut-on s'en relever?

R. Ouy, nous pouvons nous relever, non pas de nos propres forces, mais par le secours de la toute-puissante miséricorde de Dieu, n'estant pas un si grand miracle de ressusciter un corps mort, que de ressusciter une Ame morte par le péché.

D. Quoy? nostre Ame peut-elle mourir?

R. Elle ne peut pas mourir d'une mort réelle, et qui la détruise, ainsi que la mort corporelle détruit le corps; mais elle meurt d'une mort morale, infiniment pire que toutes les morts les plus horribles et les plus cruelles; puisque cette mort nous prive du Paradis, et nous précipite dans les flammes éternelles de l'Enfer.

D. Comment peut-on se relever d'un Péché Mortel?

R. Par le seul Acte de contrition ou d'Amour de Dieu, ou bien par le sacrament de Pénitence.

D. Combien y a t-il de péchez mortels, qu'on appelle communement Capitaux?

a mortal sin hung upon my conscience, I could by no means be set free from it but by an act of penance, such as the church enjoins in similar circumstances. For such act, however, he remarked that the felucca, for such was the vessel in which we were sailing, was by no means a convenient place, and therefore it was necessary it should be deferred till we were somewhere settled for a few days.

We had some discourse after this on the subject of the sacrament of penance, which my companion explained to me as consisting of three parts, or rather four—contrition, confession, absolution, and satisfaction, this latter branch of the act requiring something to be done to satisfy the injured party, whether by rendering back any goods unjustly taken, by repairing a reputation which our slanders may have injured, or by rendering the sufferer some other service.

"But how," said I, "can I perform any service for a brother now no more?"

"Had he not died in heresy," replied Sacripante, "the way would have been clear; but inasmuch as in looking in this direction we can perceive no consolation, I can devise no other means by which you can perform that part of the sacrament of penance which consists in satisfaction than by making some offering to the church; and, since a man has nothing dearer to give than himself, what could you do better, Signor Edvardo, than devote yourself, your soul, your body, and spirit, a lively sacrifice, and acceptable to the service of the one holy and immaculate church?"

My artful companion, as I have since remembered, having slightly glanced at this point, left it so quickly, and proceeded so rapidly to another, which still, however, bore reference to his religion, that I had no time to reply to his last proposal; he probably being pretty well aware that my reply would not have pleased him, for I was not yet worked up to the point he required. The object on which he next expatiated, I remember, was the glory and perfections of the Virgin Mary, whose vast pretensions I had not yet brought myself to admit; though I was passing rapidly from the belief of one lie

R. Il y en a sept, qui sont, l'Orgueil, l'Avarice, la Luxure, la Colère, la Gourmandise, l'Envie, et la Paresse."—*Catéchisme Théologique des Jésuites.*

to another, and my diseased yet excited mind wanted perhaps only the circumstances of pomp, of terror, and of interest, in which popery still appears in Italy, to finish the work which, I must honestly confess, had been commenced in my own nursery.

However, on my expressing my doubts on the subject of the pretended prerogatives of the Virgin, Sacripante broke out in heat, uttering what, when written, will appear to be a rhapsody without foundation in revelation or even reason; however, such as it was, it shall be repeated, as I afterward found and received it in the life of the Virgin, as admitted by the papal church.

"Know you not," said he, "that the choice of the mother of God is as ancient in God's determination as the incarnation of the Son? Hence she says of herself, 'Ab utero ordinata sum, et ex antiquis—God hath provided from all eternity the high rank which I am to hold over all pure creatures; and from hence he willed that, raising me to the divine maternity, I should alone be inferior to God. Before God formed all things out of nothing, my picture (so to speak) was already finished in the mind and in the eternal decrees of God.' Thus she who cannot lie speaks of herself, and thus the tradition of that church, which is holy, and pure, and ever the same, whose motto is, therefore, *semper eadem*, always speaks of her. She used her reason the moment she was born—she was endowed with the Holy Ghost—all the Seraphim and Cherubim acknowledged her—hers was the finest soul that was ever made save that of her son. She had every virtue, and was so lovely that St. Denis confessed fifty years afterward that he could not look at her without being dazzled. From the time of her birth she possessed all life and knowledge; hence it is said of her, virgo sanctificata fuit in utero, super omnes sanctos, omnes angelos." After this quotation Gasparo suddenly stopped, thinking, perhaps, that he had administered for the present quite as much of the absurdities of popery as my mind would be likely to bear, and it is only a wonder to me that I could permit him to go on so long; my answer, however, did not please him; for although I readily admitted that I saw enough in the Church of Rome to make me wish most cordially to become a member of it, yet it was impossible that I could shut my eyes to

the objections to the doctrines which he had been endeavouring to expound.

"May she, my brother," he answered, "who is the mother of God, lead you forward into all truth, and may you be added to that multitude of true believers who shall sing the praises of her son through all eternity." He then suddenly changed his ground, though with so much art that I did not perceive what he was about; and leading my imagination into another chamber of imagery, he detailed certain narratives of his own past experience, of persons who, having fallen into mortal sin, and refused or required too late the assistance of the church, had suffered horrors and alarms on their deathbeds too dreadful for description. And when I questioned him respecting the ends of man,* his answers

* D. Quelles sont les quatre Fins de l'Homme?
R. Ce sont, la Mort, le Jugement, l'Enfer, le Paradis.
D. Qu'est-ce que la Mort?
R. C'est la séparation de l'Ame d'avec le corps. . . . . .
D. Aprés la Mort, que deviendra nostre corps?
R. Il pourrira, et deviendra de la poussière.
D. Et nostre Ame, que deviendra t'elle?
R. Elle ne mourra point, d'autant qu'elle est immortelle; mais elle sera jugée selon ses œuvres.
D. En quel temps sera t'elle jugée?
R. Au mesme moment qu'elle sortira de son corps. Mais ce Jugement n'estant que particulier, il y en aura un Universel, qui s'appelle autrement, le Jugement dernier.
D. Quand es-ce que sera ce Jugement?
R. A la fin du monde . . . . . .
D. Qui sont ceux qui assisteront à ce Jugement?
R. Tous les Anges, tous les Demons, et tous les Hommes.
D. Aprés qu'ils seront ainsi ressuscitez, qu'arrivera-t-il?
R. JÉSUS CHRIST descendra du Ciel pour les juger.
D. Sur quoy les jugera-t-il?
R. Sur leur bonne ou mauvaise vie.
D. Quelle sera la Sentence que Jésus Christ portera en faveur des Bons?
R. Celle-cy: *Venez les bénis de mon Père, possédez le Royaume qui vous a esté préparé depuis le commencement du monde.*
D. Quel sera l'Arrest de condamnation qu'il prononcera contre les Méchans?
R. Celluy-cy: *Allez maudites au feu éternels.*
D. Qu'arrivera-t-il ensuite de ce Jugement?
R. Les Bons iront au Ciel, et les Méchans seront précipitez dans l'Enfer?
D. Qu'est-ce que l'Enfer?
R. C'est un lieu soûterrain, au centre de la terre, plein d'un feu qui ne s'éteindra jamais.
D. Qui y a allumé ces feux?

ıly filled me with terror, and more so because greed too well with what I had learned in the y, where old Mrs. Sermon had been our catechist. at Gasparo said, des quatre fins de l'homme (or four ends of man, so ably, awfully, and anything ıspel-wise exhibited by good old Boston in his ıld State), was to me, at that time, when my l conscience and corrupt desires rendered me to- ncapable of apprehending even as much as I had ime discerned of the work wrought by the Saviour ɜ sinner—was at that time, I repeat, so alarming, could no longer restrain myself from asking his ı respecting the measures I ought to take to obtain e from the terrors of futurity, especially in case ıilt should be confirmed by my brother's death.

ıe death or recovery of your brother, Signor Ed- " he answered, "will not affect your spiritual, ı it may your temporal, state. When arrived in we will confer respecting the former with some pious and learned fathers of the church: touching tter, you must conceal your name; and as there any true believers in the sister island of your na- ınd, how can you do better than pass for an Irish-

a Justice de Dieu.
ourquoy?
'our punir les diables et les damnez.
ue verra-t-on dans l'Enfer?
n y verra des demons, dont la laideur est si horrible, &c., &c.,

ui sont ceux qui vont en Enfer?
'ous ceux qui meurent dans la disgrace de Dieu, c'est-à dire, t de Péché Mortel.
uels sont les Enfans qui vont en Enfer?
eux qui mentent, qui jurent, qui disent des paroles sales, qui sent pas à leurs parens, qui n'entendent pas la Messe les ɜ Feste, lorsqu'ils y peuvent aller, et qui ne prient pas Dieu le le matin.
u'est-ce que le Paradis?
'est le séjour des Bienheureux. . . . . .
ui sont ceux qui jouissent de ce bonheur?
eux qui durant cette vie craignent Dieu, l'aiment, le servent, rent enfin en sa grace, et dans son amour.
ui sont les Enfans qui vont en Paradis?
eux qui prient Dieu devotement tous les Soirs et tous les , et lors qu'ils assistent à la Messe. Ceux qui sont dévotés ainte Vierge. Ceux qui sont obéissans à leurs Parens, qui nt tout le monde, qui ont de l'horreur des paroles vilaines et ıntes, et qui, enfin, aimeroient mieux mourir que d'offenser -*Catéchisme Théologique.*

man? And should the confirmation of what we most dread presently reach us, what could you do better than solicit holy orders, and, becoming a brother to me, and a beloved son of the holy Apostolic church, devote the remainder of your days in some blessed solitude, to securing that decision in your favour which shall be pronounced when Jesus Christ shall descend to judge the earth, viz., Come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

"What!" I replied, "and be deprived of all the comforts of life?"

"With the exception of sin," he answered, "there are no works which may not be rendered meritorious, if we perform them in a state of grace."*

"Then," I replied, "it follows that even our enjoyments, if they are not sinful, may be rendered meritorious if we are in a state of grace."

A long oration followed respecting works and actions called *mortelles*, *mortes*, and *mortifiées*, of works of *congruité* and *bienséances*, which I have not patience to repeat: but the result of all that I had heard throughout this long discourse was this, that I thought I discerned that the holy mother church had such provisions as would render it possible for me to obtain her favour without paying the strictest attention to morality; and that, if I could resolve to conform myself to her ordinances, I might compound, with a few fasts, vigils, and prayers, for a considerable portion of those sins which are most pleasing to the carnal feelings; and although this view of the case, it may be thought, might have led me to doubt of the nature of this accommodating church, yet it suited so well at that time with my particular feelings, that I then resolved, should not good news meet us from England when we arrived at Genoa, that I would at once enter the papal church as a priest, having resolved never to think of holy matrimony unless with Emmeline as my companion, and even having my doubts whether, after the weakness of her conduct as it regarded me, I should not be acting rashly in intrusting the honours of my family to her keeping. Wretch

* "Excepté le péché, il n'est point d'action que nous ne puissions rendre méritoire si nous la faisons en estat de grace, et pour la gloire à Dieu."—*Catéchisme Théologique.*

that I was; had I not a mother, sister, and aunts, and cousins, on whom a shade of dishonour had never passed; did I suspect one of these, and yet I could despise the whole female sex! Truly, in reflecting on my character at that period, I conceive that neither real life nor romance ever exemplified a colder blooded villain than I then was; hence, how vast must have been that power which imparted life, yea, an eternal life, to such a mass of rank and dead corruption; for I now live, yea, I feel I live, and shall continue so to do, when death shall be no more.

CHAPTER X.

It was a few days only after the conversation had taken place which is related above, that, having passed the Straits of Gibraltar and entered the Gulf of Genoa, we obtained a distant view of the maritime Alps and the higher points of the brown and sullen Apennines yet beyond, towering in the morning mist; at the same time we heard the sailors' cry in once again beholding their native shores.

Oh! Italia! Italia! incomparable in beauty among the climates of the earth—renowned beyond all other lands in uninspired record—excellent in the natural graces of thine inhabitants—but, oh! superlatively wicked—beyond all example, presumptuous, and wilful in temporal and spiritual pride; how awful—how infinitely terrible are my recollections of thee! Land of horrible romance, surely! surely it was a dream, those years I spent on thine enchanting shores.

Where! where is the romance so terrible as that of real life!

Oh, Genova! Livorno! Pisa! what scenes are connected in my imagination with these cities and places, and thou terrible Corniche, and those quarries of Carrara, and those stupendous Apennines, and Metoni and Savona, and lastly, that old Cimnelion, that seat of glowing superstition! But my imagination becomes disturbed. I throw down my pen, and await a more quiet moment; for, with the divine permission, I am resolved

to go through with what I have undertaken, and to finish that which I have commenced. And yet, when I think of my Emmeline, my lost, my lovely one, and remember how, at that time, her fair image was sullied in its reflection on my own base mind, I cannot but marvel at that deep, papistical, Jesuitical cunning by which the last pure principle which remained in my mind, my attachment to that fair creature, was entirely sullied and degraded, and deprived of all that had once belonged to it which was not wholly earthly. But was not the deception which had been wrought upon me by Gasparo, and which had been carried on in a way at first not intended, wholly consistent with the leading principle of antichrist, *that the end sanctifies the means;* and, therefore, if the end is the advancement of the honour or profit of the church, whatever the means which have been used may be, they are sanctified and rendered meritorious by the object which they have in view. Hence, if the object be judged right, that which promotes this just object with them must be right; and, probably, if they were consistent and scriptural in their views of what is right, they would be presently made to perceive that right and just objects never are or can be obtained by following devious paths, but that, however Providence may counteract the wickedness of man by bringing order out of confusion, nevertheless, good is never the result of evil, unless it be through the means of such providential counteractions. That, however, which makes this Jesuitical assertion, that the end sanctifies the means, so particularly dangerous, is, that good and evil, right and wrong, are not fixed by the rulers of the papal church upon the base of the revealed word, but upon the will of man. If my reader choose to doubt this assertion, let him look to the definition of faith in the Catéchisme Théologique, published at Avignon by the Company of Jesus, with permission of the superiors, in the year 1575.

It was near where the Var flows into the sea that we first saw land, but still remotely. The treacherous Mediterranean, for there are few seas more liable to storms than this, was like a polished mirror, and the wind blew so softly from the west that we glided over the water with considerable rapidity, yet with such an easy motion that we were only aware that we were moving by the passage of the objects which presented

themselves on the shore. I sat with Gasparo during the whole of that day on deck, and we were so near the land that several small boats came out to us, bringing fruit and fresh meat, with bread and vegetables. It was still early when we passed the mouth of the Paglion, a torrent which disembogues itself into the sea at Nice; and we so nearly approached to the land, that my companion was enabled, with the assistance of a glass, to make me acquainted with many of the leading objects on the shore. He pointed out to me, I well remember, those heights of the old Cimnelion with which I afterward became so well acquainted; and, in succession, the forts of Nice and Montalban, the little bay of Villa Franca, and the ancient tower, on the site of the Moorish town and fort of Fraxinet, on the peninsula of St. Hospice. Still sweeping along the shore, he showed me the castle which beetled on the ragged heights of Ezza, and the Trophœa Augusta, fixed upon the culminating point between Italy and Gaul, beneath which, and between itself and the sea, the little principality of Monacco extended itself, being, in appearance, little more than a spacious olive-ground. As we proceeded, my companion Sacripante not only amused, but astonished me, with the fine descriptive powers which he exhibited in assisting my imperfect view of the scenes which glided before us, bringing all the circumstances of Italian scenery more intimately to my imagination than I should have thought it possible to do through the medium of speech. He spoke of the romantic Mentoni, and old Ventimiglia, and the palm-crowned hill of Bordigherra, and then directed my observation to the terrible path of the Corniche, which, in some situations, winds its rocky course over precipices some thousand feet above the sea; and he told me the name of each little bay or woody promontory as we passed before them, where castles, towers, and hamlets, each intermingled with groves of oranges and crags of marble, variously grouped, and presenting hues unknown to more northern latitudes, seem to invite a nearer approach, and to promise endless gratification to a heart at ease. But mine was not at ease, and I could scarcely help repeating, during all that day, a few lines from Shenstone, which belonged to a song I had often heard my aunt Theophilus sing to her guitar in the comparatively happy days of my early life.

"No fir-crowned hill shall give delight,
Nor pyramids' aerial height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie."

This song, I think, is put in the mouth of some despairing lover. But, ah! what are griefs proceeding from the disappointments of the affections to those deep rankling wounds which are inflicted by remorse? I speak from experience, and I can assure my reader that all other sufferings to which human nature is liable are nothing —are, in comparison, as ease to anguish, when weighed with the stings of conscience; and when there is pride mingled with this remorse, the fire within burns and corrodes till life becomes intolerable, and death would be preferred only from the fear that natural death does not include a ceasing to be.

Gasparo, however, continued to talk to me through the whole of that day; and if there ever was a tongue on earth that could suspend the sense of feeling, it surely was this man's, when he chose to call his powers into action, which, however, seldom happened, unless some object worthy of his pursuit was within his view.

His present object was to win me to his church, not as a mere proselyte, but as one devoted to it—as a priest or monk; and the very hope that I might at some time be an English nobleman, and the knowledge that I was already in possession of what, in Italy, is thought a large sum of money, rendered this object only the more inviting. Thus passed this day; and the next was like it. We sat on the deck all the morning, and in the evening the captain of the felucca, at the entreaty of Sacripante, to whom he paid a deference, the reason of which I did not then comprehend, ran his vessel into a small bay, just in that part of the shore where one range of the mountains, which ran the whole length from the Lestrelles to Genoa, and still beyond, suddenly breaking off, another commences, leaving only a narrow valley running between.

Sacripante had some special reason for wishing to go on shore in this place; and as I was anxious once more to set my foot on terra firma, he consented that I should accompany him, with my servant Cæsario. We took the ship's boat, and, by the captain's advice, determined to land on the left side of the bay, engaging to meet the boat again on the right horn or arm of the small gulf.

It must be remembered that this was the first time of my planting my foot on the classic earth of Italy—nor will it be easy for me, if my reader is untravelled, to make him in any degree a partaker with me in my feelings on entering on a scene so entirely new, without taking into account the peculiarly depressing circumstances of my individual situation.

This bay lies in the line of the new road which passes from Nice to Genoa, a road which was commenced by Bonaparte, and concluded only within a few years by the King of Sardinia, and which, being cut through blocks of living stone, sometimes passes over heights which seem to lift the traveller to the clouds, bringing him down again to a level with the sea. This terrible passage, called the passage of the Corniche, was, in my time, trodden only by muleteers; and it was at the base of one of the most awful breaks in the line of mountain that I first set my foot on Italian shores. It was sunset, or nearly so, for, under the hills, the sun disappears more speedily than in the plain country; and yet the heights were resplendent with the last golden glow of the setting day. On our left, in the spot where we landed, rose an abrupt and terrible precipice, which was the termination of the same chain which we had observed all the day. What its height was I could not learn—much less could I have conceived that this wall of granite would, during my lifetime, be made practicable for wheel carriages. But who shall describe the further glories of this Alpine scenery! Where one range of heights break off, another meets it—heights as magnificent, though not so abrupt, as those to the west; but, whereas the one range was barren and broken, in consequence of its precipitousness, the other was clad with vines and orange groves, and scattered over with villas, which, to my unpractised eye, looked one and all like visions of romance. There is something enchanting in the Italian architecture, the overhanging roof, the peculiar door, the fresco painting of the outer walls, together with the elegant form and nature of the trees, which grow, as it were, spontaneously around these dwellings, among which the cypress is, of all others, that which is most characteristic and most gratifying to the classic taste. But I despair of any success in describing the sudden effect of this scenery on my mind. The first view of this glorious country seemed to com-

pel me to believe all that poets and romance-writers had imagined concerning the existence of a state of Arcadian elegance among the lower classes. There cannot be, in those mountain cottages, I thought, such coarse and homespun drudges as we encounter through every step of our less romantic country. Can the coarseness of poverty, and the stupid brutishness of ignorance reside, as in a clay-built hut in Ireland, in a dwelling of classic structure, under an Italian sky, where the cypresses in groups lift up their spiry heads, and the fragrance of the citron is mingled with the cassia and the jasmine?

But while I stood on the beach, stupified with amazement, and chiefly with the stupendous effect produced by the darkening and intercepting of such a vast extent of horizon by such mountains as I had never before approached, Gasparo, having commended me to the guidance of my servant Cæsario, a native of Italy, whom he had brought with him in his travels, and who had served me very attentively on board ship, suddenly disappeared, passing away under a doorway, over which hung a wide penthouse, in the fashion of the country; and as one or two more persons who had landed with us made off in different directions, I soon found myself alone with the young man.

It was getting rapidly dusk, and the outlines of the mountains were beginning to be strongly marked on the horizon when we entered the streets of the little town from which the fort takes its name.

It had been a fortified place, but the walls seemed much impaired; and the suburbs being as considerable as the town itself, it seemed as if the gateway were in the centre of the principal street. There cannot be anything in the way of building so dismal as an Italian town in the dusk of evening—unless it may be such a one in the dead of night. But are not all towns melancholy when men sleep? That, however, which makes Italian cities [illegible] so particularly gloomy is, that the ground floors, even of the poorest houses, are generally unoccupied by the families, and employed chiefly for stores and stables, the approach to the inhabited parts of the houses being commonly by a stair without. The streets also are, for the most part, excessively narrow, and, even in the best towns, ill lighted. Hence the whole of the space occupied by the first floors of the houses

on each side the street may be compared to a subterraneous passage, where the unoccupied chambers on the ground floor of each house pour in through the small gratings in the walls their damp mephitic vapours into the confined street, and do their best to engender the miasms and malaria for which the Italian towns are famous; whereas, if all these dungeon-like apartments on the ground floors of houses in Rome and elsewhere were thrown open and occupied by living men, we should probably hear less of the ill effects of malaria in the great capital of the earth. But be that as it may, it was a strange sensation which I felt when first led into the cold dark street of the first Italian town I had ever visited. I had seemed to live, during the last few weeks, as one in a dream; and here was a change of vision, but no apparent awakening to realities. It was the witching hour of evening, when objects assume uncertain forms. I could only discern the outline of things as I followed Cæsario along the street, for I had caused him to walk first; and every house I passed seemed, in its form, more grotesque than that which had gone before. Every figure which brushed by me in the street, whether it was a woman in a full petticoat and long veil, an ecclesiastic in his coal-scuttle hat and cassock, a monk with his cowl and cord, or a miserable peasant in a variety of wretched garments, beneath even the condition of the beggar by profession in England, was all so very new to me, so very unlike anything I had ever seen before; and the various noises which struck upon my ear were so strange, whether it was the Italian patois or the iron tones of the vesper bell from various steeples within and without the walls of the small town, that, though I walked on, I yet doubted whether I slept or was awake. And all this while one horrid thought pursued me, troubling my conscience, yet not rendering it contrite, and shedding a gloom so deep, so sickly over every object, that my imagination failed not to supply something allied to death and the grave to every unfinished form, whether it was that of animate or inanimate creation, which presented itself in the shade of twilight to my observation. A short half hour brought us through the eastern gate again into the suburbs, which, on that side of the town, were more extensive and beautiful than on the other. There we found many

pretty houses, standing back from the highway, in fragrant gardens.

The houses were chiefly built with high open porches, some of these last being occupied by ladies and gentlemen, variously employed, either in music, dancing, or conversation. These presented the semblance, at least, of happy domestic groups; and, as I heard the cheerful voices of matrons, and the merry laughter of young girls, I turned hastily away from these scenes, and hastened on after Cæsario. We came again near to the sea, and Cæsario pointed out the place where we were to find the boat, on the opposite arm of the bay.

The sun had dipped, by this time, far below the horizon, and the moon had relieved the watch. She had just lifted her horned brow above the mountains, and, being near the sea, was adding to the beauty of the scene with her soft and silvery beams; and still pursuing our walk, we came under the finest fort I at that time had ever beheld. It was built on a huge black rock, running parallel with the line of the bay—a rock which was not more bold and irregular than it was beautiful, being covered in some places with aloes and saxifrages of various kinds, and in others presenting only a bare and jagged surface.

The fortification ran along the top of this rock, with such an apparatus of towers, and bastions, and portcullises, all beautifully wrought in stone, or rather, I should say, in marble, as I could have believed to exist only in romance.

There was a broad space between the castle and the sea, which seemed to be used as a sort of promenade; for there were many persons walking up and down in the cool evening air; and among these were many monks, dressed in long white serge robes—men of very portly appearance, who, as they passed each other, looked complacent and stroked themselves along the ribs, a gesture which I thought strange—but what did I not think strange that evening? I asked Cæsario who these were; to which he replied abruptly, *Fratres*, but seemed inclined to give no further information, and we passed on in silence. And these, thought I, are monks—holy men who have forsaken all for their faith. They seem to be at peace, and to enjoy health and ease; and there is no doubt that they are conscious of the merit of many good works: while others are pursuing worldly

honours, they are heaping up to themselves a treasure to be laid up for them against the day of account. My own situation, in comparison with these holy men, as I chose to think them, then came under my consideration; and, as I had done, I might say thousands of times since I had left England, I began to trace the events which had brought me to my present situation, endeavouring to palliate to my own mind my last shocking act towards my brother. The result being always the same—neither more nor less than the conviction that, if my brother was dead, his blood was upon my hands; for although I had not deliberately shot him, I had long hated him, and my act, that is, the act by which I had terminated his life, had been the result of this hatred.

While thus occupied by these miserable reflections, we were walking on and leaving the peopled city and gay promenade behind us, and had come so near the beach that the measured beating of the waves, mingling their murmurs with the sighing of the wind, produced a combination of sounds much in unison with my own disturbed reflections. We were passing on between the beach and the sides of the mountains—high abrupt precipices crowned with dark woods, from whence arose, here and there, a solitary tower, which formerly had, no doubt, been connected with the fort. As we proceeded, we perceived that we were approaching the entrance of a gallery or covered way which had been cut in the rock, and which afforded the only passage on dry land to the point to which we were bound. I started when first I beheld this cavern yawning to receive us, and looked around for a way by which it might be possible to avoid it, and yet to gain the point where we expected to find the boat.

Cæsario observed what I was seeking, and remarked to me that the sea washed the side of the cavern in one direction, and the wings of the eagle would be requisite to avoid it on every other. "We must pass through, signor," he said, "or, if it will please you better, I will go on before, and hail the men at the boat, which will not be a stone's cast from the other end of the passage."

Although my mind was by no means in a state to make danger and darkness agreeable to me, yet I had too much pride to acknowledge to Cæsario that I was

afraid; I therefore declined his offer, and we entered together into the covered way. The air struck frore and damp as we passed within the shade, and every footfall, however light, returned a hollow sound. Whether the way so curved, or the distance was really such that we could not see even the smallest glimmering of light from the opening at the other end, I know not, but we were for a while in total darkness; after which, the light form of the arch at the farthest end became visible, with the moonbeams sleeping quietly on the rocky open road beyond. But we had scarcely advanced a step, after having discerned the end of the passage, when we observed, in the *chiaro obscuro*, a figure darkening the archway—it was a figure clad in full drapery, but the outline was not feminine. Cæsario whispered, on my touching his arm, *un fratre*, but he added no more. The next moment the figure had disappeared, but whether by entering the cavern or passing outward I could not ascertain, for a cloud had passed over the young moon, and the mouth of the cavern was no longer visible.

I felt, however, a sort of shuddering sensation the moment afterward, in observing, a little before me, a sort of space in the gloom where the darkness appeared more consistent; but there was no sound of footfall or rustling garments as we advanced towards that point of denser shade. Cæsario, however, was as well aware of something extraordinary as I was, for he fell back a pace, and laid his hand on my arm, grasping it convulsively—yet on we went; and being come in a line with this mysterious shadow, these words were murmured in my ear, but so low that Cæsario even heard them only as a whisper of the pent-up breeze.

"Pax vobiscum filii mei. Domine ad adjuvandum te festina"—to which were added, in a still lower whisper, and in the Italian tongue—"there is rest and safety for the penitent in the bosom of the only true church, and there only."

"Who art thou?" I exclaimed aloud, and dashed forward to seize the person who spoke; but Cæsario had his hand on my arm, and he continued to grasp it firmly, and thus to hold me till the first burst of astonishment had subsided. I then suffered him to lead me out of the cavern, and the next minute I found myself on the beach, by the side of the boat, where all our party were

collected, and where I found Gasparo wrapped in his cloak, apparently indulging in a sort of drowsiness, occasioned by the undulation of the waters. I know not what feeling it was which restrained me from speaking to any one of the adventure in the cavern, although it had a considerable tendency to keep up those morbid feelings which were fast gaining entire possession of my mind.

It is inconceivable how a narrative dilates itself when the writer allows himself to enlarge upon what passes in his imagination, for time and space are nothing with the spiritual and intellectual parts of man. Who has not experienced periods of existence in which, through intense excitement of the spirit, moments have seemed as long as years? So it was with me in my transit from the place in which I had first set my foot on Italian shores to the port of Genova, which we reached at sunset the next day. In this short period I may truly say that I lived for years. It was in that interval that my mind firmly established itself in the resolution of assuming the tonsure, and perhaps the cowl, in case the news from England, which we expected at Genova, should be unfavourable. The words of the voice in the cavern sounded still in my ears, and sounded as something more than a natural communication, for the address was particularly suited to my case; and yet, who was there in that place who could have known my case? What, then, could I conclude, but that the intimation was supernatural and miraculous; and that I should assuredly be as one of the lost ones if I did not obey the call? The day after the adventure I speak of, seeing at the early dawn a city on a lofty situation, or at least extending itself from a valley over a bold eminence, its edifices, which were chiefly white, being mingled with groves, and having that character which is altogether Italian, I inquired its name, and started to hear the answer that this town was Savona—the birthplace of that fair girl whom I had injured by my cruel vanity in a manner which, even then, I did not understand. Yet, as we glided slowly by, as under a lull of wind, a deeper and still deeper sadness stole over my heart; and as the too interesting object receded, I still thought of the lovely daughter of that enchanting shore; and turning away, I was actually at the moment dashing the tears from my eyes, when I met the ardent, inexplicable gaze

of Gasparo, who was standing behind me on the deck, his arms folded, his mouth compressed, and his brow contracted. I started on observing the singularity of his aspect and the strange expression of his eye, and repeating the name of the city, I explained to him, who needed no such explanation, the cause of my having been suddenly surprised into such expressions of tenderness; informing him that my uncle had resided in the city which was passing away from our view, and that my uncle's eldest daughter had been born there. His lips were parted by a sardonic smile, while at the same moment he dropped his eyelids, uttering some inarticulate sound, and then, turning from me, he stalked to another part of the deck. His movements, however, were often so inexplicable to me, that I did not always trouble myself to analyze their causes; and, in fact, my own feelings were at that time so monopolizing—so overpowering, that I scarcely ever thought of him when he was out of my sight.

It was evening when we approached the harbour of Genova; but we were not permitted to enter till we had been subjected to a short quarantine at the lazaretto. This delay at that period was so dreadful to me, that I paced the deck nearly the whole night; and in that restless and miserable promenade I gazed on the objects on shore till the forms of the port, the city, and the hills, as seen from under the lazaretto, were graven indelibly on my memory. Genova, as we call this city in Italy, is built where a range of the Apennines forms a crescent, the horns of which extend so as to shelter the port in a figure which has often been compared to the shoe of a horse. The ground on which the city is built is excessively irregular, being cut by two peculiar ranges of heights—those of Larzana and those of Cavignan, while long lines of fortification were visible even from where I kept my dreadful watch, running along the mountains which encircled the city, and forming, with its walls, a double defence from all enemies which might come by way of the land. But a city so situated, whose buildings are magnificent when seen from the sea, and lighted up by the moon and myriads of stars gleaming brightly in an Italian sky, was no mean object of contemplation: and when to this magnificent spectacle was added the long perspective of the Rivière du Couchant, or Western Bank, as the natives

call the long line of the Corniche which extends from the Var to Genova, with all its bold and beautiful pictures imperfectly discerned in the moonbeam, with the forests of masts in the foreground, and the gleamings and flashings of the summer lightnings above the sullen summits of the Apennines, I can conceive no scene more noble. To this feast of the eye was added that fascination of the ear proceeding from the bells of many a consecrated house, calling its inhabitants to prayers at the short interval of every two or three hours, for the monastic rules require seven public services in twenty-four hours* —the chants of sailors and fishermen, invoking, from their various barks, the assistance of their patron saints, together with the sweet, though somewhat enervating odour of the breeze from the land, laden with the fragrance of many flowers. Surely nothing was wanting but a heart at ease to inspire the mind with pleasurable sensations; yet I can hardly recollect a night of my existence so marked with gloom as that which I experienced in the port of Genova. The morning, however, at length came, and with it the permission for the vessel to go into the inner harbour; but while we were working in, Gasparo, who had been below all night, came up to me, and taking me aside, advised me very seriously to remain on deck while he went on shore to ascertain whether there were any letters for him, promising either to return for me, or to send Cæsario in a few hours. The reason he gave for not wishing me to go on shore early in the day was, that Genova was always full of English, and that, if, which I could not bear to think of, bad news were come from England, it would be better that I should not be seen by my countrymen.

While he was thus stating his opinion to me, I stood with my arms folded and my lips compressed: pride and remorse, yea, and some touch of tenderness for my own countrymen, to whom, it seems, I was now to be a stranger, were contending vehemently within my breast, the one and the other seeking for mastery, and each seeking relief in the manifestations of its own peculiar influence. The first feeling—pride, urged me to the assumption of indifference, and the two latter to the ut-

* The seven public services are vespers, complies, the officium nocturnum, laudes, matins, nones, sextes.

tering of the groans and shedding of the tears of anguish; but pride had the supremacy; and as I acquiesced in Gasparo's proposal, I stalked away to the other end of the deck, maintaining during the next eight hours, for so long I was kept in torturing suspense, a seeming indifference, the internal agony of which was sufficient at times to bathe my body in cold perspiration. At length, in the dusk of the evening, Cæsario returned on board, delivering me a billet from Gasparo; by this billet I was informed that there were no advices from England, but that there were many English families in the town —that he had waited so long for the arrival of that day's post, which, being come in without bringing the desired letter, he had left orders at the postoffice to forward any letters that should come for him to Livorno; and thus having heard of a vessel about to embark the next morning for that port, he was going to take a passage for me and himself, adding, that from Livorno it would be, perhaps, agreeable to me to proceed to Pisa, where a venerable friend of his was bishop. He also added that he had sent Cæsario to bring me on shore, if I chose, in the dusk of the evening, thinking that it might be pleasing to me to have a more intimate view of the city so deservedly entitled La Superba.

That there should be no letter was, at any rate, more consoling than that there should be one bearing ill news. I cared little whither they took me, provided that I might be kept in motion, and I was by no means displeased at the proposal of going on shore with Cæsario.

The vesper bell was ringing when I first set my foot on the quay of Genova, and I immediately set forth, following Cæsario to a hotel, where he said that he had ordered a supper for me, after which meal we were to make a perambulation of the streets. I asked where his master was; to which he replied—"My master has a vow at the shrine of Notre Dame de Carignan, and it will be nearly midnight before he is released; at twelve, therefore, we are to meet him at this place."

"A vow!" I repeated.

"Yes," he answered, "an act of penance, which is to make up for the many neglects of duties unavoidable on a journey. Oh! signor," he added, "you cannot know the thousand merits of my master. His life, when in his own place, is but one tissue of good works. You are blessed, signor, in the friendship of one whose

means are not only sufficient for himself, but are as an overflowing fountain, ample enough for the supply of thousands." What more he would have said, I know not, had I encouraged him; but the new scene in which I was involved was more than sufficient for the engrossing of all my attention. We had entered the town of Genova, of course in its lowest part, and had suddenly turned into a street so narrow that four persons might scarcely walk abreast; a passage which could only be visited by a vertical sun, and in which, of course, the sun never shone. It was roughly flagged, and in many places there were covered passages extended over the head, from the first floor of one house to that of another on the opposite side of the way. I can give little idea of the peculiarly dank and fishy smell which seemed to rest in this dark region, nor of the extraordinary effect again produced on my mind by the very foreign figures which flitted around me; these being more numerous, and, as I thought, more exaggerated than those in the first place where I had landed. Probably my imagination, in the interval which had passed, had, from the adventure in the cavern, become more excited. The adulterous church had got me in her net; I was on her own ground, where she could best bring to bear on me the whole machinery of her mummeries, and this I had wrought for myself, by my own self-will.

The figures which moved about me in this new city were women in chints veils, monks of various orders, fishermen of the lowest descriptions, ladies in gaudy apparel and of doubtful reputation, all moving in different directions; sometimes passing under the shade of dark first floors, and then again emerging into the light of a lamp, burning at the shrine of some miserable similitude of her whom Gasparo had held out to me as the Queen of Heaven and the Mother of God. Add to this, my ears were assailed and deafened by various species of noises as foreign to me as the objects of sight. It is a different thing to hear a foreign tongue from an educated person, and to hear it in a corrupted state poured from the lips of angry females and low-lived men. The jargon I heard int hese streets and passages was, therefore, to me as unintelligible as if I had never before heard a word of Italian. At length Cæsario suddenly turned into what was neither more nor less

than a stable, illuminated by a single lamp hanging from the blackened roof, which was, however, covered and arched as if prepared for the support of some monstrous weight, and looking to observe that I followed, passed to the foot of a winding stair, which we began to ascend, continually turning about and about, and from time to time arriving at flats swarming with obscure inhabitants. I had counted four or five of these before I condescended to ask Cæsario if there was to be no end to these ascents, to which he only replied by a smile and a remark, that things were not at Genova as in London. Soon after which, arriving at a door, he pushed it open, and I found myself in a kind of centre apartment in a magnificent hotel. A female, standing at a sort of bar, handed a key to us, and Cæsario, again taking the lead up another flight of steps, which in sordidness of appearance had little affinity to our former staircases, presently introduced me into a suite of rooms fitter for a palace than for a hotel. The principal of these chambers opened by many glass doors on a marble terrace, hanging over the bay, at a height which well accounted for the hundreds of steps up which we had laboured. It was hung with tapestry, and curtained with satin; the chairs and sofas were of velvet, and slabs of curious marble set on claws of gilding were placed here and there about the room; add to these, beautiful designs in alabaster, mirrors, and sconces of cut glass, and my reader will have some idea of the whole thing. And all this magnificence was to be approached, if not always through a stable, yet at best through some sordid passage, which would disgrace the quarter of thieves and beggars in our own metropolis. Here, presently, such a repast was set before me as would have done honour to the table of a nobleman in England; nor did I lose any time in partaking of the only pleasures for which I had then a relish—the pleasures of the palate, and the exhilaration proceeding from strong liquors. After which, throwing myself on a sofa, I ordered Cæsario to come to me in an hour, in order that I might make with him the tour of the principal streets.

When Cæsario came to my couch, he pointed out to me the clear light of the moonbeams on the shipping in the harbour, and assured me that I should now see the city to great advantage. I accordingly threw on a cloak, and a cap or hat which he had brought me, and which

converted me at once into a Genovese, and I was ready to follow him through the devious courses which he took to extricate me from the labyrinths of the hotel. A man suddenly roused from a heavy sleep, taken in a state of repletion, and hurried into a scene which is totally new to him, is undoubtedly not in a most enviable condition, even admitting that no deadly weight presses on his mind such as at that time bore upon mine in the form of a bleeding and dying brother; but I strove to think myself at ease, notwithstanding my remorse.

Having pursued the steps of my conductor, I suddenly emerged with him into an open space, strongly illuminated by the moonbeams. Cæsario moved briskly, and in a few minutes we stepped out into the street of palaces called the Balbi. There was a silence which was awful to me, and filled my mind with a heaviness which I could not shake off. Still, however, we went on, choosing the dark side of the street; and we were nearly about to issue from the Strada Balbi towards another more open part of the town, when suddenly the tone and accent of my own country startled me—looking forward, I saw a group of young men approaching me, and heard the light accents of mirth and youthful glee. I started back; I desired not to be known, and, on suddenly turning, I came counter with a figure which froze my very blood, and made me exclaim to this effect—"In the name of the Ruler of all things, do the dead walk here?"

The figure which had alarmed me thus was that of a tall man, dressed in black sackcloth, his head and face, and the upper part of his body, being covered with a hood of the same colour, in which were pierced two holes for the eyes; the whole appearing like a body swathed and prepared for the coffin.

"A brother of the Misericordia," whispered Cæsario, as I afterward recollected; but at the time I heard him as if I heard him not; be it remembered that my mind was then under the influence of the horrors of remorse. I stood, therefore, like one petrified, while the hooded figure glided by me, yet turning his head to fix his eyes steadfastly on me as he passed, he uttured this sentence, which was spoken in pure Italian—"*They mourn at Kelford.*"

A sudden paroxysm of fury seized me as these

words passed my ear, and I turned to lay hold of, perhaps to strike the apparition, but it had entered the open portico of a building under which we were standing, and I saw only the white hood passing away as a flash of light in the dense gloom. My native tongue then came ready to help me to curse, but Cæsario, laying his hand on my arm, forced me away, and again plunging into dark paths, brought me, after some time, back to the hotel, where I found Gasparo waiting to go on board with me to the vessel, which was to sail by daylight for Livorno. He reproached Cæsario for having kept him so long, saying that he had been waiting for us some time. But I did not occasion any further delay; I had taken a horror of Genova, and was heartily glad to find myself again on the sea. By the care of Gasparo, my luggage was all on board and in our cabin, and we waited only for some arrangements of the master of the vessel to get under weigh. When alone with Gasparo, I told him what had happened to me in the Strada Balbi. He smiled, and affected to doubt what I said.

"How," said he, "should a stranger in Genova know what is passing in England? unless you suppose the admonition you received to be miraculous."

"In that case, then," I replied, "I am to believe that my poor brother is no more."

"Come," said Gasparo, "your mind is disturbed;" and, pouring me out a glass of eau de vie, he advised me to seek repose.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a little coasting vessel, with very few conveniences, into which we entered on quitting the harbour at Genova. We enjoyed, however, this advantage, that we were enabled to approach the shore more nearly, and as we were favoured by the finest weather, our prospects certainly were most interesting. Gasparo, who had sat by me in silence for some time, suddenly raised his hand, and directed my eye to a higher point than that on which it had before rested: "Deviate your view,"

he said, "above that line of mist which hangs between the mountains and the towns on the beach—look to the right, and tell me what you see."

I did as required, and discerned a range of snowy heights lifting themselves above the lower regions of the clouds. It was with the eager glance of suddenly awakened interest that I looked up towards these gloomy objects, and Gasparo, watching my countenance, said, "There, in a valley, or rather a ravine, of the foremost of those hills, is my home."

"Then," I said, "you have a home?"

"You have doubted it?" he answered, with a searching look.

"I thought," I replied, "that you were a citizen of the world."

"You mistook, then," he resumed; "I have a home; yes, I have a resting-place—a place in which I have enjoyed a divine repose, far from the world and its temptations; and this place of my repose lies, as I tell you, within the bosom of those far-off heights." He paused, and his eyes fell again upon me. After which he went on—"Were yonder haze lifted up from the region on which it now rests, it would reveal a coast which, were it not too often affected by the damps arising from incurable marshes, where the sea is retreating and has been retreating some ages from the land, would scarcely have its equal on the face of the habitable globe. There, most prominent at this moment on the right, would be seen the heights of Massa Carrara, the seat of the renowned family of the Estes, the ancient lords of Ferrara; and to the left might be pointed out the site of the quarries of Carrara, which have given more objects of adoration to the world," he continued, while in spite of himself a sort of something like a smile curled his upper lip, "than ever did the countless hosts of the heavens above."

"Of what objects do you speak?" I asked.

"Of the heathen gods," he replied, "many similitudes of whom were cut out from the blocks of Carrara."

"And is not this quarry now used," I replied, "for the adorning of your churches?"

"Yes," he answered, with a steadfast countenance; "but understand, Signor Edvardo, that we do not worship the similitudes which we make, as did the blind heathens of former days. We are commanded to love,

serve, and worship the one only true and living God, and no more; the first commandment forbids us to worship idols, or to give to any creature the honour due to God."

"But, Gasparo," I replied, "the enemies of your church charge you with idolatry."

"I know it," he answered, "I know it; but is it to be wondered at that the Evil One should delight to traduce that immaculate church which God hath appointed to be the means of rescuing souls from his dominion?"

"But believe me," I said, "that I now speak not from enmity, but from a pure desire of information. Does not the Scripture say these words—thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing?"

Here we were in for a long discussion, in the repetition of which I should fatigue myself and disgust my reader; but should any person be curious with respect to the arguments brought forward by Gasparo as a faithful son of mother church for the confutation of what he was pleased to call my heretical prejudices, he will find them arranged in order at the bottom of my page.*

* "Q. Does not the Scripture say that these words, *Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing*, are the second Commandment?

A. No: the Scripture does not say which is the first, second, or third Commandment.

Q. Do not those words, *Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing*, forbid the making of images?

A. No: they forbid the making only of idols; that is, they forbid making images to be adored or honoured as gods: as it is declared in these words, *Thou shalt not adore them, nor serve them.* So that the words, *Thou shalt not make to thyself any graven thing*, &c., are only an explanation of the foregoing words, *Thou shalt not have strange gods before me.* We, therefore, with Saint Augustine, make of them but one Commandment.

Q. What is meant by these first words, *I am the Lord thy God*, &c.

A. By these God declares to us that he is our true and supreme Lord, and, therefore, we are to obey him with all diligence.

Q. What are we commanded by the first Commandment?

A. By the first Commandment we are commanded to love, serve, and worship one only true and living God, and no more.

Q. What is forbidden by the first Commandment?

A. The first Commandment forbids us to worship idols, or to give to any creature the honour due to God.

Q. What is the honour due to God?

A. The honour due to God is a supreme and sovereign honour, which can be given to no other; we must worship him as our Creator, Redeemer, and last end.

I was not at that time in a state to reason much at length with Gasparo on the subjects alluded to above, or indeed on any other subject; both my body and mind were then in a fever of excitement; I therefore was glad when he dropped this discussion, to return to the point from which he had been induced to depart by my unfortunate question.

"I have said," he resumed, "that I have a home among those hills; the approach to it is through a gorge of the mountain which opens into the valley not far distant from Carrara. By this gorge, which is terrible with rocks and gloomy with forests, and where nothing but that respect which even the most savage men show for those who, for the sake of the eternal welfare of souls, have renounced all the pomps and vanities, the riches and preferments so much desired by worldly men, could ensure a life of peace in the neighbourhood of the fierce bands of the mountains—by this gorge, I repeat, which is trod continually by companies of banditti, we, who have taken the vow of poverty (for I now tell you, Signor Edvardo, that I am not only a secular, but a regular brother), are permitted to pass and to repass, unharmed, to a most lovely and blessed retreat, where we dwell as in the Ark of Noah.

"By the pass of which I have spoken," said he, "the

Q. Is it lawful to honour the images of Christ and his saints?

A. Yes, it is lawful to honour the images of Christ and his saints with an inferior and relative honour, because the honour given them is referred to the things they represent; so that by kissing the cross or the images of Christ, and by kneeling before them, we honour and adore Christ himself.

Q. Do Catholics pray to images?

A. No, by no means. We pray *before* them, indeed, to keep us from distractions, but not *to* them, for we know they can neither see, nor hear, nor help us.

Q. What benefit have we, then, by them?

A. They movingly represent to us the mysteries of our Saviour's passion, and the martyrdom of his saints.

Q. What benefit have we by honouring and canonizing Saints?

A. It strongly moves us to imitate their example by showing us their rewards.

Q. How do you honour saints and angels?

A. We honour saints and angels with an inferior honour, as the friends and creatures of God, not as gods, nor with God's honour.

Q. Is it lawful to honour the relics of saints?

A. Yes, with a relative honour, as above explained; for the *handkerchiefs* and *aprons* which had but touched the body of *Saint Paul* cast out devils and cured all diseases.—Acts xix., 12.—*Douay Catechism.*

traveller is brought to a valley which, with its encircling heights, is under the especial protection of the mother of God. It was rendered remarkable," he continued, "in the very early ages of Christianity by becoming a place of refuge for the martyrs flying from the persecutions of the pagan emperors. Certain caverns on the sides of the hills still denote the place where these holy persons found shelter; and there, through the favour of the Holy Virgin, the rock opened and emitted a gushing fountain, which has continued to flow from that day to this.

Here was an attempt to force a miracle upon me. I cannot recollect what effect it had upon my mind; but this I know, that I did not openly controvert it, but suffered it to pass.

Gasparo then ventured another strong assertion, adding, "that the peculiar sanctity of this place, and the blessings derived to many souls from a residence therein, proceeded from the merits and good works of those holy men who, having fled thither, had died there and left their bones to rest there among the caverns, where their shrines might still be seen." He then proceeded to say, that this valley and all the adjoining heights had been given to the church some ages past by the Lords of Massa Carrara, who had also purchased to themselves a good degree among the saints on high, by causing two religious houses to be built in that place; the one a monastery with a small college appending thereunto, this being situated somewhat lower on the side of the mountain than the other; and the other being a religious house for females. This last establishment was situated on the rocks above the caverns, being dedicated to the Virgin under the title of La Madonna del Grottoe, a name which had extended itself from time immemorial to the whole place, although being sometimes abridged to that of La Grottoe.

He also informed me that he was the superior of the whole establishment. "For myself, I can assert," he added, "that the days I have spent in that delicious retirement have been the happiest of my life," and he crossed himself and looked upward to the heavens; and then addressing me, "Should it turn out, dear Brother Edvardo," he said, "that what we most dread should be found to be true, what better counsel could I give you than that you should accompany me to La Grot-

toe; and there, in study and holy exercises under the auspices of our Lady, that you should seek that peace which the world cannot give?"

I turned sharply upon him in this part of his discourse, and said, "What! and find peace with a wounded conscience and bleeding breast!"

"And wherefore," he replied, "should you bear about with you a wounded conscience? Do you take no account of the healing efficacy of the sacrament of penitence?"

To this question I made no answer, on which he opened out fully to me the doctrine of his church* as it regarded penitence, contrition, confession, absolution, and satisfaction; and our discourse continued till the shades of evening had settled on the beautiful prospect which for some hours past had occupied our attention. It was on the morning of the second or third day after leaving the port of Genova, for we had lingered some time in that of Luni, that we arrived at Livorno. I have little to say of that place; it is, perhaps, one of the most uninteresting towns in Italy; and the agitation of my mind when there was such, that I brought no recollections from thence but those of extreme misery. Being landed, Gasparo conducted me to a hotel, and showed me into a wide saloon, while he ran to the post-office; he presently came back with an open letter in his hand, and apparently in a state of the most violent agitation. I saw the letter the moment he entered, and he made no resistance when I snatched it from his hand and began to read it. It was from the Abbé Beauregard, and was written in Italian—I shall render it in English as nearly as my recollection will serve.

* D. Quest-ce que le Sacrement de Penitence?

R. C'est un Sacrement, par lequel nous recevons la remission des pechez que nous avons commis, et que nous avons confessez.

D. Quelles sont ses parties essentielles?

R. Ces trois icy. La Contrition, la Confession, et l'Absolution.

D. Pourquoi les appellez-vous *Parties Essentielles?*

R. Parcequ'elles sont tellement necessaires, que si quelle que ce soit des trois, venoit à manquer, il n'y auroit point de sacrement de Penitence.

D. La Satisfaction n'est elle pas aussi une de ses Parties *Essentielles?*

R. Non; elle en est seulement une partie *Integrante;* c'est à dire, que sans la Satisfaction, le sacrement ne seroit pas entier, mais il ne laisseroit pas d'estre sacrement.—*Catéchisme Théologique de la Compagnie de Jesus.*

"I trust, my beloved brother, that the shock which our dear Edvardo must have received from my first letter has not been too much for his feelings." Here followed a long exordium on the duty of submission to the Divine will, which was altogether out of place in my case, as the evil had been entirely self-inflicted. Then came some expressions much to this effect:—"I delayed my first communication till the fiat for life or death had gone forth. I trust, however, that the fatal intelligence has not left our beloved young friend entirely without hope of mercy. I trust also that you, who are so well able so to do, have brought forward every argument which religion or reason can supply for the administration of consolation; and especially this argument, that although life has been the forfeiture, there was, on his part, no intention to affect that life. I am now at Kelford, as you will see by my date. I was invited to assist at the solemn interment. I know not to whom I owe this compliment, and would gladly have been spared the cruel service; for to see those beautiful flowers (such are the young ladies of this noble family) bending and broken down beneath the weight of wo, could not but deeply affect me. But speak not of these to our friend and brother; yet tell him that he has my earnest and ardent prayers, and may the Mother of God take him under the shadow of her divine protection, and intercede for him at the throne of grace—ipsa virgo virginum intercedat pro nobis ad dominum."

So far I read of this horrible letter, and the next moment I had fallen fainting on the floor, and it was some hours before I recollected myself sufficiently to know that, after having bled me, they had laid me in a bed, in a retired chamber, where my exclamations and groans could not be heard—and where Gasparo alone watched by me.

And then I said, when come to myself, "Then I did the deed, and Eustace is murdered—and I am the murderer!" and the idea again proved to be too terrible for me, and I fainted a second time. A few hours, however, being passed, I strove for more self-command; and feeling that change of place might relieve me, I consented, with the morning light, to accompany him whom I called my friend to Pisa. That ancient city is only a few hours drive from Livorno; and it was the very early

dawn when Gasparo conducted me to a carriage, hired for our conveyance.

The road from Livorno to Pisa is through a perfectly flat country, redeemed, as is pretended, some ages past from the sea; the distant view of the snowy Apennines, in the direction of Pisa, being the only interesting feature in the landscape. But what at that time were created beauties to me? Even my love—that love which had grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength—was turned into hatred. Like the first offenders, I wanted some one on whom to throw a part of the intolerable weight of my remorse, and to whom could I transfer a portion of the pressure but Emmeline? "Are not women," I said to Gasparo, as he sat opposite to me in the carriage, "are they not taught from infancy that they ought to resist the seductions of the other sex? Was not this girl brought up with the utmost attention to delicacy? did she not obtain her influence over me by strict observance of that delicacy? And yet, when the moment of trial arrived, how small was the resistance which she made; was she not ready to fly to me as soon as she saw my arms extended to receive her; and what was it that plunged me into my present horrible condition but this her weak forwardness?"

While I was thus speaking I observed that the features of Gasparo began to work and his eyes to flash; and he said, "Edvardo, I pity you! I know what you suffer; but, by the cross on Calvary, and by the wounds of Him who was nailed thereon, no other motive should induce me to pardon the insinuations by which you would transfer a portion of your own errors to me! For was I not employed by you to carry your communications to your cousin? and if I did it with the hope of drawing a soul from a damnable heresy into the bosom of the true church, I see not wherefore I should take any part of the blame which belongs only to your rashness and violence."

"But, oh, my brother! my brother!" I exclaimed, "if the heresy is a damnable one, I have been the means of cutting thy life short while yet lying under the error of thy way! But think you, my friend," I added, "aught could now be done for the ill-fated Eustace? Are masses available for a soul departing in unbelief?"

I can give no reasonable account of what Gasparo said in reply to this question. My mind was at that time in such a state, that wild and terrible imaginations were on the point of overturning reason; although, when I arrived at Pisa and had driven to the hotel, I was so calm in my exterior deportment that even my companions did not fully apprehend my condition; and it is possible that, by proper management, I might have escaped the paroxysm of fever and delirium which ensued shortly afterward. But I had involved myself in the toils of that cruel power which stops at no step by which she supposes that her interests may be advanced. I was to be brought to a certain point, to which my will had not yet entirely submitted itself; and no suffering was to be spared me until I had made that submission of my will manifest to the power in whose toils I was involved. I had to deal, also, with a man who hated me, whose hatred, and the cause of it, I had not hitherto suspected: but I had, on several occasions, stood between Gasparo and that which he most desired on earth. I had disappointed him—I had blasted his hopes—and he hated me with an Italian hatred, and persecuted me with the fury and deep cunning of a son of the adulterous church. Oh! how was I deceived, doubly deceived! And to whom did I owe the influence of this deception but to myself? Because I had deceived others; because I had played with the affections of others; because I had been fierce, heady, high-minded, cruel—I was to be the dupe of deeper deception and of more deliberate cruelty: and all this I deserved, and more than this; and all that I was to suffer was for my good. But I now proceed to the account of what passed at Pisa.

As soon as we entered the hotel, Gasparo commanded that a table should be spread for us. It was noon, and I had tasted no food that day; but I turned with loathing from all that was set before me, with the exception of the wines, of which I drank, with the eagerness of excessive thirst, large quantities mingled with the coldest water I could procure. Gasparo seemed to take little notice of me until he had satisfied his own craving, when he asked me if I had formed any plans for the future.

"Do what you will with me," I answered.

"Shall I consult my friend and relation, Signor Bo-

raccio, the bishop of this place?" he answered. "He is a man of deep piety, and, as such, he has a heart filled with love and pity."

"Do what you will," I repeated; "but you can do me no good; I am lost eternally."

"Not so," he replied; "all you now are made to suffer is through the Divine mercy. You were a heretic—the member and minister of a church abhorred by God for its foul renunciation of the truth. You were in the way of death, and there is no excuse to be made for you that perhaps you knew it not."

"What!" I answered; "are all who sin through ignorance eternally lost, Gasparo?"

"Inasmuch," he replied, "as all those perished in the deluge who were not in the ark, so will all fall short of eternal happiness who do not belong to the true church."*

"Alas, then, for my country!" I answered. Gasparo re-echoed my groan; and then springing up, "Shall I or shall I not," said he, "repair to the house of my kinsman the bishop to state your case?"

I did not forbid him. "In the mean time," he said, "Cæsario shall accompany you through the town. There is much to be seen in Pisa. Shall I call Cæsario?"

"As you will," I answered, for I was reckless; yet motion seemed to relieve me, and I was ready before Cæsario had received his orders.

As soon as Gasparo had committed me to the care of the servant, he parted from us in another direction from that in which we were going, directing Cæsario to wait for him near the Duomo. The young Italian again led the way as we stepped into the street, and in a few minutes we had entered on a noble bridge which

* D. Si ce que vous dites est vray, comme parmi les hérétiques, il y en a plusieurs qui ne connoissent point leur erreur, il s'ensuit qu'il y en a aussi plusieurs qui ne sont hérétiques que de nom.

R. Il est certain que plusieurs ne connoissent pas leur erreur, mais il y en a bien peu qui n'ayent grand sujet de douter qu'ils sont dans l'erreur. Et quand même ils n'en douteroient nullement, et qu'ils croiroient estre dans la vraye Eglise, il est toutefois presque impossible, dans la liberté où ils vivent, de ne point tomber dans une infinité de desordres et de grands pechez, dont ils ne peuvent se relever par le sacrement de Penitence, qu'ils n'ont point, mais seulement par un pur amour de Dieu dont il est bien difficile de former un acte, tel qu'il convient pour estre sauvé.—*Cat. Theol.*

spanned the Arno—the Arno, I repeat: that river of romance! that classic flood! And yet, what was the Arno to me? I scarcely saw it—for I had hardly set my foot on the bridge, when my eye rested on a frightful *cortége* rapidly advancing towards us. It was, as I afterward learned, the funeral of a man who had committed suicide by cutting his throat. His remains were attended by the brethren of the Society of Misericordia; they were all dressed in black, and in them I thought I saw again the multiplied figure of the apparition of La Strada Balbi. They walked, or rather ran, for their motions were rapid, along the bridge. A coffin was borne in the centre of them, and a priest followed; who, as he brushed onward, murmured a wailing sort of chant, which the mourners took up, and continued throughout the line. This cadaverous assembly, for, with the exception of the priest, they all looked like persons risen from their coffins in the cere-cloth of the grave, carried with them certain flags or ensigns of their calling, which, seen in front, looked like coffins standing on end; and as the whole *cortége* floated by me, I stood horror-struck, and was myself, no doubt, as much an object of amazement to the hooded brethren, as they were of apprehension to my guilty soul; and it should, therefore, have been no matter of surprise to me if the eyes of each individual, as he passed, were fixed upon me.

No word, however, was spoken; and no sound made but that of the wailing chant; nevertheless, I fancied that the same terrible sentence—*They mourn at Kelford!* was wafted to my ear in the current of air occasioned by the swift-moving procession.

Cæsario, who knew more of my history and of my feelings than I supposed he did, set himself to explain to me the nature and customs of this order of Misericorde; but I paid him little attention, only directing him to lead on, which he did immediately, taking the direction of the Duomo, or cathedral, near to which are the Campanila, or celebrated Falling Tower, the Baptistry, and the Campo Santo. The time was when Pisa had 150,000 inhabitants; but this ancient city, of late years, is reduced to scarely more than 20,000; in consequence of which, houses which were constructed to endure for centuries, and were richly carved, and ornamented to suit the affluence of a prosperous state, now stood deso-

late and without repair—not wholly forsaken, yet partially inhabited, half shut up, and wanting such repairs as indicate a full and active population. In many instances, the finest marble ornaments were blackened and defaced by damp; and, as in all Italian towns which I have seen, the ground floors were occupied by stores, and presented the dark and forsaken appearance of dungeons, having only small grated apertures communicating with the open street. Still, amid this scene of wide desolation, there is an air of grandeur in Pisa that is wanting in most of our finest towns in the north; and the Cathedral, with the Falling Tower on its right and the beautiful Baptistry on its left, brought me to a stand. I looked up at these wonderful edifices of the middle age with a feeling of respect for the piety (as I chose to think it) of those who had constructed them at such an enormous cost; and this I could scarcely refrain from expressing to Cæsario; but, perceiving that some high ceremony was being transacted in the church, I would not go in—I feared the eyes of my fellow-creatures, and, expressing a wish to be private, Cæsario led me between the Duomo and the Baptistry, to the Campo Santo.

For a mind terrified by guilt and impressed by superstitious feelings, I can hardly conceive a place so horribly congenial as the Campo Santo. This most unique of human inventions—this ornamented Golgotha, for such I must be permitted to call it, is a long square, encompassed by a cloister, and in the centre is a grass-plot of considerable dimensions, to which the cloisters open. The history of this place is, that the Archbishop Ubaldo Lanfranchi, who was contemporary with Henry the Third, brought to Pisa a large quantity of earth from Mount Calvary, and placed it in the spot round which the cloister was afterward built during the same century: hence the name of Campo Santo—hence the ambition of the mighty superstitious to have their bones committed to this holy field. This, therefore, is a place of graves, and tombs, and whited sepulchres, and urns, and sarcophagi; for the dead have been brought hither from all parts of the world, and here they lie, in awful array, to tell tales of mortality and of the refuges of lies.

Oh! that the folly, and pride, and ambition of man should have so confounded and obscured the religion of

the gospel! That mankind should so long, through so many ages, have refused to listen to the glad tidings of salvation, and rejected the promise of unconditional redemption! It is a peculiar character of popery to keep the eye of its votary fixed on the dead and dying Saviour—on the horrors of Calvary—on the cross—and on the grave; and to keep back all images which exemplify the triumphs of the God Incarnate—the annihilation of the condemning power of the Law—the operations of the Spirit in giving a never-dying nature to the sinner—and the final destruction of death and the grave! But it would be well if the Roman Catholic were the only visible church which endeavours to serve her purposes by the images of the charnel-house, or by arousing the old thunders of the law. I speak from my own terrible experience: for had not the instructions which I received in youth partaken largely of these errors of popery, I had never fallen into the dreadful snares which, at the time I speak of, had entangled me as a lion caught in a snare of brass. There is much, indeed, in the Campo Santo, which might interest and occupy the antiquary for years. But amid all this vast assemblage of horrors, two fresco paintings fixed themselves on my imagination incomparably beyond all the other terrors of the place. The first of these was the Triumphs of Death, by Andrew Orgagna, painted in the fourteenth century; it is said to contain some portraits, but I knew nothing of them. I saw only three open coffins, large as reality, in the first of which is a corpse just become green and putrid; in the second, another wreck of the human body already tumbling to pieces; in the third, a skeleton; and near to these, a person so worn by sickness as to be ready, in all appearance, to take his place beside the coffins. Not one ray of hope is shed throughout the rest of this picture—no emblem used to indicate that he that imagined it had ever heard that in the end of all things death should be swallowed up in victory: but one, and one only dark scene of horror and despair—of worms and rottenness, was exhibited through the whole design! And how exhibited? With such truth of horrid colouring as to be fit only to drive the unenlightened beholder to abandon himself, at all hazards, to the present enjoyment or to the more insane resolve of committing suicide.

How truly is the gloomy character of the papal church, and, with her, of all Christian politics which are tinctured by a legal spirit, shown forth by the apostle, under the figure of a covering of sackcloth of hair (or of a tissue of human works), hiding the bright face of the sun from the creatures which it is formed to warm, to illuminate, and to invigorate.

On this same wall, and close beside, a representation of Dante's Inferno added to the horrors of the former tablet, by an exemplification of all the miseries which are threatened by the papal church when time shall be no more with any individual. When I had satiated my gloomy fancy with one set of images, I turned and looked upon the other, unheeding the voice of Cæsario, who was become not only impatient, but alarmed at the steadfast expression of my ardent eye.

It was the voice of Gasparo which roused me from the dreadful thoughts suggested by these terrible images thus presented to me.

"You are there, my friend," he said, "and your meditations are none of the most agreeable, I conjecture."

"How should they be?" I answered. "How should I in future meditate on that which is pleasant; and what remains for me but death, the grave, and the worm? I have done with happiness."

"And wherefore?" he answered. "Why is not happiness in store for you, as well as in times past it was for the adulterous Magdalen and the murderous Saul? Are not the arms of the holy mother church opened wide to embrace you? Does she not invite you to enter her service and be as a son to her? And if you have offended, and there is much to be forgiven, may it not be hoped that your love will be more ardent than that of those to whom little has been accorded?"

"Take me from hence!" I answered.

"Willingly," he replied, "I would leave Pisa this hour. My kinsman is not in the city; he has departed on a vow to Rome, and my presence is required at La Grottoe. I have performed that service for which I left it. It was exacted from me by that church whose authority I am bound to obey, to leave my place for a time and to visit another country; and this being done, I return to my more pleasing duties. Will you go with

me, Edvardo? You have no call now to your native land; you could not show yourself there again at present. Will you take up the ministry of the only true church on earth? I promise you absolution and peace—nay, joy, and honour, and self-approbation, if you follow the leadings of that Divine Providence which has conducted you to this point, through paths which you could not have contemplated or devised. Say but the word, and I will direct Cæsario to go to the hotel, and bring a carriage which shall convey us directly from this place to where the Mother of God will shed her celestial peace on your soul in the blessed solitude of her favoured abode."

"Do as you please," I answered, "I will leave this place. But dare I to hope that la Madonna del Grottoe can favour a murderer?"

Gasparo looked at Cæsario, who instantly withdrew, and then putting his arm within mine, he led me out of the Campo Santo into the area of the Duomo, where he conversed so long with me, all the time using arguments to persuade me at once to give up the world, and study for the ministry in the retirement of La Grottoe, that he at length prevailed, and I said, "Well, it is done—it shall be so. Could I but believe that the stain of blood could be washed from these hands—that the church would receive me into her bosom—that the Mother of God would adopt me, I might yet find peace."

"We are where this may be presently ascertained," he replied; "only tell me, brother, are you willing to stand the test to which I am ready to put your fate."

"I am reckless," I replied, "I cannot be more miserable than I am."

"Do you," added he, "question the power of the Mother of God—her power to save, or her will to give ineffable joy and pleasure to her votaries?" And then, uniting his hands and looking upward, he said, or rather chanted, these words—"Oh Gloriosa Domina, excelsa super sidera, qui te creavit providé, lactasti sacro ubere. Quod Eva tristis abstulit, tu reddis almo germine: intrent ut astra flebiles, cœli fenestra facta es. Tu regis alti janua, et porta lucis fulgida: vitam datam per Virginem, gentes redemptæ plaudite. Gloria tibi, Domine, qui natus es de Virgine cum Patre et Sancto Spiritu, in sempiterna secula." Then adding, with an altered yet more ecstatic manner, "Oh sacred mother! thou who

diedst of love!* inflame our hearts with the same divine passion—compel us, through our aspirations after thy celestial charms, to forget all earthly affections!" But I refrain from adding some other expressions used by Gasparo at this time, for whereas the female devotees of the papal church, and especially the religieuses, accustom themselves to address the Saviour in the language of earthly love, on the other hand the addresses to the Virgin from the mouths of men are only less awful, inasmuch as the person thus addressed is no more than a woman. The very earthliness of these services was, at the period of my life of which I am speaking, what formed their peculiar attraction to me. And I well remember, while Gasparo was thus holding forth under the walls of the Duomo at Pisa in praise of Mary, that I was stirring up my imagination in adorning this object of adoration held forth to me by Gasparo in all the united beauties of every lovely woman I had ever seen. Hence, when Cæsario appeared to tell us that a carriage was waiting for us in the nearest street, I was ready to follow Sacripante whithersoever he desired to lead me; but, before we accompanied Cæsario to the carriage, he undertook to put my favour with the Virgin to an infallible test. Accordingly, he took me by the hand, telling Cæsario to wait without, and led me into that exquisitely beautiful Gothic building called the Baptistry, which is situated at the left hand of the Cathedral at Pisa.

This edifice was reared in the twelfth century, and is surmounted with a dome which, however, is much smaller than that of the Cathedral. The interior of the building consists of one circular chamber, of which the dome forms the roof; the area, which is paved with precious mosaics, is encircled by twelve arches most richly wrought, which are supported by twelve columns of Sardinian granite; and pilasters of white marble, fixed on the arches, serve as bases to a second row of pillars which support the cupola. There are also several galleries running one above another in the height of the walls; as to anything more, however, than the general outline and contour of the place, I remember nothing.

The building was quite empty when we entered, and

* In the history of the Virgin, it is said she died from the effects of the flame of Divine love.

Gasparo, by a signal, admonished me not to speak. We advanced to the very centre of the chamber, and both kneeling down on the pavement, he admonished me, by another signal, to cover my eyes. With this I instantly complied, for my feelings were worked up to a state of the highest excitement, and I was filled with awe; the stillness of a minute or more succeeded; then, in a voice of vast depth and sweetness, Gasparo chanted these few words in Latin—Say, Mary, Mother of God, I receive this sinner to my bosom.

Immediately—nay, before he had concluded, every note which he had uttered was distinctly rendered in tones celestial, not often repeated, but much prolonged, in a manner so ravishing, so unearthly, so infinitely melodious, that I could, I thought, have listened for ever. But Gasparo drew me up by the arm, hastened with me into the open air, and spoke not till we were seated in the coach provided by Cæsario, and rattling away through the streets of Pisa towards the gate which opens in the direction of the mountains.

I now may say, that from this time began a new era of my life. My reader may perhaps admonish me that I have used this expression before, and that I have had already several new eras; be it so, I grant it, but this era was a mental one, one in which I yielded my soul entirely to superstition. What had happened to me in the Baptistry could be accounted for in the most natural way; it was the result only of a skilful and well-timed use of one of those pieces of machinery with which the Romish superstition provided itself in the dark ages of the church, in order thereby to work its will on the minds of men. We have read of the Orphic and Eleusinian mysteries—of oracular voices and speaking images, with various other devices of a crafty and ambitious pagan priesthood; but few of those who have lived only in a Protestant country are aware that popery has used every art and device of this nature, and has in all her ancient seats much machinery of this nature for maintaining her terrors over the minds of those of her people of whose fealty she is not assured. The time had been with me when I should have detected the trick in an instant, and experienced nothing but disgust at being thus played upon; but my mind at this period was so given up to the influence of superstition, and so enthralled by a wounded conscience, that there was no

power left in me to resist any delusion. I had confided in my own reason and walked in my own strength; I had despised the authority of my natural friends, and it was but a just and appropriate chastisement of my offence that my reason, for a time, should lose its power under the influence of excitement, and that it should not be restored until I had involved myself in difficulties from which no effort of my own could extricate me. My madness, or excitement, or fever, whatever it might be which affected me, still acted in unison with my pride and natural selfishness; and it pleased me to imagine that the sweet voice of the echo, for it was no other which I had heard in the Baptistry, was a communication from heaven itself, from the Virgin Mother of God, who had particular regard for me; and henceforward, taking for my motto—The greater sinner the greater saint—I resolved to set all other thoughts aside, and to become a champion of the Church of Rome. I did not even despair of canonization; and Gasparo, seeing me in this humour, failed not to do all that in him lay to keep my resolution to the sticking point, feeding my enthusiasm by assuring me that he accounted me to be an especial favourite with the Mother of God, nor wondering that I should be so, inasmuch as I had had courage to break through every tie in which heresy had bound me, in order to throw myself into her bosom.

Cæsario had provided that we should have good horses—we travelled rapidly, therefore; and it was well we did so, otherwise we should infallibly have been stopped by the way; for we had not left Pisa many hours when I fell into a heavy feverish slumber, and my companions, Gasparo and C[illegible], were aware that a fever was gaining rapidly [illegible]me. We therefore continued our progress all day, and arrived at Massa Carrara late in the evening, where we waited only for the morning, at which time, as my illness increased, a litter was procured for me, with mules for Gasparo and the servant, and we turned aside from the more frequented roads towards the hills. I remember no more of this journey; it was all a scene of confusion to me; a period of pain, and burning thirst, and intense suffering; until at length I was lifted from the litter, and carried up several flights of stairs to a chamber, where I was laid on a bed. I had at length arrived at the end of my journey—I was at La Grottoe, in a place which had the double and not

rare character of a monastery and a college. Of this establishment Gasparo was the superior, though not there called Gasparo, but the Padre Juliano. The next time I saw him after our arrival he was clad in a long robe of purple silk, bound round the waist with a cord; while a cowl or hood fell back on his shoulders, which habit, as it peculiarly suited the character of his face, made him appear more handsome in my eyes than I had ever thought him before. My title, if not my name, was again altered; I was no longer the Signor, but the Brother Edvardo; and I was made to understand that I was to call myself an Irishman. As to Cæsario, he disappeared on our arrival at La Grottoe; he had, probably, finished the part he had undertaken to act, had received his reward, and had sought some other service. But the confounding influences of the fever by which I was entirely prostrated prevented me, for a while, from being able to discern between things real and palpable in my new situation, and those which were remembered or imagined in my former condition; and several days, in fact, had passed away before my natural faculties were so far restored as to enable me to inquire where I was, and who the persons were who had visited and succoured me during the predominance of my distemper.

CHAPTER XII.

The scenes to which I now purpose to introduce my reader, although growing out, as it were, from those which are before related, are so totally and entirely distinct from them in their character, that it might be almost wondered how they can be brought together in the thread of one man's life.

Henceforward my reader must cease to think of me as the gay, the insinuating Edmund Etherington, either standing in his own strength to preach that law of which he had himself broken every precept, even in the simple letter, or shining in imaginary excellence in the assemblies of ladies, many of whom were not ashamed to acknowledge their regard for him, although scarcely solicited so to do; but he must behold me all changed and

altered, rising with an enfeebled frame from the bed of sickness, and assuming the garb which is worn by the pretendant to the ecclesiastical order in the papal church—viz., a suit of black cloth, which was none of the finest, a white band, a scarf, and a shovel hat; my hair having been cut close during my illness, and my clothes being fashioned with anything but an air of smartness, or even neatness. Let the reader also contemplate the change of expression wrought in this their hero by the change of mind. A furious zeal had seized possession of my soul, entirely engaging my affections in its cause; with love turned, as I fancied, into hate, at any rate much despoiled by contempt and anger, and patriotism imbittered by the feeling that all my countrymen were heretics, and that eternal misery was the desert, as well as the sure consequence of their obstinacy.

The papist is unsparing in his condemnation of others. It would seem as if it were a pleasure to him to send souls to hell: he seems to be intimately acquainted with all the secrets of the infernal regions, and can contemplate the eternal tortures of whole nations of his fellow-creatures, not only without pain, but with actual satisfaction. Let my reader see below* what I, as a pupil of the Jesuits, was obliged not only to learn, but to teach concerning infernal and eternal punishments. But it was several days after I had risen from my couch before I mingled with the rest of the family, entered upon my studies and other duties, or looked round on the entirely new scene into which I had been introduced.

Being recovered from my sickness, so far at least as to be able to mix with the family, I speedily fell in with the rules of the household, if not as a brother, at least as a student. Our superiors were all, in fact, disciples of Ignatius Loyola, although, for certain political reasons, they did not call themselves Jesuits, but commonly fratres de la Grottoe; their order being, as they

* D. Que verra-t'on dans l'Enfer?
R. On y verra des demons, dont la laideur est si horrible, qu'elle est capable de faire mourir tous les hommes, s'ils la voyoient.
D. Qu'entendra-t'on dans l'Enfer?
R. Des cris, des hurlemens, des grincemens de dents, des renimens, des blasphemes, et un bruit épouvantable qui ne finira jamais.
D. Que sentira t'on dans l'Enfer?
R. Des puanteurs insupportables, &c. &c.—*Cat. Thiel.*

pretended, that of St. Dominic. There were about twelve boys in the family, of different ages, all being under preparation for the church; I saw little of them excepting in the chapel, and the little I did see did not induce me to solicit further acquaintance with these scions of popery. However young they might be, they were habited in black gowns, bands, scarfs, and slouched hats, that is, when in full dress; and these urchins were precisely what might be expected from a system wherein lies, which have the poisonous tendency of inflating, are grafted on human depravity without a corrective. The depravity of human nature cannot, I am aware, be corrected by any system of education which man can adopt; but at least, if man were not pragmatical, he would, in all his plans and arrangements, endeavour, as much as in him lies, to follow the leadings of Providence, and avoid the establishment and enforcement of such orders of things as are contrary to those feelings of the human creature which are only sinful in their perversion. Can anything, I ask, be more contrary to our nature, and to that social principle which the Almighty acknowledged when he said, "It is not good for man to be alone; I will make a help meet for him," than the system of monastic life? Oh! were I to reveal but half the things which are done in secret in these refuges of lies, such as are these pretended religious houses, my words would canker and blister my paper! But man must be wiser than God; he must cause men to live with men, and females to associate only with females; he must destroy the sweet charities of the husband and the wife, and annihilate the honourable and tender love which should subsist between the brother and the sister who has shared his cradle; he must tear the infant son from the mother's arms; and blast the affections of those to whom the Lord has said, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband." Oh! who can tell the mischief which has been done by that power of which one of the leading marks is the forbidding them to marry!

To recur to the pupils of La Grottoe: the very least of these fully comprehended that he must never marry: and let the reader inquire, from experience and observation of his own heart, how such a condemnation of matrimony would naturally act upon the mind of a young man. But I refrain from pursuing this subject

as far as it would take me. If my reader has any knowledge of the human heart, he will add all else I should wish to say, and be able to judge how this contempt, thrown upon the divinely-appointed state of matrimony, would affect a mind under the natural influences of youthful feelings.

The habits, that is, the forms of this our mingled establishment, were very orderly as concerned the exterior of things; the regular brethren were obliged to observe the comparatively severe rules of monastic discipline—that is, they attended the usual hours of prayer, once in the night, and several times in the day. They had many fasts and vigils, but they were permitted to walk abroad. They were by no means so shut up as are the sisters in all the convents of Italy, many of whom never quit the limits of their walls from the day of their profession until that of their death. I have reason to think that many of our brethren had intimacies in the peasant houses, but I was too proud to look much into their private habits. I soon perceived that the mass of them were low, ignorant persons, and I never made any intimacy with any of them in La Grottoe.

The students were not required to attend all the services in the chapel, neither did they take their meals at the same table with the regulars: they had generally with them at their meals either the superior or his next in command, the Father Guelpho, and if ever there were (as I do not question there have been many) a sincere papist, and one who thoroughly believed all he taught, it was this man. With one foot already in the grave, he seemed to have no other object than the advancement of the interests of the church; and as there were several of the monks who were to the full as devoted to the cause, in all appearance, as himself, the graver as well as the elder party had sufficient influence to repress the open sallies of the lighter spirits; nay, sometimes to do more, to inspire the young ones with temporary alarms, and to fill their minds with nameless and indefinable terrors. I had formed the wish of soliciting ordination when next the bishop came round, and as I had only a few weeks for preparation, I had no time to lose. I therefore devoted myself to study in my own chamber and in the library, and exercised myself much in the

Italian language, being anxious to signalize myself as a preacher.

It may be asked in what my studies consisted. I reply, first, in the works of the later fathers, especially Chrysostom, Ambrose, and Augustin, and in the controversies between the papists and Protestants, which, having been penned by papists, of course represented the Protestant as a vanquished foe. The History of the Council of Trent was a work which I read with great attention. Cardinal Bellarmini, moreover, engaged many of my studious hours; and I also endeavoured to make myself master of all the customs and forms of the church.

I turned the schoolmen over and over, and became so bewildered by their metaphysics, and so inflated by their false reasonings, that I marvel now that I did not lose my senses. And all this time there was a weight of guilt upon my mind which I could not shake off, and for the remedy of which I had recourse to various mortifications and penances—such as the repeating of many forms of prayer—lying on a knotted mattress—rejecting food—drinking only water, and depriving myself of sleep—thinking to make a merit to myself of these bodily tortures—a merit which might balance my offences. In the mean time I went little abroad; I know not that I went beyond the walls of the monastery, and, probably, should have brought myself into a dreadful state of health had this system been prolonged. But, not to enlarge too much in this place, I shall shortly say, that the bishop arrived at La Grottoe after I had been there some weeks, and that he consented the next day to ordain me in the church of La Madonna del Grottoe immediately after having professed a sister who had been waiting his arrival for this purpose.

There is no doubt that his highness had been apprized of all the circumstances of my case, and was too proud to have such an accession as a young man of noble family, and of Protestant parents, to think it right to throw any impediments in the way of my ordination. He therefore received me, when I was presented to him the night before the ceremony, with much blandness of aspect, and told me that he looked forward, in my person, to an able champion of the faith; adding, that I might be especially useful in addressing my own nation wherever I might happen to meet with any such. In

answer to this I hinted that, owing to certain unhappy circumstances, I much feared I should never be able to render myself acceptable to the people of my own land. "This," he replied, "may, in time, perhaps, be got over. But, be that as it may please the gracious Ruler of all things, there are heretics in other lands besides England; and who are so fit to address them as those who have themselves been won from the error of their ways?" Our conversation was somewhat prolonged; and when the bishop dismissed me for the night, he admonished me to spend some hours in prayer and meditation. With this I complied; that is, I knelt in my chamber, and went through several forms of private devotion; but they were only forms; for my thoughts were not with these services—they reverted to the days that were past; all the lovely features of Kelford seemed to rise before my fancy, and the image of Emmeline presented itself before me in all its loveliness. I was about to renounce for ever, by a solemn vow, all hope of meeting her again. My mind began to waver. This vow of celibacy, which I took upon me with the ministry, was, I thought, too vast a sacrifice. I could not think calmly of renouncing my first love for ever; and yet, had I not already lost her irrecoverably? Would she—could she—join her hand with one that was stained with a brother's blood? This question, thus suggested to my heart, brought in another train of thoughts. I remembered La Strada Balbi; the whisper which I fancied that I had heard on the bridge at Pisa; the terrible images in the Campo Santo; the sweet music of the Baptistry; and superstition and enthusiasm again gaining their ascendency, I cut short my forms, and, throwing myself on my couch, slept till aroused at dawn by the voice of one knocking at my door. It was a young man nearly of my age, who was that day to receive the unction at the same time with me. I shall have occasion to say much hereafter of this Francesco del Sarto. "Awake, Brother Edvardo," he said; "I trust that the work before us is good; the morning indeed is auspicious; the Madonna del Grottoe smiles upon us, and her towers are already illuminated with the beams of the morning."

I started up, and was presently dressed and ready to join the train of the bishop in its march to the convent; the signor, being aged and infirm, was carried in a litter,

the rest followed on foot. We went out at the gate of the principal court which opened on the garden, and having passed through a low arched doorway in the wall of the garden, we found ourselves on the bare and rugged mountain, where certain steps, cut in the rock, brought us, with some expenditure of breath, on the platform in front of the caverns on which the walls of the convent were erected. These caverns presented a range of rugged arches to the eye, some of them gaping wide to the view, others being almost overgrown and darkened with curtains of pendant vegetables, being all beautiful with creepers rich and gay with aromatic blossoms, or loaded with immense masses of ivy, the stems of which had endured beyond the age of man. A small rill rippling forth burst upon the eye of day from beneath one of these curtained arches, and from thence, taking a little circle round the hill, with much brawling, fell, in a white wreath of mist and spray, into the garden of the monastery; there, being augmented by another rill, it proceeded more quietly till near where it took another leap towards the valley, in the bottom of which, in union with another water-course, it became a deep and peaceful rivulet.

Being for the first time on this platform, I looked up with admiration on the high towers of white marble which hundreds of years had scarcely sullied in that pure atmosphere. The buildings ran along on the very verge of the rock, and I was still wondering how we were to reach the chapel which stood right above us, when the bearers of the litter passed under the first arch, and suddenly entered within a vast natural chamber of the rock, where many rude images, standing in the niches, marked the superstitious feelings of those who presided over them; candles were lighted and burning at these several shrines, for before each image was a sort of altar, and these lights sufficed to show a wide stair cut in the rock and leading up to the convent, as well as several obscure archways leading to passages branching off from the first chamber, the walls of which returned a sort of damp and glimmering reflection. Such were the grottoes from which the place took its name, and they had secrets of their own, more, no doubt, than I ever discovered; and yet there are some which, having known, I dare not think of. Who can say, or who can tell, what deeds have been done in

those subterraneous chambers? But, blessed be God! the spirit of Antichrist has been robbed of its power in this our own country; the infidel may revile the Church of England, and be ungrateful for what our reformers did, but he that sees popery only in England, where its worst features are concealed from observation, can never sufficiently appreciate the deliverance which was wrought for us when the papal authority was thrust out of this land.

Onward I went in the sacred train, as I then thought it; they carried the bishop up the stairs, we all followed, and after several turnings, illuminated from without by narrow slits of windows cut in the rock, we at length found ourselves in an outer court of La Madonna, beneath the eastern window of the chapel. A large hall, communicating with the chapel by a door opening upon the high altar, behind a screen of wrought marble, next received us; there the bishop was set on a chair of purple, bossed with gilded studs, before which was a wide table covered with a crimson cloth, on which were a few books, a silver inkstand, and some written papers. The Padre Juliano showed some of these papers to the bishop, while one of the attendants presented him with a silver salver, on which were chocolate and biscuits; from whence these refreshments had been produced I saw not at first, but Francesco made me observe a tour at the other end of the apartment, with which tour the officiating priests were, as I afterward found, very well acquainted.

A few minutes being passed, some of the higher functionaries under his highness the bishop, together with the Padre Juliano, passed into the chapel, taking their places within the rails of the high altar, and I was also permitted to take a position there from which I could see all that passed. The chapel of La Madonna del Grottoe was an exquisite building, being composed of the finest polished marbles, wrought according to the lightest florid Gothic. At the western end was an organ; the ceiling was painted in gilt compartments, the subjects being taken from the acts attributed to la Madonna, the centre-piece representing her assumption; on the left hand was a range of windows enriched with the most brilliant coloured glass—gold, azure, and green being the predominant hues. On the right and left, about the centre of the wall of the chapel were

two altars of various coloured marbles and precious stones, and above each a female figure; the one of these being la Santa Veredeme, of obscure memory, the other la Santa Maria Magdalene, of more renown. On the right hand of the church the wall was widely pierced to admit two large gratings, the one opening on the high altar, the other below it; these gratings, being double, were of iron without and wood within, and through them the hall, where the sisters sat to assist at the services, commonly called the choir, was visible in every part. It was in character with the church, exquisitely beautiful, but it was empty when I first saw it. Behind the altar, under the great eastern window, was a screen of marble most delicately chiselled; and again, under the screen, between that and the altar, was a most magnificent cross in some sort of polished stone, on which hung a dying Saviour, and at the foot a weeping Madonna, perhaps the most beautiful figure I ever saw wrought by the hand. Both the mother and the suffering son were of the purest marble, from the quarries of Carrara; they were touchingly, awfully fine, and showed what man could do in rendering idolatry acceptable even to a refined intellect.

The body of the chapel was already crowded when I entered, and the persons sitting directly without the railings of the high altar were undoubtedly of high distinction. I could not but wonder from whence, in a place so retired, such a concourse could have come; I was not then aware that the occasion of a profession of a sister was one of festivity to all her connexions, and that a grand breakfast was always given by the poor victim to all her relations, as well as to the forlorn companions of her future life. They were singing a fine recitative, accompanied by the organ, when I entered and placed myself as a privileged person within the railing, exactly opposite the grated opening near to the high altar. I had stood there scarcely a minute, when the procession of the sisters appeared in the choir, those who were of inferior rank, being young persons in their novitiates, that is, candidates for the veil, or perhaps under education, coming first. To none of these, as I afterward found, were the secrets of the interior unfolded. They entered two by two, making a genuflexion as they passed before the altar, the superior coming in last with the young lady who

was to take the veil; these two placed themselves within the grating which opened on the altar. His highness, in full pontificals, had by this time taken his seat on a velvet chair without this grating. The sisters who had entered placed themselves within the choir, according to their rank; the nuns in black veils, who had taken the irrevocable vow, being ranged in a graceful semicircle immediately behind the superior and the professing sister. The picture was fine, and the solemn music which was still proceeding added no little to the interest of the scene; yet, as I looked on, even my blind and burning fanaticism could not prevent me from feeling that a scene like this could only be furnished by a terrible force upon the feelings of our nature. Alas! what tales of wo, I thought, could those fair creatures (for many of the young sisters were very lovely, and those most lovely sat in the most conspicuous places) —how many tales of wo could those fair sisters tell, of bereaved parents, cruel compulsion, and disastrous love! But when these more tender thoughts would intrude themselves, my zeal arose against them; I muttered to myself—"Well, be it so; if religion demands such sacrifices as these, should parents withhold them? If celibacy be required of the nobler sex, why not of that which is the inferior? And are not we, the priests and brethren, the guardians of these beautiful ones? Is it not our duty to watch them, and see that they adhere to the vows which they have taken?" And then, for the first time, I became sensible of that jealousy which the priest is often known to feel of the regard of the sisters, and I was not displeased to perceive that my figure had already attracted more than one pair of bright eyes from beneath a consecrated hood.

When every person had taken his place, somewhat to my astonishment, I perceived that Gasparo had mounted a pulpit attached to the wall of the church, opposite the choir, and was beginning to hold forth. The subject of his harangue was the enviable state to which the pretendante for the black veil (for it was a novice who was about to take the last vow) had now arrived, in being admitted as the bride of Christ, and the daughter, in consequence, of the Blessed Virgin. He compared the taking of the black veil to the passage of the children of Israel over Jordan to the Holy Land; not scrupling to say that this veil was a garment in

which she who assumed it might appear with confidence at the day of judgment. He afterward enlarged on the ineffable joys of divine love, using language which I could not now repeat, and applying the title of la sposa to the poor deluded girl who sat before him. After the sermon, the ceremony of putting on the black veil ensued. It is of little import to repeat all the minor circumstances of this ceremony. The young creature who was about to receive the veil seemed to be scarcely more than fifteen; she had a baby face, but looked very pale.

I heard the bishop catechise her according to a formulary respecting her motives for profession; she answered as she had been taught, in set phrases, uttering her responses in a sort of feeble chant. The bishop then passed a riband round her neck, to which was attached a cross, and then, after other recitatives, her white veil was dropped, and a black veil passed over her head. Then was the ceremony irrevocable. A crown of roses was afterward laid over the black veil, which might be thought a mockery of wo; and black curtains having been dropped over the grating, I heard the sweet, sad chant of the departing sisters as they left the choir and passed away into the interior of the convent. Next ensued my part of the pageant, which was preceded by a change of the robes of the bishop, and the substitution of one shaped head-dress for another. The ceremony was long, and too tedious to relate. Oil and incense were abundantly used, and the service ended with me and my companion by our being required to lie a long time on the ground at the feet of the prelate.

Oh! the folly of man—the gross folly of man, when he leans to his own understanding! But when I arose, what was I but a priest—an anointed priest—one to whom it was given to forgive sins and to create a God! Oh, Lord! forgive the blasphemy of man!

Although invited to the breakfast given in the parlour of the convent, I did not avail myself of the invitation, knowing that a still more savoury regale awaited me from the kitchen of our own monastery. And here I conclude this portion of my narrative, as matter entirely new is next to press on our attention.

CHAPTER XIII.

On the evening of the day of my ordination I was called into the presence of the bishop. The scene is before me now as perfect as it was at the time. The lofty apartment, with its high Gothic windows, and various paintings of the old Italian school, representing the life of St. Anthony in all the plenitude of its absurdities; the high crucifix of black marble at the bottom of the room, raised on a sort of dais, also of marble; the table or altar which stood beneath it on the dais; the huge marble slab in the centre of the room, whereon stood a chalice and cup of wrought silver, into the contents of which it was no business of mine to pry; together with the fine figure of the venerable prelate, seated in a sort of chair of state, somewhat sideway as it regarded the table and that which was thereon, are all, as I before said, fixed on my memory as if I had seen them but yesterday.

The prelate excused himself from rising when I entered, alleging fatigue and infirmity, but he made me sit down, and entered into discourse with me in a manner so condescending, indeed, I may add affectionate, that even to this hour I retain, in spite of reason, a feeling much allied to respect with regard to him; although I cannot doubt that the holy father was as complete a deceiver as any other of his confraternity of the great apostate church. However, his words fell as honey from his lips, and he so thoroughly understood whom he had to deal with, that he affected to address me as a person entirely above most others in the house, unless it might be Gasparo, in the grand articles of birth and breeding. He began with me by an exhortation respecting the duties of the priestly office, which he seemed to have put in the scale with the high-priest of the Jews; and in this scale to have found the preponderance in the favour of the papal minister. Nor did he take the word in its real signification, as that of an elder, but used it in the sense of a hierophant or sacrificer, in which sense there is no priest in the Christian church, inasmuch as there is now no sacrifice to make; that which

our Lord once made being complete, as is abundantly shown in the Epistle to the Hebrews. But as much which the bishop said to me on this and other subjects allied to it would be dry in the repetition, I shall use my wonted custom, and state the opinions of the Roman Catholic Church in a note subjoined below from their own books.* I was perfectly ready to admit all that my superior wished to teach me respecting my importance as a member, nay, a ruler, though under the higher authorities, of the only true church on earth. As there was no disagreement in opinion between us, the bishop came the sooner to the end of his charge, and was at liberty to open upon another subject, the pith and marrow of which was to this effect—that I, Edmund Hetherington, or, as I had chosen to be called since my arrival in Italy, the Signor Edvardo, being a young man of noble family, remarkable for personal perfections, a man of astonishing ability, having a voice which was melody itself; one that naturally had a vast influence with the weaker sex; one especially beloved by the Holy Virgin; being, in short, a very surprising and accomplished person, should and ought to leave the retirement which I had chosen, and go to Rome, or any other city in Italy where I might meet with heretics, and where I might have the opportunity of converting, or at least of confounding, such miserable persons, by the force of those arguments which had prevailed on myself.

The bishop further told me what he could do for me immediately. He had a noble cousin, whom he called a prince, just married, and living in Padua, and he would, if I pleased, procure me the situation of chaplain and confessor in the family—a situation in which I should

* D. Quel est l'Office et le pouvoir du Prêtre?

R. C'est de consacrer le Corps et le Sang de Jésus Christ, et d'absoudre les pecheurs.

D. Qui a donné ce divin pouvoir aux Prêtres?

R. C'est Jésus Christ, qui le leur a donné par l'entremise des Evêques qui les ont sacrés.

D. Et qui a donné aux Evêques le pouvoir de Sacrer les Prêtres?

R. C'est encore Jésus Christ luy mesme qui leur a conferré cette puissance, par l'entremise des autres Evêques, jusqu'à ce que vous arriviez aux Apotres qui ont esté les premiers Evêques, et qui ont receu ce pouvoir immediatement de Jésus Christ; mais Jésus Christ ne l'a receu, et ne l'a pû recevoir de personne, puisqu'il est Dieu Tout puissant *de qui tout pouvoir procede*, comme dit St. Paul.—*Cat. Theol.*

at once be introduced to the notice of the great, and one where my various endowments would be called into action. He condescended even to plead with me to this effect. "Come, my son," he said, "be persuaded by me, there is before you a brilliant ———; I offer my hand to conduct you to it. Remember that your lawful prince, the Cardinal of York, now holds the next to the pontifical rank in the court of Rome."

I felt my mind warm and inflame under this address; and though we were not under the seal of confession, I laid open my heart, with little reserve, to the bishop—concluding the confession by saying that nothing but the feeling that, though accidentally, I had slain an elder brother, could ever keep me in the retirement which I had chosen, for my heart burnt to signalize myself as a champion of the truth in the presence of my own people.

"The wound is yet green; we will therefore wait a little, my son," he replied; and then, wishing me good rest, he dismissed me from his presence.

The next morning he departed, and things fell into their old routine, with this exception only, that I was treated more as an equal by the heads of the household, and with more respect by the inferiors; and that I was put forward to perform many small services belonging to my office. I prayed with the sick in the village, baptized children, and was initiated into the mysteries of the confessional, though not (as I had desired), as yet, in the convent of La Grottoe—this office being always fulfilled either by Padre Juliano, or, in case of his absence, by the Padre Guelpho; and I soon ascertained that Juliano, who my reader must observe is the same as Gasparo, was never forward in employing me in any services in the chapel of the Madonna.

What a fool is man to endeavour to annihilate the passions, by removing the objects which are provided by the Almighty for their proper exercise. In the sweet charities of domestic life, love is not only ennobled, but sanctified; but what does this same absorbing feeling become when it has no legitimate object. Could I not see, could I not discern, by reading my own heart, that Juliano was as jealous of the fair sisters of La Grottoe as ever man was of woman? Did I not observe how he manœuvred to ensure my absence whenever some high festival would have authorized me to be

present in the chapel of the Madonna; and this man was, by his station, the appointed confessor of these fair sisters. They were to reveal to him not only their offending acts, but their most secret desires. In case of their being sincere, they did not dare to hold anything back; and these poor victims had never been initiated in that holy word, by which, through the teachings of the spirit, the way of youth is cleansed, and the flesh in many instances silenced. Hence, then, let my reader conceive what must often have been the nature of these exposures of the heart, in cases where fear compelled the wretched penitent to remove every evil.

But it was not for me to seem to have detected these secret feelings of Juliano; we therefore continued our companionship, though never, perhaps, was a companionship more hollow, yet with such show of friendship, that on the promotion to a benefice of the Padre Anastasio, a member of the community whose rank as officiating priest stood next to that of the old Padre Guelpho, Juliano nominated me to his office; though, for the present, this was little more than a sinecure as it regarded the convent, Guelpho being still capable of some service, and Juliano being present. The appointment, therefore, was considered only as a compliment, and as such I took it.

It was some weeks after this that, I was one morning taking the air in the court of the monastery with Juliano, a man on foot, but wearing the appearance of one come off a hasty journey, entered the gate, and inquiring for the Signor Gasparo, delivered into his hand a sealed packet, informing him, at the same time, that he was come from Genova on the part of some friend of the signor's whose name he mentioned.

Juliano opened the packet, and started while he read what was written on the envelope of the letter enclosed within. Credit is due to him for good acting—for once, and that not for the first or second time, he completely deceived me.

"By the holy cross," he exclaimed, "here is the lost letter—the letter we should have received at Genova. Hear what my friend says," and he read as follows:—"By the strangest accident, my dear Sacripante, I have found the letter you were anxiously looking for when at Genova. It was committed to a private hand, and was carried in the pocket of a young man, a servant of

a courier from our city to the Sardinian ambassador in London, to whom it was especially confided, on his return, by the Abbé Beauregard: nor would it in all human probability ever have reached my hand, had not this same young man fallen in a fray in the street opposite my house, and been brought into the lodge of my doorkeeper, in a state of entire insensibility. He was there laid on a couch, and remained some days; and it was then that the letter was found in his pocket, rumpled and soiled as now you see it."

"Oh! Sainte Edvardo! Oh! Holy Virgin!" I exclaimed—"and this is the fatal letter which told of the unhappy end of my—"

I could not finish my sentence, and, as I well remember, my knees trembled, and I sunk on a stone bench, of which there were many in the court, while Juliano opened the abbé's letter, turning his face from me, as I thought, to spare my feelings.

He exclaimed once or twice while reading—I thought he said, "Felice! Felice!—benedicite! benedicite!—sancta Maria! sancta Maria!" then turning to me and embracing me, "Rise, Edvardo," he exclaimed, "or rather kneel, and bless the sovereign powers above—you are no murderer—your brother lives."

I did not comprehend what he said; I was past myself. But my reader shall hear the letter, every word of which is graven on my memory.

"I write to you, dear Juliano, in great haste, as the bearer is about to set out for Genova, and will be there before any post would travel the road. I am assured of his fidelity, and the matters on which I write ought not to be intrusted to public despatches. Tell your unhappy friend that he has at least been spared the murder of his brother. The young gentleman lives, and has only a slight gunshot wound in the arm. No vital part was touched, but he was stunned, and remained insensible some time. Thus all would have been well, had not an unqualified report of the unhappy circumstances of the evening been hastily carried to the old lord. The English are a proud race, and peculiarly sensitive with regard to their women. When it was told the father that his daughter had consented to fly to the Continent with her lover, so terrible were his emotions that the gout, which had been threatening his ex-

tremities for some time, attacked a vital part, and he died before Monsieur le Doyen, who was immediately sent for, could arrive in London. Here, then, is a house of wo, and the unhappy daughter refuses all consolation. But the packet is about to sail; I close my letter in haste; comfort poor Edvardo. Be to him a guide, a friend, a father. Benedicite.

"HORATIO BEAUREGARD."

To have been the indirect cause of hastening the death of an uncle, whose race had run nearly to the appointed boundaries of the life of man, was a very different thing in my imagination from having been the direct cause of the death of an elder brother. And although I suddenly found myself removed some distance from the chance of the title, a title which I could never have enjoyed had Eustace died by my hand, even if murder could not have been proved against me, this removal did not affect me in the least, so much was my conscience relieved by the uplifting of that weight of guilt which had depressed me even more than I had been aware of. Yet I was not thankful to God for this relief. I was only one degree more self-satisfied in consequence thereof. I felt that there was now no reason for hiding my face from my countrymen; and I began to think that I had been most ungenerously treated by my father, now Lord C——, in that he had not taken some pains to find out whither I had fled. In short, my late sullen sorrow and inward terror were suddenly converted, not into gratitude for that I had been spared a direful effect of my murderous passions, but into self-satisfaction, and a feeling of resentment against my relatives, as if I had been the injured party and they the offenders, but because the Almighty had given me a strong delusion that I should believe a lie, as a just punishment of my self-will. I never once, at that period, conceived the smallest suspicion of foul play, nor suspected that the Abbé Beauregard and the Padre Juliano had so arranged their correspondence that the second letter should be first seen by me, and that the first should not come to hand till I had passed the rubicon of the priesthood.

As soon as the first agitation of spirits had subsided after having read the letter of the abbé, I proposed to Juliano that I should accept the bishop's proposal, and

that I should go to him where we understood that he then was, at an estate near Padua, into which he had unexpectedly entered some years before upon the death of an elder brother. Juliano approved of the plan; and, having little to prepare for my journey, I immediately set out, and, in due course of time, found myself at the gates of Il Castello Dora, for such was the name of the mansion of my patron the bishop. By him I was received with great appearance of friendship, and with real politeness and much ceremony, as the son of an English nobleman; and for several months in the train of the bishop, I made the experiment of a new mode of life, which, to say the least of it, was highly exciting, and set my young blood all in motion.

In compliance with his promise, my patron procured me the situation of confessor in the family of a prince (for such he was denominated), who had a house, or rather, I should say, a palace in Padua, where I was required to pay a daily visit, though I still continued to be a guest of the bishop's. In this family I soon became a particular favourite, especially with the lady, who became devout soon after my introduction, and made it very evident to me that my presence brought with it a charm sufficient to render the most wearisome forms agreeable. I have no inclination to enlarge on this part of my history: it is an episode little connected with the rest of my story, and would scarcely have been missed had I omitted it; but, as it contains a useful warning, it shall be succinctly narrated.

The Castello Dora was within a short distance of Padua. It was a magnificent castellated building: it stood at the foot of a small hill, covered with trees in the front; there were many cypresses curiously shaped into the form of pyramids. The signor's establishment was large. He had several visiters and retainers, chiefly clerical, if not entirely so, who dined at the first table: there were few women in the house, and those filled the lowest offices. I have little question that the bishop was a moral man; at least, that he was so when I became acquainted with him. He was very infirm, also, at that time, and had withdrawn from his diocess in order to be relieved for a few months from its cares and fatigues; he was also a man of very elegant manners, and deeply attached to his church. I scarcely ever met with one who had more of the *esprit de corps*

of popery than my bishop. Although an elegant classical scholar, and well versed in the *belles lettres* of his own country, and possessing a fine taste in the arts, he received almost every absurdity which came to him under the colour of popery. The arrangement of his family, the conversation I heard there, the strange mixture of elegant literature, and dark, and even absurd superstition which prevailed in the halls of the Castello Dora, are still remembered by me as a sort of vision, as a state of things now almost entirely passed away; for, with the modern democratic principles, superstition is changed into infidelity, and popery is become a mere matter of human policy—a mere machine in the hands of designing men for retaining power in those countries where it is acknowledged, and for obtaining the same where it is only tolerated. But even within the narrow span of one man's life, and that of a man now living, it cannot but be felt that the number of sincere papists, in proportion with the number of professors, is greatly diminished from what they were in my youth. On the whole, therefore, my report of the inmates of the Castello Dora is not unfavourable. There was, at least, an external decency in the house, and the ceremonies, which were numerous, were observed with many decorous and attractive forms; but the gentlemen of the household, most of whom, as I before said, were clerical, had much intercourse with the neighbouring city, old Padua, the seat of the Trojan Antenor, the same Antenor who now figures in many a consecrated niche under the new appellation of Saint Anthony. Who has not heard of Saint Anthony of Padua?

I have attempted in many passages to describe an Italian city; but I am at a loss to bring before an untravelled English imagination the deep gloom of the many noble, though narrow streets of Padua. The houses in this city are mostly very lofty, many of them magnificently enriched with stone and marble mouldings, and most beautifully wrought pilasters, and having high balconies and marble balustrades in front of the first, and sometimes of the second floors, and many latticed windows, with gildings, and copings, and curious borders of chiselled marble. The ground floors generally recede, so as to leave room for the piazzas, which run the length of most of the streets of Padua on both sides—long piazzas or arcades, into which no cheerful

sunbeam ever enters, and which always wear a dark, deserted air, because, unless in case of now and then a shop or store, very few of the ground floors are ever occupied. Hence nothing but the grated windows of empty rooms, or great wide doorways leading into comfortless halls and courts, encounters the eye of the solitary passenger; for so few are the feet of those who tread these streets, that I have frequently looked the whole length of an arcade, of the extent of many hundred feet, and not seen one human being. Who shall say how well fitted are these lone piazzas for such deeds as shun the eye of day? To me, as I often trod them at a late hour, when returning perhaps from some midnight amusement, from some service which the prince required of me as his chaplain, from the theatre, or from some high festival in the Duomo, what thoughts have they not suggested, and how did they favour the bad impressions received during my previous life?

But as I came to Padua with high recommendations, I presently became acquainted with the most distinguished society in the place, not only with the higher ecclesiastics about the Cathedral, but with many noble families. There were also, at that time, several families of my countrymen in the city, besides many single young Englishmen, who came to barter what little morals they might chance to possess for a few foreign fopperies. I went forward and made myself known to these, merely for the satisfaction of letting my countrymen know that I considered them all one mass of heretics, and I took every opportunity, both in public and in private, to contend with them upon religious subjects. There was a young man who was a tutor to a young English nobleman then at Padua, who had the small wit to think that nothing in the world would be more easy than to convince me of my errors by argument; and after several private skirmishes, in which he had not shown off with much talent, he actually challenged me to a contest in the presence of all our common acquaintance who were English. I instantly accepted the challenge; I desired nothing better; and although our meeting was to be private as regarded the motives, and was to take place in a large apartment at the top of a hired house of an English family, residing for a short time in Padua, from which apartment all the Italian servants were to be excluded for the time being, I was base enough

not only to tell what was intended to my patron the bishop, but to many other individuals of authority in the church.

Vast applauses were given to me when I boasted of what was about to be, and one of the highest ecclesiastical officers of the Duomo actually engaged me to bring him with me to the meeting as my attendant. This man understood a little English, and his report to the bishop was that I had completely vanquished the heretic, and put him to shame; that I had spoken like St. Peter himself, and that I had exhibited the eloquence of St. Paul and the beauty of St. John the beloved. The very words of Pope Gregory were applied to me, *non Anglus sed Angelus*, and my apotheosis confidently predicted.

I was next requested to try my eloquence in the pulpit of one of the churches of the city, with a hint that I must not spare the heretics. I was very far from being a stranger to the Italian language; but as I could not command enough of it to preach extempore before Italians, I chose rather to preach in Latin, flattering myself that I should have fewer critics among the audience if I made some blunders, than if I attempted the language of the country. This suggestion was acceded to, and many measures were secretly taken, through the Italian servants, to attract the English to the church. Nor can it be doubted that, when it was known that the Honourable Mr. Etherington was about to hold forth in a pulpit in a Roman Catholic Church, every English person, nay, every foreigner in Padua, would crowd to see and hear.

The very sight of this large and mixed congregation inflamed my zeal and pride, and I compelled even those who were most angry with me to acknowledge that I spoke the Latin with great fluency, and sometimes even with elegance, though I often fell into the monkish and doggerel style of the middle ages; and it could hardly have been otherwise when it was considered what had been the nature of my most recent studies. But be that as it may, the papists had not often had a fitter subject than I presented at that time, to set up as a sort of Goliath against the Protestants, and, by flattery and every other species of support in their power, they urged me on to make more and more furious attacks upon the poor heretics; the consequence of which was, that all my country-people left Padua by degrees, being,

no doubt, under some dread that the fiery zeal which I had excited against them might display itself in something more pernicious than angry words. It must be remembered that I am speaking of a time before the Roman Catholic power in Italy had felt the concussions of the democratic power in France. But if the enemy had fled, they had, by their flight, acknowledged that they were vanquished; at least we chose to think so, and I was, in consequence of my exertions, become a known and popular character. Fair ladies, as they walked along the streets or in the public gardens, used to turn to look at me, and I heard that I was signalized by the title of the handsome saint, which, when my reader shall have understood, he will, no doubt, begin to anticipate the sort of result which speedily ensued. But, before I enter upon this matter, I should say, that of all the English I had seen in Padua, I had met with only one who knew any more of my family than that there was such a family; and even this person could give me little or no information. He told me that my father was living at Kelford, but he knew nothing either of my brother or sisters, and was not even aware that the late lord had left daughters. It was while in the vicinity of Padua that I once took up my pen to write to some one of my relations, and even commenced a letter to Emmeline; but not knowing what motive I could allege for addressing her, I laid my pen down again after having written the words, Eheu! Eheu! Emmeline, from one end to the other of the page, being utterly unconscious of what I had done till the next day, when I found my paper covered entirely with this beloved name.

And now again, though, through the mercy of God, in a state far different from what I was then, after the lapse of forty years, again I write these words—Eheu! Eheu! Emmeline.

But, in order to have done as soon as possible with my exploits at Padua, I shall simply add, that the prince to whom I was confessor, after a few months, began to be somewhat jealous of the object which his princess had selected for her adoration. This lady, a beautiful woman from the worst of the Italian schools, the city of Florence, which the Medici have peopled with almost as many vile similitudes as there are living men in the place, had, it seems, imprudently let it appear that she

had chosen me for her patron saint before my canonization had rendered it discreet for her thus to do. But criminal conduct of this kind must necessarily proceed, in many instances, from the absurd, I may say, abominable custom of confession, and from the adoption required by the papal church of some human mediatorship between the Deity and the creature.

However, as the jealous husband was related to my patron, no further notice was taken of my part in this affair, than that I was quietly admonished that a short retirement to La Grottoe would be judicious; the mild old prelate assuring me, that when he returned in the spring to his episcopal functions, which he hoped to do should his infirmities permit, he would gladly receive me again into his family, at the same time warning me to avoid as much as possible the society of females, until my age and strength of mind should enable me to associate with them without danger either to my reputation or to theirs.

Of course I could make no reply to all this, except by thanking him for his leniency, and promising to take his advice; but it was well both for me and the great man my accuser that we did not meet after this in one of the dark piazzas of Padua, where I went that very night to look for him in such a state of mind that there wanted nothing but the opportunity for doing a deed of which I should have repented to the last hour of my life. Not that I cared for the lady, or that I had ever taken much pains to please her, but I hated her husband because he had discovered that I was not the saint I had lately passed for, and I hated him the more because he had forced some suspicion on my own mind of my own hypocrisy.

It was only two days after I had received the admonition of my patron—two days almost entirely spent in seeking out my enemy, who, though unknown to me, had passed over the Adriatic to Trieste on the very day on which he had stated my delinquency to his kinsman—that I set forth on my return for La Grottoe, my patron having lent me a mule, and sent with me a conductor, who was to show me the readiest and most convenient passes, for we had many mountainous tracts to encounter. With me the bishop sent letters highly commending my zeal in the service of the church, and most indulgently omitting the circumstance which had

given offence. These letters were directed to the Padre Juliano, or, in his absence, to the Padre Guelpho, and served to ensure me a very honourable reception from the venerable father, and, through his report, from the whole of the household.

I found that my return to La Grottoe had not been calculated upon, either by Juliano or the rest of the family, his highness the bishop having undertaken to advance my promotion, for great things were expected of me in polemics with heretics. Juliano had, therefore, provided an inferior secular to assist Guelpho, which being done, he had left the monastery, and was absent when I arrived. As to the new aid-de-camp of old Guelpho, he was the most perfect specimen of dull, blind, and almost brutish ignorance I had ever happened to meet with, even in the papal church, where these specimens are not rare, and where they serve as well as brighter men to go through the routine of forms, and have as much power as his holiness himself to create a god and forgive sins. Juliano had his reasons for filling his hive with drones like this, and probably, yea, certainly, there was nothing he would have less liked, had he been at home when I arrived, than to see my visage again at La Grottoe; but he had gone to Rome, as they told me, immediately after my departure, in consequence of a summons from the authorities in that quarter. Guelpho told me that he went with extreme reluctance.

The venerable padre was therefore at the head of the establishment when I returned, but the state of his health was such that it was evident he would soon go the way of all flesh. Del Sarto was still at La Grottoe, and Guelpho informed me that he had found in him the kindness of a son; the old man told me this with tears in his eyes, but I paid little attention to it, as a matter which did not concern me. However, I asked him wherefore Juliano had not promoted Del Sarto to the place of the assistant in the house, instead of importing such a piece of live lumber as the father Saturnin. "It was not his pleasure so to do," replied Guelpho, "nor the desire of Del Sarto."

All this passed at our first meeting, for I arrived early in the day at the monastery; nor had I been there two hours before I began to assert my prerogatives as second, I might say first, in authority in the household;

for Juliano was absent, and the Padre Guelpho little better in my opinion than a *caput mortuum*.

I therefore, as I said, lost no time in asserting my authority, thus admonishing, by the bustle which I made, the padre that he might as well hearken to the earnest pleadings of his infirmities, and withdraw quietly from a seat from which a younger and a bolder man was prepared to shove him with little ceremony; for, be it understood by my reader, that upon reflection I had derived no small nourishment for my self-love from what had happened at Padua. If I had fallen into a snare, to what could I attribute the temptation but to the influence of my personal accomplishments? For, as my heart suggested, even the reserved and modest Emmeline had not been able to resist the power of love, when it was stated to her that she must either give me up or renounce her friends—her home—her spotless fame.

Veni, vidi, vici, is then my motto, I said, as it was that of Cæsar: and here I conclude my chapter, intending in my next to show how I was met in my triumphant and ungodly course, and taught, that although God is long suffering and slow to anger, he suffers not himself to be mocked by his creature.

CHAPTER XIV.

I RECOMMENCE my narrative with awe, although I know myself to be forgiven through my blessed Redeemer, who has reconciled all mankind to himself—and me especially, who am the chief of sinners; yet there is something most painful and distressing to the mind to find that it is a duty due to society (for such I consider the task which I have laid on myself) to lay open those various steps by which I was led on from one crime to another, until the dreadful catalogue filled my mind with horror, even before there was any reason to think that the light of life had begun to shine thereon, or to reveal its secret places to my spiritual apprehension.

I must now speak somewhat at length of Francesco

del Sarto, who, from this time, forms a prominent character in my narrative. He was of a respectable family of Florence; he was the youngest of many children, and his mother had died in giving him birth; he had been taken from that dying mother to the house of a young woman who had just been confined of a stillborn babe. This young woman was married to a servant of Del Sarto's family; how she had come to Florence I know not, but she was a Protestant from the valleys of Angrogna. The fitness of the circumstances, and the present distress of the household, however, prevented deep inquiry, and the husband, of course, in hope of profit, was careful not to tell the secret of her religion. The infant was therefore committed to the maternal care of this pure peasant of the valleys of Piedmont—pure in comparison with the profligate Italian females, and was not only nourished by her in infancy, but left under her care till his seventh year; his father and the rest of the family being scattered through different parts of Italy. When he was seven years of age, however, the father returned to the native place of his children, and removed Del Sarto to La Grottoe, to be under the special patronage of a distant kinsman, who was, in fact, no other than the porter of the monastery, though a man highly respected in the house. Del Sarto had, therefore, been brought up at La Grottoe.

Little of this history was, however, known to me when in Italy.

Although Francesco was about my own age, and was under preparation for orders at the same time as myself, being actually ordained the same day, yet I had never cultivated his regard, having always considered him as what I called a poor creature. He was a melancholy, retired young man, having a bend in his shoulders, and wearing his coat as if it did not appertain to him, his complexion being exceedingly pale, and his eyes bearing the general expression of langour; as to his other features, I had passed them entirely over as not worth my observation, and, therefore, had not perceived that they were regularly beautiful, and wanting only the light which I afterward saw shed upon them, to render their whole contour singularly fine. But being arrived at La Grottoe, and having taken my place in such a way as to let those about me see that I was disposed to extend my rights to their utmost, I walked

out in the cool of the same evening, along the brow of the mountain, more to indulge in meditation than to enjoy the glorious beauties of the scenery.

Being at some distance from the monastery, I met Del Sarto, whom I had not seen since my return. As I approached, he suddenly thrust into his pocket some volume which he had been studying alone, and came forward to meet me with apparent pleasure, not having been aware of my arrival.

"What, lingering still in this solitude, Francesco?" I said; "methinks a more public situation might suit you better."

He answered, "That nothing which he liked had as yet opened to him; and that, in fact, he desired to have some interval of reflection before he entered into active life."

"Reflection on what?" I asked.

He made no reply to this question, but began to tell me of what had happened since I left the place. The events were few, and soon told.

The Padre Juliano, he said, had left the monastery immediately after my departure; the winter had been mild; two or three cottagers had died, and the oldest sister, or rather, I should say, mother of the society, had also died in the convent, and been buried with great pomp.

"And has there been any addition to the household of La Madonna?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I should have told you, if you had not interrupted me, that an English lady arrived at La Grottoe some time since, and begged to be admitted."

"Indeed!" I said; "and was she admitted?"

"She was," he replied. "She came, I have heard, with much gold, but did not choose to give any account of herself."

"The golden key was then," I answered, "the master key to open the doors of the Madonna to this stranger. Is she there still?"

He informed me that she had not only passed her probationary time, but had been professed the Sunday before.

"Well, tell me more of her," I said.

"What should I tell?" he answered—"what should I know of this lady?"

"Have you seen her?" I asked.

"I was present when she took the white veil," he answered.

"You can tell, then, I suppose," I added, closely, "whether she is young and handsome, or old and ill-conditioned?"

"Yes," he replied, not suspecting, poor youth, the sort of person to whom he was laying himself open—"yes, I can tell you that she is young, apparently hardly more than twenty, and no angel's face ever derived from the finest imagination, and conveyed to canvass or wrought in marble, is more beautiful than she appeared when, wearing her natural ringlets of bright hair, she knelt at the grille and answered the questions of the suffragan in a voice which was itself melody—her lovely eyes being lifted to the officiator, with an expression of holy devotedness, such as Carlo Dolce would have coveted for a Madonna." To this effect he proceeded, describing each feature of the fair unknown, till he had brought the whole form and figure of Emmeline before me; and it was well for me that the shades of evening were far advanced, otherwise he must have observed my emotion, for I felt the blood rushing to my temples, and my heart, as it were, leaping in my breast. I tried once to speak and again, but felt that I must not trust my voice in a sentence longer than this—"And she, you say, is English?"

"I have heard so," he answered, "and her hair and complexion are not of this country; they are truly Saxon—I have been told, brother, that there are no women in the world so perfectly lovely as some of your country-women."

I answered, "It is true, Francesco, that some of our women are most lovely; but what have we to do, to think and speak of the perfections of the other sex? have we not renounced marriage?"

"We have," he replied, "of course we have; but, brother," he added, "you, who were born and bred in the English church, can explain to me on what plea did those calling themselves Reformers admit of the marriages of priests."

Ah! thought I, is it in that direction your mind is turning, my young priest? this is the effect of the bright eyes of the English sister; I shall watch you in that quarter, and, in order to do it more effectually, I must

dissemble. Accordingly, I replied to his question as calmly as I could, and to this effect, "They pretended that they did not see the command to abstain from marriage in Scripture, my brother," I answered; "and they pretended that the church had no right to enjoin that which could not be proved by Scripture." I now abhor the craft by which I framed a reply, which, without compromising myself, should draw out more of the confidence of my companion; for I was stung with a sort of indefinable jealousy, and my affections not being permitted to spend themselves on an authorized and approved object, were like pent-up fires, scorching and mouldering within my bosom, and waiting, as it were, only the occasion of an explosion.

"It is then as I thought," replied Del Sarto, "the Scriptures are not clear upon this subject—the forbidding to marry."

"You have consulted them," I asked, as clearly as I could speak, "and especially on this subject?"

He seemed to hesitate a moment, and then replied, "It is the duty of the priest to administer of the sacred word to the people."

"Undoubtedly," I replied, "neither can they administer of that which they have not; but, my brother," I added, "you should be cautious as it regards the interpretation of Scripture to the people, and should adhere to the expositions already received in the church. Inasmuch as so many and such excellent men in goodness and harmony have already expounded the Scripture, there is no hope to add anything more; and, moreover, all the heresies which arose in the time of Luther, and have continued to multiply themselves to the present day, have sprung from the novel expositions of the Scripture; and, therefore, is it necessary to place a bridle upon the conceits of modern wits, and compel them to be content to be governed by the ancient fathers and by the church."*

"The church," repeated Francesco—"here we come to the point which puzzles me. Do you conceive, brother, that the traditions of the church are of equal authority with the Scriptures?"

"I imagine," I replied, "that I am speaking to a

* Council of Trent, lib. ii.

faithful son and servant of the Holy Roman Apostolic Catholic Church."

Del Sarto bowed, and muttered words which I thought signified "of course," but I marked the hesitation with which the words came out, and the sort of indistinctness with which they were uttered; and I hated the man for this reason, because he was a reproach to me; he was a papist by education and profession, and yet his mind was evidently inclining towards that heresy, as I chose to think it, which I had forsaken.

"I conceive, then," I replied, "that if you are a faithful son of the church, you will not reject the decree of the Council of Trent, passed on the 8th of March, 1546, which decree is to this effect, 'that the traditions of the church shall be received as of equal authority with the Scriptures.'"*

"The traditions?" repeated Francesco; "I would know exactly of you, my brother, what is meant by the traditions of the church?"

"Study the Council of Trent, brother," I replied, "study the works of our ancient orthodox divines, and this matter will not require to be explained by me; read the pleadings of Vicenzo, Lunello, and of Anthonius Marinarus, in the records of that last solemn council, and you will not then need to seek instruction from me."†

With that I turned off from him, alleging a call in another direction; nor did I return to the monastery till the bell from the lower end of the chapel announced the hour of repose; and, during that interval, where was I, and how engaged? of whom, of what was I thinking, but the beautiful English nun? And while I conceived that there was a possibility that she, who had already sacrificed so much for me, might yet have sought me in this retirement, in the hope of sometimes seeing me through the grille, I hated the man who had gazed on her for the last time in the habit of the world, and who had presumed to discover that her beauty, being English, could not be rivalled even in Italy. Fool that I was thus easily to yield my mind to such dreams of vanity! but when the rein is given to human passions, who shall say "hitherto shalt thou come and no farther."

From the hour in which I had held the discourse which

* Council of Trent, lib. ii. † Council of Trent.

I have just related, my imagination was on fire respecting the beautiful English novice. When walking alone, as I often did on the mountain, my eye was ever directed to the marble towers of the Madonna, and I was wrapped in a sort of dream or vision, in which I saw one object only, and that was my Emmeline wearing the habit of a religieuse, a beautiful image, to which, in fact, from that hour I paid more of my idolatries than I did to any similitude in the chapel of the monastery, and yet I dared not to make any excuse for attending the services in the convent, while old Guelpho was able in any way to keep his place. Oh! how often did I wish that his infirmities might increase so as to disable him entirely; and I have scarcely refrained from muttering anathemas when he told me in the morning that he had enjoyed repose and was much refreshed. In the mean time my attention was fixed on Francesco, and the more so, inasmuch as I saw that the young man shrank from my observation, and that his dark, expressive, yet gentle eye fell beneath mine whenever they met. It was evident to me that there was some mystery hanging about him, and my jealous mind connected this mystery with the English nun.

I now consider that I am about to unfold the very darkest portion of my history—to unravel a complicated thread of horror and crime. I tremble as I advance, and pray that my faith may not fail me, and that no view of my past wickedness may induce me to doubt, even for an instant, that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Who has not experienced occasions in which one idea, or several ideas connected with one, seem to take such possession of the mind as to predominate entirely over every other feeling, and to intrude and mingle with every act of life, whether in sleep or awake; that one idea seeming to blend itself with every other, however naturally dissimilar, in such a way as first to trace itself, as it were, on the exterior of every thought, and, in the end, so to fix itself on every object of sense as to produce that state of mind which is commonly designated monomania? I know not any order of things so calculated to produce this state of mind as are all the arrangements of monastic life, which, while withdrawing all the natural objects of man's affections, substitute in their place imaginary objects shown forth by similitudes, which, if pleasing, can at

best be so only in the degree in which they come near to human beauty. That the Evil One could ever have persuaded men of any sense to expect that the mind of a young man should be abstracted from earthly pleasures by the contemplation of the loveliest female forms which art can produce (such as are many of the madonnas of the Italian school), could only be believed because it is an attested fact.

In the north aisle of our monastic church there was a madonna in Carrara marble, in which I thought that I traced some likeness to Emmeline. Judge, then, my reader, where my imagination was when, at the time I speak of, I magnified my name among the brethren by the multitude of aves which I pronounced at the foot of this image; for, at that period, I thought of little else than of Emmeline. I had, indeed, lost much of my respect for her; but, in proportion as esteem had weakened, I seemed to think more of her external perfections; in short, my regard became altogether a delirium, and with this paroxysm, of what shall I call it? madness—came jealousy—a blind and fiery jealousy; and the object of this jealousy was no other than poor Del Sarto, who undoubtedly, at that period, supplied no little food for the entertainment of suspicious feelings. This youth, it seems, had a stern father—one, in fact, who had his fears concerning him, lest, in infancy, he might have been tainted with heresy, and who, accordingly, was so severe with his son, that Francesco had actually no means of subsistence in any other situation than where he was; for there alone would his father supply his necessities, at least until he should have found him another situation in the church. His allowance, even at La Grottoe, was so penurious, that he was destitute of many things requisite even to an Italian priest; and few Englishmen can conceive the figure which is made by many of the inferior dependants on mother church. Had I been sincerely and kindly disposed to help my brother priests, where could I have found one more worthy than Del Sarto? But although at Padua I had obtained a large remittance from England, being a part of the remainder of a long-accumulated interest on the property my aunt had left me, yet the last thought I had was to bestow a single florin to mend the appearance of poor Del Sarto. I, however, watched him closely, and scanned his every act. He spent much of

his morning in his own little room; it was presumed that these hours were given to study, and no one but myself doubted the nature of these studies; but I had seen the corner of a small volume peeping from his pocket when he passed out of the gate of the court to take his evening walk, and I was perfectly assured that it was a Latin Bible which he thus studied alone.

We dined at twelve in the monastery, and from that time Del Sarto appeared no more till supper-time; and I began to see that he was shy of the duties in the chapel; shrinking from the former, and extremely confused and agitated when required to lead any service.

But his walks were what most perplexed me, and I resolved one evening to discover their purpose.

Accordingly, I went out immediately after him, and traced him round the point of the hill in the direction of the convent; but there I lost sight of him on his turning a corner a little before me, nor could I recover the trace till I saw him again entering the garden of the monastery. At supper we met, and I observed him closely; he looked pale and abstracted, but there was nothing singular in this appearance; he was always pale, always abstracted. The next day, however, I thought myself more successful; I did not follow him as the day before, but walked out towards the convent in another direction at the time in which he generally returned. I proceeded as far as the caverns, through which there was one, if not more, entrances into the house, and there, just at the mouths of these grottoes, I encountered him.

He started evidently when we met, but recovered himself the next instant, and made some ordinary remark on the evening, to which I made no reply; but looking him hard in the face, I asked him whether any of the sweet notes of the holy sisters above could be heard in the grottoes below.

"Not distinctly," he answered, "unless one should place himself at the head of the great stair cut in the rock."

"You find, then," I replied, dryly, "you find, then, that station an agreeable one." He gave me a look which I did not comprehend, the ambiguous expression of which probably proceeded from his not understanding me, and then replied with a faint smile, "Truly, brother, the station would prove too cold for me; sweet

music is very agreeable, but one may pay too dear for the enjoyment of it."

"You think so," I answered; "well, then, beware. You have read of the sirens of old."

"I am in no danger of sirens now," he replied, looking curiously and inquiringly at me; "I am in more danger of being utterly confounded by your riddles, brother."

"I am no sphinx," I answered, "that it should be death to those who cannot read my riddles."

"There ought to be no riddles and no mysteries among Christians, Edvardo," he replied. "All, with them, should be open and free as the gospel—think you not so, brother?"

"Our opinions on religion," I answered, "must, of course, be the same; we are both faithful sons of that church which cannot err."

"I would gladly know," replied Del Sarto, "where you take the assurance that this church cannot err."

I gave him a look which I wished to be withering, but he seemed not to observe it, being evidently deep in thought, and then answered his question by references to the Council of Trent; still, however, he seemed dissatisfied, and asked me "what the Scripture said on the subject of the church."

"Probably," I replied, "you are as well able to consult the Scriptures on this subject as I am."

"Nay, my brother," he answered, "I am not dealing treacherously by you; I do not hide from you that I study the Scriptures, but I am weak, and ignorant, and liable to be misled."

"True," I answered, "you are so; therefore why depend on your own judgment? Are you wiser than all the holy men who have gone before, that you should interpret for yourself?"

"But holy men have differed," he answered.

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed, with concentrated rage; "wherefore do you bring your scruples to me? Carry them to the old Padre Guelpho—has he not had more experience than I have had?" And back to the monastery I stalked by his side, without exchanging another word with him.

Now that which has taken me some time to tell, viz., all that had passed since my return from Padua, had been accomplished within the space of a week—a week,

however, which had seemed months to me, because it afforded no convenient opportunity for my showing myself at the convent. I, however, knew that the next Sunday, being a high day, my presence within the rails of the high altar would be required, with that also of Francesco, and others of the household, not only for the performance of high mass, but also for the solemn recitatives and choruses. I was, therefore, sufficiently prudent to restrain the impatience I felt to obtain a view of the fair novice till that day. In the mean time I learned, though I recollect not how, that this lady had taken the name of Juliette, her patron santa, when dropping that which had been given her by her parents, although I never could learn by what name she was known when she first entered the house.

It would not be easy to describe the state of my mind when, on Sunday morning, I prepared myself to accompany my superior to the chapel of La Madonna; the Father Guelpho was conveyed thither in a litter, and I was like one in a dream, as I stalked mechanically by the side of this litter.

I saw nothing, I heard nothing distinctly, till I found myself in the hall, of which I spoke on occasion of my first visit to the convent. They had placed the old man in the velvet chair, and there for a while he remained in a state of such exhaustion, that we doubted whether he would be able to lead the service. I was, therefore, greatly relieved when he so far recovered as to say that he would endeavour to officiate, though he doubted not that it would be for the last time, as I really did not feel that I had presence of mind to lead the office. But as to the continuance of his life after this exertion I was more than careless—I hoped that the lamp, after having thus flickered for the last time, would speedily go out, and be no longer capable even of a faint glimmer, where I alone desired to be brilliant.

After some short delay we, however, entered the chapel; and a few minutes afterward appeared the procession of the sisters entering the choir, while we, the brothers, were singing one of those solemn recitatives with which we commonly began a service.

The pretendants to the veil entered first; I saw only two. Next came the novices, in their habits as nuns, but wearing white veils; the two that came first were the youngest; one of these had been professed when I

was ordained; she was nearest the grating; on the other side of her was a figure which I could not doubt to be the beautiful English sister. I felt the blood mounting to my very brows; my heart beat violently; my gaze was intense. The sisters took their places; my eyes had followed that one figure; I marked the place in which she sat; it was somewhat behind the rest, under a window, against the wall of the choir; I could not catch even a glimpse of her features, some ordinary figure in a black veil interfering. I took occasion to move my position, and then caught just enough of that lovely face to leave me still in doubt—I had not seen enough to be assured that I had seen Emmeline, but I had seen nothing to render the thing more improbable than it had been before. I wonder that my manner did not draw universal attention upon me; I was acting most indecorously in thus publicly gazing within the grating. I had, however, utterly forgotten myself, and did not recover my presence of mind until some one plucked my sleeve. I turned to look, and beheld Del Sarto standing by me; and as his eye met mine—"Brother," he said, "your services will be required an instant hence."

During the remainder of the service I was enabled to command myself, but I did not obtain another view of the novice; however, as we returned to the monastery, I asked Francesco wherefore he had plucked my sleeve.

He answered with a simplicity which should have assured me of his good faith; "Because, brother, you were looking somewhat too curiously through the grating, and I saw the eyes of the superieure upon you."

"I am greatly obliged for your good intention," I answered; "but what should have inclined me to look in the direction you speak of? Am I not, I ask you, devoted to the service of the church? and do you think that I should have taken upon me the high office of a priest, had I not been well assured that I was incapable of being led astray by the fairest face that was ever shaded by the consecrated veil?"

"Perhaps," he answered, "there is more good intention than knowledge of human nature in your reply, Brother Edvardo; but, at all events, I do not blame you, for, in good earnest, I have often found myself

tempted to look too anxiously through those double gratings."

"In that case," I replied, haughtily, "you are not fit for the duties of the office which you have taken upon yourself."

"I acknowledge this," he replied; "I know that no man is sufficient for these things."

He was proceeding, when I requested him to recollect that he did not happen just at that crisis to be under the seal of the confessional; and thus speaking, I turned away.

I was weary and disgusted with this man; though I despised him heartily, yet I felt he understood me. I did not comprehend that that which seemed shrewd in him was the effect of that insight which the Holy Spirit, no doubt, had given him into his own heart, and thus, by comparison, in a certain degree, into the hearts of others. But popery, when it prevails in the mind of an individual, not only prevents him from understanding his own nature, but makes him extremely uncharitable as it regards the defects of his fellow-creatures. And this must ever be the case where there is much profession and little reality, inasmuch as the tendency of profession is to exalt a man in his own esteem, whereas the effect of true religion is to teach man that he is nothing, and that God is all in all.

The Father Guelpho being brought back to the monastery, was conveyed to his chamber, and laid on a bed from which he never rose; he lingered, however, a few days, and Francesco del Sarto never quitted him during the whole of that time. And although some things which I shall have to relate concerning my own especial affairs are cotemporaneous with the illness, the death, and the obsequies of the Padre Guelpho, yet I will finish at once what regards this old man, without mingling it with the relation of my own proceedings; but I warn my reader not to pass this portion of my narrative over as an episode; for though these scenes were apparently little connected with my private affairs at the time, they involved themselves, as it were, in a very peculiar manner with my after history.

The venerable father then lay on his dying bed, and Del Sarto attended him as a son, and also as a guard of the sick, for it must be observed that we had no women in the house; that Francesco volunteered this service

was proved against him some time afterward—but I will not anticipate. What was going on in the sick chamber was, however, little heeded by the rest of the family; the old man had run a long course, and was become a most heavy companion; perhaps he had always been dull and fatiguing; but now, when he spoke, there was some sort of necessity of at least seeming to listen to him as a token of respect to his office. Well, he was going the way of all flesh, and there was not a creature allied to him by kindred among all who surrounded him. He had outlived his contemporaries; he had no worldly goods to bequeath, nor had he a son or nephew to take thought concerning him—so there he lay in his chamber, and things went on as usual in the house. I did, indeed, pay him a visit at two stated times in each twenty-four hours, but I observed no change in him for several days; he spoke little when I entered, and said only, "God be with you," when I took leave. In my judgment he seemed past reflection, and I calculated that his death might occur at any time. Yet I presumed that there would be warning sufficient for the due observance of the last sacraments, viz., the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and the sacrament of extreme unction,* and I was careful, every time I left

* D. Qu'est-ce que l'Extrême Onction?

R. C'est le dernier sacrement qu'on donne aux malades qui sont en danger de mort.

D. Pourquoi appellez vous ce sacrement, *Extrême Onction?*

R. Il s'appelle *Onction*, parcequ'il consiste en l'Onction qui se fait sur le corps du malade; Et parceque cette *Onction* est la dernière de toutes les Onctions sacramentales que le Chrétien peut recevoir, elle s'appelle *Extrême*, c'est-à-dire, *dernière*. . . . . .

D. Qu'elle est la Forme de celuy-cy?

R. Ce sont les paroles, que le Prêtre prononce, à mesme temps qu'il oint le malade. *Per hanc sanctam Unctionem, et suam piissimam misericordiam, indulgeat tibi Deus, quidquid per visum, auditum, &c., deliquisti;* c'est-à-dire, *Par cette sainte Onction, et Dieu par sa miséricorde toute amoureuse, te pardonne les péchez que tu as commis par la veuë, par l'ouïye, &c.* . . . . . .

D. Quels sont les effets de ce Sacrement?

R. 1. Il donne la grace à celuy qui le reçoit dignement. 2. Il efface les péchez qui restent, c'est-à-dire, ou qu'on a commis depuis la dernière confession, ou qu'on a oublié en se confessant. 3. Il donne du courage et de la force à l'ame (et celuy-cy est son propre effet), pour supporter patiemment la violence du mal, et pour resister aux tentations du demon, en ce dernier moment de la vie. 4. Il donne aussi la santé du corps, lors seulement que Dieu prévoit qu'il doit estre utile au salut de l'ame.

Francesco with the dying man, to charge him to call me if he observed any change; also to take the very first opportunity, when the old padre seemed to express any consciousness, to press these necessary duties upon him.

Conceive, then, what was my rage, and that of all the brethren, when, in the middle of one night (I think it was the eighth after we had been together at the convent), Francesco called up the family in time only to behold the last gasp of the old man—the last gasp I may indeed call it, for it was only one single start or motion of the lips, an instant or two, probably, after the soul had parted.

"My God!" I said, "and has this soul gone forth without the sacraments? Francesco," I added, "the misery of an immortal soul lies at your door, if, contrary to my orders, you did not, in your haste, administer them yourself."

By this time the passing bell was sounding from the turret, and the brothers, many of them in their hoods and cloaks, were rushing into the room; there lay the pale and ghastly corpse, as yet without the habiliments of death; the chamber, which was vast in extent, and rude and Gothic in its appointments, being almost as dark as the minds of the most part of those who occupied it, the principal figures being the hero of the narrative himself, all flushed with pride, individual hatred, and furious zeal, and the meek and calm Del Sarto, who stood before him in the midst of the floor at the foot of the bed of death.

"And hast thou," I said, while my heart swelled with scorn and hatred, and, I fear, with a blacker passion, even vengeance—"hast thou suffered this poor lost one to die with all his sins accumulated on his head?"

A murmur of horror and exclamations, in which were mingled anathemas pronounced on the head of Del Sarto, and deprecations of the Divine vengeance in behalf of the dead, passed round the chamber from the brethren as soon as they understood the state of the case; and such glances were cast on me that I was, as it were, compelled to defend myself, which I did by heaping the blame on Del Sarto.

"Miserable young man!" I exclaimed, "what was my last injunction to you on leaving the chamber two hours

ago? Was it not that you should call me the moment you observed the slightest change in the dying man."

"I bear witness to these words," said an old inferior brother of the establishment, who, as I then remembered, had left the chamber at the same time that I had done so. The testimony was accepted, but only in order that the anger of the brethren might fall the more heavily on Francesco.

"Speak!" said I to him, "what have you to say for yourself, unhappy man?"

"The truth shall be told," he answered. "I was not aware that death was so near. He passed," he added, looking towards the bed, "like an infant that sinks to sleep on its mother's bosom. Should I be anathematized because I wanted experience?"

A groan, deep, hollow, and as proceeding at once from every breast, was the only answer made to this plea; and directing Del Sarto to withdraw to my apartment, I commanded that the body should be laid out on a bier—that the chapel, according to the custom of the house, on occasion of the death of any superior person of the establishment, should be hung with black—that the corpse should be carried into the chapel on the open bier—and that masses should be sung in the presence of the defunct, until the time of interment, be it for many days or for few—"Let no rite be neglected," I said, "which our holy church ordains."

The affrighted brethren, who I verily believe were, for the most part, persuaded that the soul of the departed was already subjected to grievous tortures, on account of the neglect of the accustomed rites of the church, hastened to obey these orders, running hither and thither, like so many sheep under the impression that a wolf is in their pasture. Their skirts of serge floated behind them, and many of them were of that obese and corpulent habit which is naturally engendered by extreme indolence, and hence unable to move quickly with anything like grace or elasticity—thus producing a scene which was anything but dignified. My lip was raised in scorn as I urged these poor frightened fools, as I thought them, to move out of my way in my passage from the chamber of death to my own apartment, which was no longer in the turret, but in one of the handsomest parts of the house. Being arrived there, and having shut the door on myself and on the young

man, I turned suddenly upon him, and demanded haughtily what he had been about. "Confess," I said, "either that your principles are corrupted, or that you have been unpardonably negligent. Clear away, if it lies in your power, the suspicions which I entertain, that your barbarous neglect of the rites of the church, in the case of yon pale corpse, has been more than accidental." So speaking, I fixed upon him the glance of an eagle, and so intent was my gaze, that his eye fell under mine, and the blood entirely forsook his cheek.

"See I not the cloven foot peeping from beneath the priestly robe, Francesco del Sarto?" I added, speaking through my clinched teeth—"can I not ascertain the wolf, though clad in the shepherd's garment?" What more I added I know not, nor what more I should have added had I not been interrupted; for suddenly the spirit of Del Sarto, leaping into life like a flame unexpectedly kindled, while his eye flashed, not with anger, but with courage, and a brilliant glow mantled in his cheek—suddenly, I say, his spirit leaping into life, looked boldly up and answered—"Speak, Edvardo!" he said—"not to anathematize for doubtful offences, for well you know, that if the soul is redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, no neglect of a fellow-creature can destroy the finished work; but speak, and tell me all that is in your mind! tell me of what you suspect me—bring your accusations boldly forward! I have displeased you, I see—you have looked coldly on me several days—wherein have I offended you? The present neglect of a mere rite is not the real matter between us."

"Wherein," I repeated, "have you offended me? wherein, I say, but by your disregard of the ordinances of the church! What, I ask you, do you believe to be the principal effects of the sacraments?"

"I desire to understand this question," he replied, "as it is intended in the Holy Scriptures."

"You evade my question," I replied. "Do you believe that a sacrament is a sensible thing, which, by Divine institution, has the virtue of signifying and producing health in the soul of him who receives it?"*

"Come," returned Del Sarto, "speak out, and tell me at once all that is in your mind—of what do you suspect me?"

"In a word, then," I answered, "I suspect you,

* Catéchisme Théologique des Jesuites

Francesco del Sarto, of that which has brought many a better man to an auto-da-fé. Beware, I say, beware! you stand on slippery ground; and remember this, that the soul which is parted this night from the body may now be cursing you in the flames of purgatory."

"No! brother, no!" replied Del Sarto, "that soul is not now cursing me. The last words of that redeemed one were these, 'Lord, I believe! in thee I live! thou art my only hope! I cast away the unprofitable rags of forms and merits—my trust is only in Christ, my brother and my God! In him I live, and, dying in him, I live still!' And who," added the young man, "shall dare to say that he who died in this pure faith—he who could in the last hour trust firmly in his Saviour, and fall asleep, as it were, on the bosom of his Redeemer—that such a one is lost because some form has been omitted? Oh, Edvardo!" he continued, "you, whose parents have for many generations renounced these forms, cannot now, assuredly, uphold such opinions as these. See you not that in doing so you condemn every individual who has ever bent the knee to Christ in all those churches called by us heretical."

These words were like swords passing through my breast—I bit my lips—I felt the blood springing to my temples—I felt that I should burst forth in anathemas; but I restrained myself, and said, "I have treated you, Francesco, as one brother should treat another—my first admonition is secret—the next shall be in the presence of the church—you hear what I say—for the present withdraw and sin no more, lest a worse evil befall you;" and with that walking away to the other end of the wide apartment, when I turned round again the young man was gone. And here I must add, what I learned not till afterward, that if this poor youth had had but one florin in his pocket at that time, or had known but where to lay his head without one, he would have left the monastery that very evening.

We kept the remains of the old padre until the effluvia which proceeded from the body, mixed up with the odour of the frankincense continually thrown about from the censers, produced a state of atmosphere in the chapel which was no longer to be endured; for it must be observed that every breath of air and every ray of heavenly light were excluded from the interior of the church by the black draperies which hung over every

window, and even across the great doorway. Who, as I have often thought, would wish their remains to be kept till effects like these are produced? But here is another disgusting consequence of superstition; it is only the simple believer who can cheerfully commit the dust to dust, in the full assurance of its being preserved unto the glorious resurrection.

The funeral itself took place at midnight, with all the circumstances of gloom with which the holy mother church ever arrays these ceremonies, and the next day everything in the monastery fell into its usual routine.

CHAPTER XV.

I now enter upon other scenes; the account of which I have postponed, in order to finish, without interruption, the episode of the Padre Guelpho.

It was on the day that this worthy old man—for worthy he was, I think I may say, though light had not been vouchsafed till the last hour—was considered as past recovery, that I received a summons from the superieure of La Grottoe; my heart palpitated when her message was delivered to me, and as I was excessively anxious to obtain her favour, and, to say the truth, a little afraid of my too youthful and comely appearance—although I had been duly licensed for the office of confessor through my friend the bishop—I was resolved to go with all the recommendatory circumstances in my power. I therefore searched among my possessions, and furnished myself with a magnificent rosary of Venice gold, to which a cross was attached, set with brilliants, which, to add another truth to one already told, had been given me by that fair lady at Padua whose distinguishing favour I have before mentioned. I remember well, that as I drew the jewel from its case, it was suggested to my mind by him, perhaps, who, when it suits his purpose, can act the angel of light, that it was a very proper thing for me to disembarrass myself of anything which might remind me of a snare in which my young foot had been wellnigh caught. The rosary being disposed of and concealed about my person, I

hastened to obey the summons of the lady abbess, for such, by distinction, was the superieure of the convent of La Madonna del Grottoe; but as I ascended the rugged path, which was cut like stairs in the granite rock, my mind was much exercised by this question—Will the natural comeliness of my exterior, together with my youth, act in my favour with the signora, or will it not? a question which I could not resolve, as so much depended upon the character of the lady herself.

Being arrived at the convent, and having been introduced into that portion thereof generally open to the priest and the confessor by an old man who kept the gate, but being as yet quite as much excluded from the interior as ever, I was directed to knock at an inner door. This new barrier consisted of plates of bronze, probably of great antiquity, on which were sundry curious devices in high relief: one of these devices represented his Satanic majesty preparing to take flight after the temptation, his dragon-like wings being spread, and his cloven feet ready to make their spring into the air; but what formed the beauty of this device was, that the back of the prince, being turned towards the spectator, exhibited a most neat and finished vertebrated tail, terminated at some length by a handsome tuft.

I had leisure to contemplate this figure while waiting for admittance; but although it had time to imprint itself on my mind's eye, I was thinking of anything else at the moment but of the gaunt figure before me. While still standing without the gate, my ear was startled by the sound of rings running on a bar; and looking in the direction of the noise, I observed a small opening in the wall near which I was standing, which was doubly grated, and from behind the grating were presented two small, sharp black eyes, and a very long nose and chin, under a nun's hood, belonging apparently to a very old woman. This was the porteress, known to me by the name of la Madre Magloire, who no sooner recognised me than she restored the curtain to its place, and came round to let me in; bars and bolts by degrees gave way, the door swung slowly upon its hinges, and with an obeisance on her part, returned with much dignity on mine, she informed me that she had orders to conduct me to the apartment of the abbess. I therefore immediately followed her through sundry

covered passages into a large parlour, where, for a time, I was left alone.

This parlour was such as may be conceived by any one who understands the architecture of the ecclesiastical edifices of the middle ages. The convent of La Madonna del Grottoe had been built about that period when the papal power was at its acme; the parlour was a marble chamber, richly wrought, but much disfigured by the tawdry imagery of a false and idolatrous religion; among these a statue of the Virgin was undoubtedly the most beautiful, yet even this beautiful figure was disguised by wreaths of faded artificial flowers. In the centre of the room was a large marble table, and there were several chairs set in different parts of the apartment. How eagerly did I look round, if possible to get a further insight into the interior of the house, where perhaps my own, my beautiful Emmeline was as eagerly desiring a chance of seeing me; but though there were windows in the room, lofty Gothic windows, whose frames were rich with gold and vermilion, yet these were so high from the ground as to render it impossible to see anything through them but the light of heaven, to which, however, they imparted their various tints.

At length an inner door was slowly opened, and the lady abbess stood before me. I felt a chilling sensation creep over me as she, standing just within the doorway, dropped a profound reverence. What would I not then have given to know best how to comport myself before this stately donna! Shall I, thought I, take the air of superiority, as due to my station, or shall I stoop and bend, and assume humility? but for what? in order that I may deceive—for I could not hide my object from myself. Carried away, as I was, by a dark and fiery zeal, I could not hide it from my heart that my object was, if possible, to obtain an interview with the English novice; and by that obvious means—the confessional?

While the lady performed her obeisance, my mind made itself up to give her respect for respect, and deference for deference; therefore, dropping my eyes to the hem of her robe, I bowed again, and as I raised them I said, "Salve, domina! pax vobiscum!" The signora made me an appropriate answer, and invited me to be seated.

But I have not described this lady. She was of a

noble family, and had been beautiful, nay, still was so; there was majesty in her person; her age might be from forty to fifty; she was exceedingly pale—marble itself was scarcely paler; she possessed, in perfection, all the *savoir faire* of her profession. She was an accomplished formalist, nay, a graceful and imposing one; her eye was keen and penetrating; it exhibited a powerful mind, but her smile was of the earth—earthy; and this I soon distinguished, and hence I took the hint for my future conduct: for while I indulged her in all her love of form, I administered gratification to that part of her character which she had no doubt persuaded herself that she had succeeded in concealing from me.

But as I proceed I seem to shrink with more and more abhorrence from the thing I then was. Oh! who can measure the progress of wickedness! and where could be the hope of such a wretch as I have been, if there were not the assurance that the finite wickedness of man (for that which is infinite cannot be affected by creatures who are finite) is more than counterbalanced in the scale by the infinite merits of the Redeemer! but to proceed. The lady and I being seated in much form, she addressed me by saying that she had great satisfaction in thinking that the place of the venerable Padre Guelpho was to be filled by one who had, by renouncing his country, his friends, and his honourable name among the heretics, shown his love and devotion to the truth beyond all question. I bowed, and my eyes again fell on the hem of the lady's robe. "And what," I answered, "are all these sacrifices, and many more, in comparison of the interests of the soul?" And I went on in this strain for a few minutes, while the abbess prepared another speech.

"But methinks, signor," she added, "or rather, I should say, my father, it would be better if a few years more had rolled over your head before you were nominated to enter into the secret councils of women." I looked for an instant as she spoke these words, and our eyes met—there was a twinge of conscience at that moment which somewhat disconcerted me, and threw the blood up into my cheeks—but I recovered myself by an affectation of displeasure. "Am I younger," I said, "than was the Padre Juliano when he first took the office? Has the lady abbess reason to regret the confidence placed in him? May not grace be given in

as full measure to the infant yet hungry on the breast as to the hoary-headed anointed"—I was proceeding, when she interrupted me by begging my pardon for her incautious speech, and the apology being instantly admitted, she began to open her mind to me in that sort of confidential way which is understood to exist between an abbess and the family confessor. She talked of the religieuses her daughters, and called them innocent doves, which had taken refuge in the ark of that holy house, the Madonna del Grottoe, from the snares of the wicked world; but she mentioned some little inferior sins, or rather, to use her own words, venial sins,* which had crept into the family since the Padre Guelpho had been too infirm to attend so constantly as he had been wont to do to the duties of the confessional.

"These things must be remedied, madam," I answered, in my most imposing tone; "and could you favour me with some particulars of these venial offences, I can, when in the confessional, lead my admonitions to the objects required." Then drawing up my lips, and speaking in a deep and impressive tone, "These spots in our robes must be effaced by penance," I said, "and the admeasurement of the penances must be conformed to the extent of the offence. These stains must be wiped off, lady—we must not suffer any soul to be injured by our neglect. But you must illuminate me by your experience—you must irradiate me by your wisdom." And then followed certain compliments, which I urged no further than I felt the assurance of their being acceptable.

* "D. Qu'est-ce que le Péché Veniel?

R. C'est celuy qui ne nous prive pas de l'amitié de nostre Dieu, mais qui ne laisse pas de luy deplaire extremement, et de nous apporter de très grands dommages.

D. Quels sont les dommages qu'il nous apporte?

R. Premièrement, il nous rend moins agréables à Dieu, et moins affectionnez à son service. 2. Dieu le punit souvent par la privation de ses graces et de ses inspirations, d'où il arrive que nous tombons aprés plus aisément dans le Péché Mortel 3. Il est la cause de beaucoup de maux, qui nous arrivent durant cette vie. 4. Il sera puni du feu par des tourmens effroyables dans le Purgatoire.

D. Comment s'efface le Péché Veniel?

R. Il s'efface par la Penitence, par les Sacremens, et par toutes sortes de bonnes œuvres que nous faisons en estat de grace.

D. Pourquoi l'appelle-t-on *Veniel?*

R. On l'appelle *Veniel*, c'est-à-dire, *digne de pardon*, parceque Dieu nous le pardonne plus aisément que le Mortel."—*Catéchisme Théologique.*

The lady then informed me that some of the younger sisters had lately permitted themselves, on certain occasions, to get together in the garden of the convent, and give way to laughter, much to the scandal of the more holy part of the community.

When I remarked that I was astonished to hear of an offence of this kind at La Madonna del Grottoe, it was spoken in more sincerity than anything I had said in that presence. A few more peccadilloes of the same sort were enumerated; after which it was agreed, that as the season was the one established in the church for duties of this kind, it being Lent, I should take each member of the house in turn in the confessional, and the next afternoon was appointed for the commencement of this duty. This was precisely what I had eagerly desired; but, although I was most careful to withhold any manifestation of my secret delight on this occasion, I could not prevent the blood from rushing to my cheeks. I, however, maintained the solemnity of my manner, and played the hypocrite, I believe, successfully.

In taking leave, I presented the golden rosary to the lady, adding, that it had been committed to me with the injunction that I should bestow it on La Madonna del Grottoe, through the hands of her most distinguished votary, with this request, that that votary would wear it until the hour of death. The gold and the jewels imparted some additional radiance to the eyes of the lady abbess, and she dismissed me as graciously as her rigid attention to forms would permit.

It is, no doubt, understood by my readers, that it is so arranged in convents that the confessor and the sister to be confessed, though they have the means of speaking in each other's ears, are not in the same apartment. The confessional, which resembles a large box with two compartments, was, in the convent of La Madonna, so constructed as to be approachable on one side by the choir, and on the other from behind the altar in the chapel; there is a small hole in the centre compartment of the box, through which the persons speak, and the confessor sits while the penitent kneels. Of all these circumstances I was fully aware, and I was also aware of this—that I must hear all the dull and disgusting confessions of every sister in the house before the turn of the English nun would arrive. However, being in so good a train, I had nothing for it but patience;

and in the mean time, when performing the services in the chapel, I was very careful not to look in the direction of the grating. I had great hopes that I should see the face of the novice when the mother and sisters were all to receive the bread of the eucharist, for the cup is never given even to these devoted daughters of the church; but this ceremony was not to take place till Easter Sunday, at which time all would have confessed, and thus I was kept in suspense for several days longer, while I confessed the whole of the household one after another, and was compelled to hear—how La Madre Magliore could not sleep for hatred of La Madre Leucadie, because the latter one day hinted that she had best leave off singing, as she had a crack in her voice—and how the Sister Sidoine could think of nothing but the embroidery round the cassock of one of the young acolytes all the time that she ought to have been minding her aves—with an infinitude of other complaints and confessions, which might have served to prove to me that no humanly established forms or contrivances, no bars, nor bolts, nor curtains, nor fastenings, nor kneelings, nor deprivations, nor resolutions, nor vows, are valuable in the smallest degree for the weakening of the power of sin in the human mind.

At length the sister whom I had seen taking the veil having opened her heart to me, and told me a tale of regret and misery which I knew to be perfectly true—for her young heart had not yet been broken in to the horrible monotony of the life to which she was condemned—she left me, as she said, to call the sister Juliette. Juliette! I thought—ah! that name of mournful import! that name of old Italian romance! Wherefore should my Emmeline have chosen a name of such fatal portent? yet am not I more miserable than Romeo? and it was difficult for me to suppress my groans. It was late in the day, and the rays of the sun shot indirectly on the western wall of the church through the many-coloured windows; the place of the confessional, being in a corner of the building behind the altar, was already in deep shade.

The period which passed after one novice had departed and before another came was one of increasing agitation to me; and when I heard another step, and was aware that some one had entered the other side of the confessional, I could not have spoken one word, had

my life depended on it, for some seconds—such was the agitation of my heart for a minute or more.

I was in hopes that the penitent would break the silence—but I waited in vain; at length, with a strong effort, I said, "Salve filia! Domina labra tua aperies!" A deep sigh then rose to my ear from the penitent, with the sound of such a burst of anguish as I had never before heard on a similar occasion.

"Speak!" I said. "In the name of the Holy Virgin, what distresses you? If any dreadful sin sullies your poor soul, reveal it to me, and the holy mother church will provide the means of cleansing you."

She attempted to speak, but I could not understand what she would say; on which I asked, "You are English, is it not so?"

"Ah, yes!" she replied.

"Speak, then, your native tongue," I said, "I understand it."

Another burst of anguish—and then she said, "Could Eloise be pardoned for loving Abelard, when that Abelard—" and there she hesitated again.

I put an immense force on myself, for as yet, what with the interruption of sobs, and the low tone in which every word had been spoken, I could not be quite sure of the person to whom I was speaking; but taking up her broken sentence, I said, "When that Abelard had devoted himself to God by vows the most solemn which men can take, it became an imperious—" and there I also stopped.

"Yes," she answered—"yes," and then the tone being less affected by violent emotion, rushed as it were to my heart—"yes, when Abelard had taken those vows by which they were for ever parted! but tell me, oh tell me! if Eloise could be pardoned for this great sin?"

"Let us leave these persons to the Divine mercy," I replied. "You are come here to relieve your soul by confessions; let me know your history; remember that we now speak under the seal of the sanctuary: who are you?" I added.

"The daughter of an English nobleman," she replied.

"Do your parents live?"

"No," she answered, "I never knew a mother, and I broke my father's heart."

I compressed my lips—I clasped and compressed my

hands, till every nerve was in pain; for an instant I spoke not, and then went on.

"Your name?" I asked.

"They call me Juliette," she replied; "I have no other name."

My next question was this:—"Were you educated as a heretic, or were you always a true believer?"

"I was nursed in heresy," she answered.

"And what," I asked, "first brought you to the truth?" but while I spoke my voice trembled; I could articulate with difficulty.

"It was through the influence of one who loved me that I became a true believer," she replied, but in a voice so low and broken that the tones were entirely indistinct.

"And where is that man now?" I asked.

"He has abandoned me for a higher love," she replied; "he is now a priest."

"Your whole life, it seems, then, daughter," I resumed, "has been tinctured by that fatal passion by earthly men called love."

"Not my whole life, father," she replied; "I can look back to a time when I was a stranger to this miserable feeling—when my heart was free, and I was gay and innocent; but I was deceived—I thought myself beloved, and left my father's house to follow him whose image is still dearer to me than life itself."

"Gracious Heavens!" I inwardly exclaimed, "it must, it must be Emmeline—does she know me? surely she does!" And yet the voice, disguised as it was by the lowness of its tones and the reverberation of the confessional, scarcely seemed that of my lost one: But yet another question—"And have you always loved one?" I asked; "I fear that you cannot even plead this poor excuse—that one only has been the object of your regard."

"Ah, father!" she answered, "there you wrong me; such sorrow as I have felt proceeds not from divided affection."

I still doubted—I still feared—the lady was English indeed; the circumstances were similar, but there was a dreadful risk in laying myself open should there be any mistake. I therefore spoke again—"Was your love returned, my daughter?"

"I had every reason once to think so," she answered, "yet has he abandoned me."

"Wherefore did he abandon you? was his affection of an honourable nature? did he ever speak to you of marriage?"

"Ah! did he not!" she answered. "Oh father! honoured and holy father! would to Heaven I could forget that ever I have known him!" Here was a fresh burst of sorrow, and a bitter cry, in which I heard these words—"Oh Kelford! Kelford!—memory! memory! —would that death would come to still this anguish!"

I could restrain myself no longer; yet still remembering where I was, I repeated in a suppressed tone, yet with several repetitions, "Emmeline! my Emmeline!" Instead of the immediate answer which I expected, there was a new gush of passionate tears and sobs, and then, in an altered tone, she exclaimed, "No! no! not that unhappy one, but Juliette!"

"Not Edmund, then," I answered, "but the Father Edvardo."

"Yes! yes!" she said, "Edmund! Edmund! let that beloved name dwell for ever on our lips! that Edmund for whom I have sacrificed my home, my friends, my country, and now am about to sacrifice my soul!—for in taking upon myself the awful title of the spouse of Christ while my heart was devoted to an earthly love, I have incurred the vengeance of Divine jealousy! But oh! I have no power to control my feelings! I thought I should be happier here, with the chance of sometimes hearing your voice, my Edmund! But what now am I but a bird snared in a net which has been spread before her eyes!"

"But are the strings of that net drawn entirely close, my beloved one?" I asked.

"Do *you* put that question?" she answered. "Who was it that abandoned her who would have gladly died for him?"

"My brother!" I replied, "I thought that I had murdered my brother!"

She replied, "No," weeping—"had you truly felt for her whom you had misled as she felt for you, you could not have fled from her as you did; nor could you, Edmund, have taken those awful vows I find you have done, had your heart been bound and fettered in the bonds of faithful though disastrous love! But what," she added, "what are we about? if we linger here we shall be suspected—you are known to be English, so am I!"

"Stay one moment," I said, for she was leaving the confessional; "can you come here when you please?"

"No," she answered, "it might lead to suspicion were I to be too anxious for confession."

"But is not confession," I asked, "acknowledged to be a duty?"

"It is; but when the confessor," she answered, "is young, the old devotees do not withhold their comments on those who are too anxious to visit the confessional."

What was it that instant which led me to say, "Your sister, my beloved one! tell me of her!"

"My sister!" she replied, "oh, Edmund! ask me not!"

"And wherefore?" I answered. Surely, thought I, she is not jealous.

"Oh, ask me not—ask me not!" she repeated; "my sister!" She spoke wildly, and I urged my question. "If," she answered, "there has been more than one death in Kelford, what signifies it to us? Are not all our relations dead to us, or we to them?"

"What!" I said—"what! do you mean to say that your beautiful sister is no more?" and my heart seemed to compress itself as with an inward throe; "do you say she is dead? Poor Savona! And did I kill her?"

"You, Edmund! you! the love of you!" replied the penitent, in a low, inward tone. "But—" and she hesitated—"it is true, too true, that beauty is faded in the tomb! My father, too, is no more; that same arrow, that barbed, poisoned arrow, which wounded one to death—" and there she stopped.

"Then I am a double murderer!" I answered, with a heavy groan.

"A murderer!—no!" she replied. "No, Edmund! no! my father's lamp was nearly extinguished; it wanted but a breath entirely to annihilate it; and love cannot kill, else should I—" and there she ceased to speak.

It appeared to me as if these repeated heavy blows—this intensity of suffering—had almost injured the reason of my beloved one; and, though wanting comfort myself, I tried to administer consolation where I thought it more required.

"My Emmeline!" I cried, "my lovely one! if the thought that my love for you is now as ardent—yea, infinitely more so than in our fortunate days—" I was going on, when she broke in upon me.

"Emmeline! Emmeline!" she said, "speak not that name, nor speak of that unhappy one, the miserable Savona! Oh! for one draught of Lethe to annihilate the past! They call me Juliette—let it be Juliette! Speak not the names of former times! call me Juliette, and by that name say you will love and pity me till death!"

"Juliette it shall be then, my lovely one!" I answered, "and by that name I swear that I will think of you, and pray for you! and if our bars cannot be broken—"

"If?" she repeated, quickly taking me up; "dare we think of this? Believe you, that when I adopted a religion which was not my father's, I did it in hypocrisy? Oh, Edmund! Edmund! we are as limed birds—there is no way but death for our escape!"

"My Emmeline!" I answered, but again interrupting me, "No, not Emmeline, but Juliette!" she said. "Oh! those reminiscences of former years!" and she again wept audibly.

"I will speak that word no more," I replied; "but, before we part, tell me how we may meet again." I find it impossible fully to relate all that passed during this miserable interview, which we were afraid of making too long, lest we might incur suspicion; but after some consideration, I recollected that one of the nuns, in the plenitude of her superstitious ignorance, had acknowledged that she had some weighty scruples of conscience respecting kneeling on the bare floor instead of any soft material, and I suggested to the beloved penitent that, if she would feign a scruple of conscience of the same kind—as I understood this same sapient individual had made hers known to the whole house—I might bring about another meeting in the confessional, by stating a wish to converse again with those labouring under that scruple, before the usual time for such duty should recur.

"Edmund," she replied, "I have already done too much for you to object now to this piece of art; and yet," she added, "what are we about! Is there an avenging and a jealous God?"

"One word more," I said—"tell me once more, how has it happened that you, who were brought up by my uncle Theophilus in the Protestant faith, so suddenly renounced it?"

"Oh, Edmund!" she replied, "will you not cease from tearing open my yet bleeding wounds? were not you brought up by that good man? and what did he teach you which did not forward your adoption of that church which is descended in a direct line from the apostles? Did he not put that clew into your hand, in following which you now are what you are? And yet you came not hither, as I did, in order that I might sometimes see the face of him I loved through yon cold grating! But what do I say? what confessions am I making? where is my woman's pride? Oh, Edmund! Edmund! I must leave you! The sorrows which are past, and the deep unnatural gloom of the present existence, have bereft me of reason! I sometimes appear to myself as one in a wild and fearful dream!"

"One word only more," I said. "In case the result I wish should not accrue from the expedient I have suggested, before we part let us concert some other means of communication: know you the door at the bottom of the garden which opens on the mountains?"

"There is no hope of passage by that," she answered; "besides being doubly locked, the vines have run completely over it."

"But under the sill," I replied, "a billet might be placed; and no one but him for whom it is intended would think of looking for it there."

A few expressions, such as are too often dictated by forbidden love, having ensued, we took our leave, not daring to continue our interview any longer: and as I walked slowly back to the monastery, I reasoned, though with much secret dissatisfaction, on the amazing power of love to draw out even the mind supposed to be most delicate from its reserves; and I even asked myself—Is this beautiful woman—the woman, without exception, most lovely whom my eyes ever beheld—worth all the dangers which I am incurring on her account? For what, what had I to look forward to but the extremest vengeance of the papal church, then in great power in Italy, should I be found guilty of the deadliest of all sins—that of misleading a nun under the seal of the confessional? I knew, indeed, that my offence would not be made public to the world, for the crimes of the priesthood are not amenable to the tribunal of the secular magistrate; but then I knew that there was a se-

cret tribunal for the trial of such causes, and it was awful even to think of the horrors of that tribunal; nor did I suppose that I should fare better, in case of detection, from being known to have once been a Protestant, the sister also having been one. But there is an infatuation in wickedness—a sort of moral intoxication, by which the victim is dragged forward, in the very face of punishment, and even on occasions when he himself questions the worth of that for which he is incurring the danger; for the light in which I now considered Emmeline, and had considered her for some time, had vastly lowered her in my estimation.

As soon as the series of confessions were terminated, I had another interview with the lady abbess, during which I found that I was growing in her estimation. I spoke to her of the godly qualities of her household, all of which I attributed to her pious care; but mentioned the Sister Petronilla, and begged that I might converse with her again respecting a certain point, which of course I was not at liberty to reveal.*

The lady abbess replied that she could easily imagine what that point was. "It is no secret in the family," she added, "that my daughter Petronilla's mind is much exercised respecting the propriety of kneeling upon the bare marble rather than on a hassock or mat; and it is in vain, my father, to cite to her the number of examples which we have of the contrary practice: for instance," she continued, "in that precious picture of the Holy Virgin which is affirmed to have been painted by St. Luke, the copy of which is within my chamber, the mother of God is represented kneeling before the angel Gabriel on a hassock having four corners, and a tassel at each corner of fringe, wrought with a shuffle and bobbins, precisely in the same pattern as that which we make in the middle of the eighteenth century; not to speak of Sainte Barbara, and Sainte Agnace, and Sainte Rosalie, all of whom are represented as kneeling on cushions; but the Sister Petronilla is not to be persuaded, and I add with sorrow,

* "D. Le Confesseur peut-il parler des péchez qu'il a oüis en confession?

R. Non, il ne luy est jamais permis d'en parler, non pas mesme d'aucune autre chose qu'il auroit apprise en confession, si ce n'est que le penitent luy en eust donné la permission."—*Catéchisme Théologique.*

that she is infecting others of the society with her contumacy, throwing severe reproaches on every one who uses a cushion, insomuch that the novices begin to question the propriety of hassocks, and the sister Juliette has actually started her doubts already to me on the subject."

It was with much difficulty that I had retained the command of my features on this occasion, for I felt my upper lip beginning to tremble with scorn; as to laughter, I had no difficulty to restrain a temptation of that kind—I had ceased to laugh from the time I had returned to La Grottoe, and especially since my conference with that unhappy one, of whom I could not think as the sister Juliette; and then those deaths at Kelford! Well might the phantom in La Strada Balbi whisper those awful words—"They mourn at Kelford!" And that poor Savona! was it for love she died, or grief, or shame to find herself forsaken by the only man she had ever loved—and forsaken for a younger sister! I therefore felt no inclination to smile at the folly of the abbess, but I could willingly have said, it is such fools as these which make a man ashamed of his profession. And these questions occurred to me; had I conversed with such a Roman Catholic as this two years ago, should I have ever renounced my own church; and are there not fools in the Church of England also? and what if I have only conversed with the ignorant, and taken my ideas of my own church from such? Here were pregnant inquiries which would intrude themselves.

But while these reflections were crossing my mind, I retained the hypocritical calmness of my manner, and requested to converse with Petronilla again the next day.

"And afterward with the other also," added the abbess, "if she continues to be contumacious."

My reader, probably, will not wish to hear what passed between me and the Sister Petronilla; for prudence' sake, I kept her a long time in the confessional, although I should not have cared if she had knelt on the bare marble till her knees had become stone. However, I sent her away well pleased, by telling her that she had a right, if she chose, to kneel on redhot iron instead of cold marble, and that the more pain she gave herself the more would be her merit; but that, as it had been the custom of the house to kneel on a foot-

stool covered with cloth or a piece of matting, she ought to manifest her humility by not dictating to those who, having, it might be, less grace, were not capable of such amazing acts of self-denial as herself.

In a few minutes after she had left the confessional I heard a gentle step, and was aware of the presence of another sister.

A cautious word on either side served to prove that the cousins were again met, and having, in low whispers, conveyed to the ear of my lovely auditor some gentle assurance of everlasting devotion, as mistimed as they were impious, when it is considered what we were and what our opinions were, I ventured, notwithstanding her previous prohibitions, to ask her some questions relating to former friends and connexions. She satisfied me respecting my parents and sisters, that they were well, but I found her even less disposed to speak on other subjects than she had been the day before; and when she did speak, it was in a voice so low that I could hardly hear her.

"My beloved one!" I said, "why this dejection—this reserve? When last we met, you were willing to open your whole heart to me; you are now silent; you answer me only with sighs."

"Because," she replied, in an accent interrupted with sobs—"because I have reflected much since we met. I thought that you would be more touched in hearing of the death of my unhappy sister. Did you not love her, Edmund?"

"As brothers love, I loved Savona," I answered; "she was beautiful, gay, and amusing; but, Emmeline—'

"No! no! not Emmeline!" again repeated the penitent, relapsing into vehemence, "not Emmeline! say Juliette! say, my beloved one! say aught you will but Emmeline!"

"My Juliette, then!" I replied, "my only love!"

"Yes, your only love! but that poor Savona!" she answered, and then relapsed into another agony of bitter weeping.

"But tell me, Juliette," I said, "by whom or by what were you induced to come to La Grottoe? how did you know that I was here?"

She whispered the name of Beauregard.

"Was this the man who induced you, my beloved," I asked, "to renounce your heresies?"

I could not distinctly hear her answer to this inquiry, it was so low; I however took it for granted that I had judged correctly, and added, "Was this work commenced at Kelford?"

"No, not commenced," she replied, "but carried on there."

"In London, then," I asked, "he began this work of conversion; perhaps when you were in London?"

There was no negative put upon this question, and I then further asked her "wherefore she had thus hastily involved herself in engagements which must for ever preclude our meeting in any other way than the present."

"They must be stronger in heart and resolution than I am," she answered, "who, having once involved themselves in the net of this all-powerful Church of Rome, can say, so far shall we go and no farther. I had, indeed, not intended to become a novice till I had seen and conversed with you; but when I heard that you had left this place, I seemed, as it were, to have a delight in rendering my sacrifice complete—I seemed, as it were, to embrace the chains I was forging for myself. And then they told me that I was not bound to the life of a nun by the assumption of the white veil, and I believed them."

"As many before you, my Juliette," I answered, "have done to their bitter cost. But," I added, as if answering some doubts which occurred at the moment to my mind, "can this church, which authorizes such deceptions as these, be the church of God—holy, immaculate, unchangeable?"

It seemed as if this sentiment, thus expressed, had excited some unusually bitter feeling in her breast. "My relations looked coldly upon me," she said, "and I fled their presence; and if I came here to die, yes, Edmund, to die! let me not feel that you refuse to pity me!"

To my surprise, all that I could say seemed but to increase her anguish, and we were obliged to part before she appeared to be more composed.

The morning of Easter had now arrived, and we went in solemn procession to the convent, leaving only our old porter at the monastery. The chapel of the Madonna was crowded, and richly embellished with all the gorgeous pageantries of the day. I took the lead in the

service. The sisters entered the choir, each bearing her lighted taper; I felt the presence of my Emmeline, for I not only discerned the figure of the Sister Juliette, but caught a glimpse of those rich coral lips of which I have spoken several times before, but I did not dare to permit my eyes to rest upon that face.

The service was long, and was finished by the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to the fashion which I shall describe. The officiating priest, standing within the altar, presents the wafer on a salver, first to the superior, then to the nuns of the black veil, and lastly to the novices, these presenting themselves, one by one, at the grate, bowing low as they stop before the aperture, and then passing away. The wafer is next given to the laity, if any are present, who receive it kneeling without the altar, and finally it is taken in both kinds by the officiator himself, and by any other of the priests who are present.

It will appear, from this description, that in giving the wafer to the nuns, the full face of each must be manifest to the officiator. I had built long on this occasion for seeing the face of Emmeline, but at the moment that she might be expected to come forward I heard some one behind me whisper to another, the Padre Juliano is come.

My heart leaped within me as I heard these words; I could hardly preserve my presence of mind—the objects around me became indistinct—I saw only the moving procession of sisters passing before my vision, as we have seen things in a dream; and though my eye for an instant rested fully on the beautiful Juliette, when she passed away my mind was left in as much uncertainty respecting whether I had actually seen her or not, or whether she were the same or changed, as it had been one moment before—that is, I could not, from this hasty and agitated view, have sworn to her identity, had not other circumstances previously convinced me that this lovely nun was actually my cousin. But Juliano was come, and my temporary authority was at an end; I was to yield to him my place in the confessional, and this was not only a subject of cruel mortification, but of fear. What, thought I, if Emmeline should not be aware of the change of confessors, and if any motive whatever should induce Juliano to desire to keep this secret.

The first words which Juliano said to me when I ap-

peared before him were—"Well, brother, I see that our sun of Italy has at length made an impression on your ruddy northern cheek;" but as my first interview with this man after his return is full of important matter, I must defer it to another chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

My mind was in such a tumult when I entered the gate of the monastery, that the agitation was no doubt imparted to my features, for I saw that the old porter looked hard in my face, though he put no question to me; being admonished, however, by his searching glance, I summoned my utmost self-command to assume a calmness of manner; and notwithstanding what I have said above, I think that I succeeded to a certain degree, even in the eyes of the Padre Juliano, into whose presence I entered with the assumed familiarity of former intercourse.

He was in the same apartment in which I had met the bishop—a room used generally for business or the reception of distinguished visiters. He was seated when I entered, and on each side of him were two inexplicable personages, with whom he was conversing in low tones. These persons were neither gentlemen nor clowns, neither lords nor servants, neither priests nor laymen; though it was evident, by their dark and peculiar habits, that they were functionaries of the church, it was not till after I had seen them several times that their real characters and condition occurred to me, or that I began to apprehend the truth, that they were officers of the high court of inquisition in Rome, and then it was that the question occurred to me, wherefore Juliano had brought them to La Grottoe, for it seems that they had accompanied him from Rome, whither he had repaired on leaving La Grottoe.

Notwithstanding my dislike of these mysterious visitants, Juliano and I managed our meeting so well, that no bystander of ordinary perception would have perceived aught but the warmest cordiality on both sides. Nevertheless there existed between us a reciprocal feel-

ing of suspicion and jealousy, for the latter of which I could not well account; however, he spoke plainly and flatteringly to me, commended the order in which he had found everything, and added that, should he again be obliged to leave La Grottoe, he should leave it in perfect confidence, having, as he was pleased to add, a substitute of such superior sanctity. There was a beam or flash which shot from under his eyelid, and fell witheringly upon me, as he uttered the words superior sanctity, which I found some difficulty in enduring unflinchingly, and which I thought of afterward with some apprehension, especially when I discovered the characters of the two dark, mysterious individuals who had accompanied him from Rome; but otherwise, this our first meeting would have passed without any betrayal of secret feelings on either side.

The remainder of that memorable Easter was so filled up with forms, that I was not alone till I had withdrawn at night to my chamber, and then I had leisure to think more of that most formidable danger which not only threatened me, but my unhappy cousin; for I apprehended that should the abbess and Gasparo take into their ever manœuvring papistical heads to conceal from the sister the change of confessors, and should the lady, being unconscious of this change, drop only one incautious word in the ear of Juliano, there would be no consequences more terrible than those which might be justly apprehended. And would it not be possible, I asked myself, to give the novice some small hint of her danger? The communication by the garden-gate immediately occurred to me, and, late as it was, I hastily sketched upon a sheet of paper a confessional, placing on one side the figure of a kneeling nun, on the other his Satanic majesty, in his usual paraphernalia, as he is painted by the Romanists, writing underneath, in a disguised hand, this single word, CAVE. Before it was light, I went out upon the mountain, and deposited this most curious and extraordinary composition of my pencil under the door-sill, among dry leaves and other rubbish.

From that day Juliano took the duties at La Madonna as I had expected, and had no doubt many long conferences with the lady abbess.

After having deposited my sketch under the door, several days passed without events, during which days

my superior and I conducted ourselves towards each other as men do who wish others to see how highly they think of the coat, or cloth, or badge of office which both are entitled to wear. I think with disgust, even at this distant time, of the various grimaces and ceremonials with which we did honour to each other in the eyes of the regulars and inferior seculars of the establishment; while the two inquisitors, whose character every one had begun to suspect, prowled darkly about the house, inflicting tremblings and horror upon every creature who met their gaze.

Our house might at that time have been compared to Etna or Vesuvius, burning with eternal fires, and preparing for some vast and terrible explosion, but not having yet given the signal by which the direction of the danger might be apprehended.

In the mean time, not a question was asked; no man dared to speak his apprehensions to his dearest friend; and it was evident that no two persons of the household wished to be seen to converse with each other; indeed, such was the pressure on every person's spirits, and so vast the gloom of the family, that I certainly should have taken myself from thence, had I not felt that, in some way or other, I could not tell how, any step I might take at that time might implicate Emmeline. Several days, as I said, had passed in this way, when, one evening, after vespers, it being dusk, I was somewhat surprised to see Del Sarto walk out of the gates, which were seldom finally closed till complies, that is, the nine o'clock service, and direct his steps towards the convent. One of the passions which raged in my breast at that time was jealousy of Del Sarto; I was determined to know whither he was going, and, following him out, I traced him round the terrace upon the open mountain. He walked on, while I still followed him at a distance; he did not look back, but having ascended to a parallel with the convent, he turned and passed on at the back thereof, in a line with the garden-gate. I followed him till nearly opposite that gate; there I stood, marking his figure till he turned an angle of the wall and disappeared, having, as I have since been assured, no other object than to inhale the fresh mountain air, while, perhaps, in sweet communion with his God.

It was getting still darker, for the twilight in Italy is

short; and having looked carefully round me, I ventured to approach the gate, and to feel with my hand if haply there were any communication for me; while so doing, I heard a rustling sound within, which caused me to start and spring up on my feet. I listened, however, for a moment in silence, and then crept back under the covert of the wall as far it would protect me; afterward waiting till the increasing darkness would conceal me while I crossed the open part of the hill.

When I arrived at the monastery, old Bernardo was about to lock the gates; he made no comment, however, when I entered; and though I was much agitated, I had no reason to suppose that my agitation was remarked.

The next day passed on as usual; but on the morning after, a brother was sent to request my presence in the apartment before spoken of, that is, the state apartment. I say nothing of what I felt at this call; but I summoned all my resolution, and, no doubt, I was supported by the very being with whose person I had lately taken such a liberty in my caricature.

I entered boldly, and placed myself at the marble table, where already sat my superior and the two dark and silent strangers.

"Brother Edvardo," said Gasparo, with a look I shall never forget, for it was a look of hellish satisfaction, deeply shaded under a mantle of solemn gravity and official firmness, "Brother Edvardo, I grieve to say that things have been brought before me this morning which fill my mind and those of my holy brethren" (and he bowed slightly but solemnly to the sombre mutes)—"which must fill every mind devoted to the service of the holy mother church with the deepest anguish."

The hypocrite, I thought; why does he not tell me at once what this heavy complaint may be; but I felt the delicacy of my situation, and only answered by a groan and an exclamation which had no particular signification, at the same time crossing myself and settling my mouth in a compressed form. My groan was answered by a sort of indistinct sound issuing from the chests of the strangers; and then Juliano proceeded:—

"I know, Brother Edvardo," he said, "that you were led to renounce the accursed heresies in which you were educated by strong conviction of their falsehood."

"Undoubtedly," I replied, speaking solemnly, "it was through conviction that I renounced the heresies of my fathers, and admitted the faith of that holy church which cannot err."

"And which is without a stain of imperfection," returned Gasparo, in the same solemn hypocritical tone, of which I set him the example, "being as the coat of Christ, without seam, woven from the top throughout."

I bowed assent; and the mutes murmured the same from the profundity of their chests.

"What, my dear brother," resumed Gasparo, "is your opinion of the sacraments?"*

I was careful in my reply to adopt the very words of the catechism which was used in our college; at the same time inquiring wherefore questions of this nature should be put to one in my station.

"Merely," he replied, "to set at rest some doubts which I understand have risen in this house respecting your opinions, Brother Edvardo, as it regards the necessity of the last sacraments to the final rest and peace of the soul."

"The question," I replied, "has been variously treated; but, for my part, I consider that the decision of the Council of Trent on the subject is clear and most satisfactory."

Juliano requested me to do him the favour of repeating the decrees of the holy council relative to this point; but I was aware whom I had to deal with, and very calmly proposed to fetch the history of that council, written by Pietro Soave Polano, which I possessed in the Latin; the Padre Juliano begged me, however, to spare myself the trouble, assuring me that my promptness and candour had removed all shadow of doubt respecting my orthodox faith on the subject in question. "But," he added, "without having given rest to my mind respecting a very ugly and inauspicious circumstance,

* D. Comment est-ce que l'Eglise Catholique est *sainte* puisque nous voyons tant de Catholiques qui ne sont pas *saints*, mais au contraire très méchans?

R. L'Eglise Catholique est *sainte*, parceque Jésus Christ qui est son Chef et son Epoux, est saint; l'Esprit qui l'anime est aussi saint, puisqu'il n'est autre que le Saint Esprit, ses Sacremens sont saints, sa doctrine est sainte; et pour estre saint il ne faut que suivre ses ordres et obéir à ses lois, &c., &c.—*Cat. Theol.*

which affects another member of the household, Francesco del Sarto."

I was silent, compressed my lips, and looked down; but feeling inwardly rejoiced at having, as I supposed, got to the close of this solemn and alarming conference. However, I was not thrown off my guard; but requested that some of the elders of the household might be called in to give their testimony; and that Del Sarto himself might be confronted with them. Juliano made no objection to this; and accordingly, as many as six of the elders of the family were convoked, to give their answers to this inquiry—whether it were through carelessness or intention that the Father Guelpho was permitted to die without the sacraments. There was such a sense of indignation on account of this accidental or intended neglect, that every voice went against Del Sarto; the general opinion being that the young man was in his heart not altogether without taint of heresy as it regarded the true faith; however, it was judged right that he should be allowed to speak for himself, and, being sent for, he presently arrived, and was desired to place himself at the bottom of the table. I did not observe that the Brother Bernardo had entered the room soon after Del Sarto; but when I first looked up after the entrance of Francesco, I perceived that the old man was standing near the door at the extremity of the room. Del Sarto looked pale as ashes when he first found himself standing as a culprit before four judges from whom he could expect no mercy. I may say four, for I had assumed the air of one in authority, and felt myself by no means deeply concerned in the issue of the trial, whether it turned in favour of or against the youth.

The trial, for such I may call it, commenced with a charge against Francesco del Sarto, an ordained priest of the holy apostolic universal church, for having suffered the soul of the venerable father Felix Maria Guelpho to pass away from the corporeal part without the benefit either of the eucharist or of the extreme unction, to the manifest danger of its peace—if not through all eternity, at least through the ages which may intervene before the final judgment.

I observed, while this charge was under statement by the superior, Juliano, that Del Sarto seemed to recover self-possession, so as to be much at ease before it was

concluded. By whom he was thus secretly supported, I leave my pious readers to understand.

The statement having been made, the superior proceeded to ask the young man what he had to say in his defence.

"Reverend father," he replied, "He that is above is my witness, that never having happened to behold the death of any human being, I was not aware that there often occurs, before the last short agony, a sort of illumination—a gleam or flash, as it were, of renovated life, which has deceived many persons more experienced than myself. My lords," he added, bowing, as I could not but acknowledge, with a noble air to the judges, "I was not aware of the approach of the last moment of the patient; I thought that he had fallen asleep; and I knew not that that sleep was death, till a convulsive motion, extending itself to the couch at the foot of which I sat, admonished me that all was nearly over."

Del Sarto had hardly concluded, when Bernardo came forward and bore his testimony, that having gone his rounds only half an hour before the alarm had been given, and having been in the chamber of the Father Guelpho, the venerable man had wished him a good-night, and the blessing of the Almighty, so cheerfully, that he had retired to his bed in the persuasion that he should often see him again in the exercise of his former duties. I was somewhat surprised to find that this testimony was accepted, and that Del Sarto was pronounced by Juliano to be cleared of all in this case but a very censurable carelessness; for which he sentenced him to some severe act of penance, by which the sin was to be wiped from his conscience.

"But," added the superior, "before the company is dismissed, another and more grievous, and, if possible, more scandalous matter, must be brought forward—a matter which is sufficient," he continued, "to bring down the vengeance from on high in torrents of brimstone and of flame on this scene of sacrilege." And his eyes, as he spoke, flashed as if he would gladly have possessed the killing power of the basilisk, glaring from one to another, especially, as my conscience told me, from me to Del Sarto, and from Del Sarto to me, while his features worked as if with convulsive twitches, and large drops of perspiration broke out on his pale brow.

How others looked I know not—it was the utmost that I could do to retain anything like external calm; but, as I have since thought, the intenseness of my apprehensions had a stilling and petrifying effect upon my whole person.

"At Rome," continued Gasparo, "I heard the rumour of your negligence, your culpable negligence, Del Sarto, as it regards our lamented deceased brother, and it was in order that this matter might be looked into that the authorities there sent me back to La Grottoe, accompanied by these gentlemen, who are officers of that holy institution, the duty of which is to take cognizance of those crimes against the holy mother church which are not cognizable by the laws of the state. Such are the offences of the ecclesiastical orders, which, according to the canons of our church, are not amenable to the temporal authority, unless the individuals be deprived, which deprivation brings such scandal on the church as is not to be suffered where other chastisements can be inflicted; nor is there a doubt that, where the offence has been grievous, the vengeance of the offended ecclesiastical power will be grievous also."*

All this was as daggers striking me to the heart; nor were my terrors only and entirely selfish—no, let me at least do myself the justice to say, that I at that moment dreaded what might follow, more on account of my helpless and unhappy cousin than on my own. All the horrors I had ever heard of nuns bricked up alive, of fiery tortures and slow consumings, and sufferings of various other descriptions, rushed upon my mind; and if ever I manifested anything like self-command and strength of endurance, it was at that crisis, though my strength and self-command were not from on high, as will speedily appear.

Juliano, wretched man that he was—for even now I have no power in myself to restrain the risings of hatred and horror which I feel in retracing some of his atrocious deeds; on the contrary, to this hour, after years, long years, and years of bitter wo, before it pleased the Almighty to manifest the consolations of his love to my afflicted soul, and to instruct me in the lesson of Divine forgiveness; after years, I say, have

* First book, Council of Trent, page 317. It is here declared at length, that the ecclesiastic having committed a crime against the laws of his country must be degraded before he suffers punishment.

passed, my blood ferments and boils again, when I think of that vile hypocrite and that lost unhappy one. Oh Kelford! Kelford! who cast the long shades of sorrow over thy sunny lawns! But I must restrain these expressions of wo, which flow from my pen whether I will it so or otherwise, and I must endeavour to gather up the broken thread of my narrative.

I was about to say that Juliano thoroughly understood the slow art of torture by suspense; hence he delayed explaining himself for some minutes longer, and then slowly drawing from his bosom a fold of paper, he placed it in my hand. Can my reader imagine what I felt, when, unrolling it, I discovered my own sketch, my unfortunate, and, as a papist, as I then professed to be, my impious sketch? I felt the basilisk eye of Gasparo upon me while I opened it; I saw the smile of triumph, the fiendish smile which curled his lip, and he marked its effect upon my feelings; but I summoned all the man in me, and calmly asked him what this piece of blasphemy was intended for.

"Hand it to Del Sarto," he said, "perhaps he may be able to explain this matter."

I ground my teeth—I held them clinched—I gave Gasparo a searching look—our eyes met, for when I lifted up mine to his he was looking me through and through: but he had not calculated the force of my mind—he had thought me weaker than I proved to be. He therefore visibly recoiled when, with a glance of scorn, I tossed the fatal sketch back in the direction where he sat, haughtily requiring him to say what concern he supposed me to have with such a piece of damnable impiety.

"Brother Edvardo, pardon me," he replied; "I cannot suppose for one moment that you have any concern in this matter."

"Give it yourself, then," I replied, "to those whom it may concern; and exhibit not such horrors before the eyes of one who desires to think well of every member of holy mother church."

Juliano was evidently disconcerted, but only so for a moment, for he added immediately, "There is no folly or blasphemy which can be new to those who are accustomed to fill the chair of a confessor."

I had folded my arms and resumed an exterior calm; but ventured not upon another reply. I dared not

open my mouth again, lest I should curse the hour when I had first beheld this arch vindictive hypocrite, whose hatred I had suspected some time, and now felt, though the cause thereof was still utterly incomprehensible to me; and it was, as I before said, a strong motive for self-command, that my beloved one's safety, as I conceived, might depend upon my self-control.

While much was passing between us, the two superiors, which was better understood by each other than either of us supposed, the fatal paper was handed down to Del Sarto, who stood at the foot of the long marble table. He received it with calmness, opened and examined it, and then looked up with amazement, not unmingled with some expression of fear as to what it might portend.

"Francesco del Sarto," said Juliano, having given the young man time to examine the drawing, "pass that to the person standing behind you. It is my wish that every one in the hall should see it; and then in the presence of your God, explain all that you know respecting that blasphemous invention."

"This may be easily done, my lord," replied Del Sarto. "God is my witness," he added, "that, until this moment, I have never seen, touched, or had any cognizance of this vile invention."

"You call it then vile?" resumed Juliano.

"I do, my father," he replied; "I should call it vile, even in those professing themselves to be Protestants; inasmuch as no religious matters whatever are fit subjects for ridicule."

"You hear what he says," remarked Juliano, to the two silent strangers. "We must now proceed to that cross examination which is the test of truth. Where were you, Del Sarto, on the evening before the last?"

"At what hour, my lord?" asked Del Sarto.

"Between the hours of eight and nine."

"I left this house," replied the young man, "as nearly as I can recollect, soon after vespers, and did not return till I heard the bell for complies."

There was a momentary pause, during which no person moved; at length Juliano spoke again—it was to ask the direction in which Del Sarto had gone and returned at that time.

The young man gave a simple answer, which I knew to be correct as far as I had observed him, which was

until he had turned the corner of the extreme point of the garden wall of the convent of La Madonna.

"Wherefore," said Juliano, "did you, Del Sarto, select that particular direction for your walk on the evening before the last?"

"Truly, my lord," replied Del Sarto, "I can give no account of any especial reason for selecting that path: I wandered forth for meditation and fresh air; and if there is such a thing as chance, it was by chance that I fell into the path which leads around the walls of the Madonna."

"Was it by chance, also," thundered Gasparo, "that you knelt down, and inserted your hand beneath the gate which opens from the convent garden upon the mountains?"

It was well that most eyes were at that instant on Del Sarto, otherwise the fierce mantling of the blood in my cheeks and brow must have been observed by all present. Nevertheless, I preserved the rigidity of my attitude, my teeth being set with force against each other.

Del Sarto, on hearing this charge, seemed at first to be astonished beyond control, but presently recovering himself, "My lord," he answered, "all that I can say is, that I am perfectly innocent of the charge. I remember not that I stopped a moment, from the time I left the monastery till I returned to it. I would to God that I were as innocent in all other matters as I am in this particular one."

Here Bernardo stepped forward, and, bowing to his superior, said that another member of the household had gone out soon after the Brother Francesco, and had returned a few moments after.

"You mean me, father," I immediately replied; "but I should have been better pleased had not my name been brought forward."

Gasparo and the two dark strangers, as I spoke, had fixed their eyes upon me, and one of these last having whispered in Gasparo's ear, he turned to me and said, "The signor requests me to ask of you, Brother Edvardo, wherefore you wished your name not to be brought forward on this occasion?"

"Because," I replied, "I would willingly have withheld my evidence. However, that evidence must now be given."

"In peril of the resentment of the church," murmured the stranger who had whispered, speaking in a voice of sepulchral hollowness.

Being thus urged by fear of man from without and all the powers of hell from within, I gave my evidence; and this it was: that I had certainly seen some person, in a clerical habit, kneeling down and extending his hand towards the door in the convent wall on the evening mentioned before.

I had scarcely uttered this deceitful testimony, when a sudden change of expression in the countenance of Gasparo caused me to give him a look which admonished him instantly to withdraw into himself, and to drop his eyelids, but not till he had already let it appear that he was not deceived, although others might be by my lying witness; however, this was not the time for any by-play between me and Juliano. The apartment was filled with groans and exclamations of horror against a man, a priest, who could presume to attempt to hold private intercourse with the spouses of God and the daughters of the immaculate mother: and when the superior told the company present that the blasphemous sketch, with the word CAVE written underneath as a motto, had been conveyed into the sacred house by the means of this door, the groans broke out into loud execrations, and various voices were heard anathematizing the suspected culprit; no one permitting him to say a word in his own defence. The scene was terminated by Juliano, who, having made a signal to the two strangers, they arose, and walking slowly to the bottom of the table, placed themselves one on each side of Del Sarto, while Bernardo was commanded to go forward to the strong chamber of the house, one which had been prepared as a stronghold on occasions of flagrant offence in any one of the household; in this chamber the poor youth was made secure with bars and bolts, without any prospect or hope of escape, while the two officers established themselves in the anteroom, where they were served by the inferior brethren.

Nor did any one dare, when the trial had been terminated, to recur to the affair, such was the sense of the presence within the monastery of two persons at length openly declaring themselves to be the officers of the terrible court of inquisition.

And now let those who understand something of hu-

man nature conceive, if they are able, what my feelings were when I saw the blameless Francesco—blameless as it regarded the foul offence with which he was charged—delivered up to the inexorable court of inquisition, laden with a crime, the bare suspicion of which is sufficient to bring down on the offender the anathemas of the whole papal world—an attempt to tamper with the spouses of God, for such are the blasphemous expressions which are used when speaking of professed nuns, a crime in which I was deeply involved, and of which I believed him to be entirely innocent. Oh God! I thought, for my conscience was truly alarmed, could my parents, my poor mother especially, could she now be acquainted with the crimes of her son, what would be her feelings, with that high sense of honour and morality which she ever possessed. Alas! such knowledge would be worse than death to her; and my father too! my poor father! for what have I exchanged my religion, my home, and my country? What was I doing when I chose to think and act for myself in the rejection of all the old authorities in my father's land. And oh, my Emmeline! I exclaimed, twice for you have I in very deed committed murder. Oh woman! woman! born for the destruction of man! and again I almost blasphemed the Divine appointment by which she had been given to man. Then again the beautiful image of my lovely one presented itself to my heated imagination, and I began to resume some plans before thought of for delivering her from the papal authorities and escaping with her; and in this humour I collected what money I had, which was a considerable sum, and fastened it in a girdle round my waist; yet had hardly done so, before I was ready to cast it all away as useless dross.

The next minute the thought came, could I save Del Sarto? and again the question arose, shall I dare to show a particular interest in that young man, and involve myself in his cause? No, he must perish; for were I to be implicated in his guilt, or were I by confession to take the guilt upon myself, my connexion with Juliette might be discovered, and then might ensue such horrors to that unhappy one as I dared not even think of.

At length, being retired to my chamber, I was re-

lieved at least for a while from the necessity of dissembling.

There was in my apartment a closet which had an oriel window; this window hung over the terrace which faces the sea, and commanded, in a side direction, a small platform, from whence there was a small path for mules into the valley; a strong door, studded with iron, opened upon this platform from a chamber cut in the rock under the house, which was furnished as a stable, and was occasionally used as such for any mule or mules which brought visiters or messengers to the monastery; it had a communication with the house by a winding stair, but this communication was so seldom used that I was not even aware of it. It was a night much overclouded; neither moon nor stars were visible, and, in consequence, there was nothing to be seen from my window, in which I had seated myself in bitter contemplation when I had withdrawn to my chamber, but one mass of blackness hanging over the vale below and a very imperfect light in the heavens above. The wind, I remember well, was in that sort of mood which is most melancholy, uttering occasional low, moaning, protracted notes, and then dying quite away. I had sat some time, when suddenly I saw from the side compartment of the window a faint light glimmering on the platform below, as from the stable before mentioned. I then heard, though very indistinctly, the sound of human voices, and in a few moments I ascertained that a mule was led out from the stable.

What is this? I thought; and the next minute another and another of these animals were led quietly forth. I could hardly discern the dark outline of the bodies of these animals, even with the assistance of the glimmer of the lamp from within the stable; but I was assured by the occasional striking of hoofs on the hard rocky path that there were several of them. Next, I heard more clearly the voices of men, and I distinguished a dark cloak which appeared to envelop one of the terrible strangers.

My God, I thought, what is this midnight procedure? Cannot these emissaries of Satan take any measures in open day? Can they be carrying off poor Del Sarto? Then is there no hope for him, and I have murdered him. However, innocent as he certainly is of the crime laid to his charge, and proved against him by my lying

testimony, he is, I suspect, tainted with heresy, and this will assuredly be brought against him if all other charges fail. Heresy! I repeated, heresy! Truth — perhaps truth under a name of reproach. Oh, my God! is there no mercy? I was in agony; I had almost resolved to go down at once and reveal my own delinquency, in order to save Del Sarto at my own peril. But then my Emmeline—my helpless Emmeline—my lost, my lovely one! And oh! with what truth did I then count her lost—lost as to me in the general sense of that expression. The strife of contending feelings was intolerable; and verily I believe that I was only preserved from madness by the interest I felt in observing what was passing below.

The mules, dull beasts as they are, were evidently growing impatient at the delay. I heard the reiterated clatterings and stampings of their hoofs, and there was a voice, a low voice which soothed them; that voice, as the delay continued, rising once or twice to something like a curse, and an expression of impatience which, when the Madonna tolled the hour of midnight, and the great bell of the monastery had given the answering signal, seemed to rise beyond the bounds of the control formerly used. I had taken occasion, while the sound of the great bell with its reverberations continued to fill the air, to open a little casement in my window, and thrusting out my head under cover of the darkness, heard and saw more distinctly than I had done before. I then perceived that there were three mules caparisoned, and that the dark cavaliers were with them holding their heads; they were speaking to some one in the stable, and one of them said in a voice I could plainly hear, "May a curse alight upon him for this delay; we ought to have been a league from hence by this time."

I heard not what reply was made from within the stable, but the person without answered: "Has he strength to resist the superior and the brethren?" mentioning two of the most sturdy monks of the household, whom I recollected to have seen during the evening in close conference together.

The answer from the stable was again lost to me, but I guessed its purport by the reply.

Fast as fate, no pleadings of such a wretch would touch them. A moment after this, a cry and a noise from within the stable were mixed up with the sound

of three tremendous strokes from the alarm-bell in the highest tower of the monastery; I stayed not to hear these strokes repeated—I stayed not to hear another alarm, for there was the pause of a minute after the third stroke, but rushed out from my own apartments into the corridor which ran round the court over the piazza, and there I saw people running in all directions, as if suddenly risen from their beds, and half clothed, some with torches, some without, while doors were opened and slammed in all directions. The uproar being universal, it was several minutes before I could understand what had happened; at length old Bernardo, coming towards me puffing and blowing, sprung, as it were, through some trapdoor in the floor, and, making an immense parade with his vast bunch of keys, gave me some insight into what had occasioned the alarm, by telling me that he believed the devil had ran away with Del Sarto, as he had been known to do aforetime with one Faustus, a Hollander, in consequence of the liberty, added the old brother, which the young fool presumed to take with his person in the odious work of his pencil.

I could not read the expression of the old father's eyes, as they twinkled shrewdly upon me from under his cowl while he made this sapient remark; never, however, was I better pleased than when I heard of the evasion of the poor victim, though, as became me, I joined in the search with the utmost seeming alacrity, resolving, if I found him anywhere concealed, to help forward his escape to the very best of my power.

The confusion and uproar continued till dawn, and recommenced with the light of day, but Del Sarto was not to be found; and although the opinion which Bernardo had delivered on the subject was prevailing fast in the community, I should have had other thoughts, and believed that the officials had put him away quietly, had I not had proof that they had been as much surprised at his evasion as any of the members of the household.

There was a long deliberation in the state chamber concerning what was to be done on this occasion. At length it was proposed that the matter should be considered as a miracle—as a Divine interposition of the celestial powers to manifest their horror of Del Sarto's blasphemy; and, after a week of fasting and other penances, the officials took their leave.

CHAPTER XVII.

After the mysterious episode of Francesco del Sarto a calm ensued in the house; every person fell into his old, dull, uniform career, or at least appeared to do so. It was a calm, however, which to me wore a portentous and lowering aspect. I by no means liked the over-strained politeness of Juliano, and the sardonic smile on his lip whenever it was necessary for him to address me. I was much alarmed, upon reflection, respecting that which had at first pleased me, viz., that there was reason to suppose that my unfortunate sketch had never been seen by my beautiful cousin; in consequence of which, had she been called to confession during the first day or two of Juliano's return, she might not have been aware of the change of ghostly fathers, as the confessors are often blasphemously called. Still I hoped that, as she had previously been very careful in ascertaining my identity before she addressed me in the confessional, she would not be off her guard. But then, again, I knew by usage the arts of the confessor, who, if he is skilled in his profession, is never at a loss to draw out any secret of which he may have the smallest suspicion; and Emmeline, I thought, was under the influence of passion—a very strong passion—and what produces indiscretion like the intoxication of passion! One word—one careless word—I felt, would be enough to give the clew of all we dreaded to the subtle mind of Juliano; one single word, spoken incautiously, would open every motive which had induced the unhappy one to come where she might see her only beloved through the grating.

I have mentioned before the remarkable jealousy which is experienced among these victims to the unnatural laws of celibacy, as it regards any female under their jurisdiction. I had experienced myself, in the case of Francesco, feelings of a murderous tendency, only because he had discovered that a face was lovely; and now it was my place to tremble at what might be the effect of the same murderous passion in another. In short, I was very uneasy, and the more so because I

was totally incapable of inventing any method by which I could communicate with my unhappy cousin. I was so far from daring to try the garden-gate again, that I did not even venture to walk out in that direction; nor did I think it prudent to offer to assist the superior in any of the services of the chapel of La Madonna.

There are a sort of persons about every priory and monastery, and even about convents, though never admitted into the interior of these last, who in the middle ages were called Donati; these perform any offices about the house, or rather, I should say, without the house. They are generally peasants, and it has often been found convenient to select them from persons remarkable for imbecility of mind; they wear a peculiar habit, and may be known by the singularity of their manners, in which they not only imitate, but carry into excess, all those grimaces which are thought requisite in a brother of higher degree. There was about the Madonna del Grottoe an individual of this description called Symphorin, a kind of nondescript being, neither young nor old, fool nor rogue, arch nor simple. This man, as I said, was much employed about the convent, though never admitted within the walls of the house; still, however, as he had occasional intercourse about the different grilles, and worked in the garden, it occurred to me that, if I could gain him over, I might, through him, have a chance of communicating with Emmeline. However, this thought did not occur to me until one evening, when, having walked as far as the grottoes, which I have described before as being vast caverns under the convent of La Madonna, I found this man busy with a broom sweeping the caverns. He went on sweeping after I had entered, only stopping to bow, which he did with all due ceremony, and then going on with his labours.

"You are busy there, my son?" I said.

"We may look for our Lord, our Spiritual Father, at Pentecost, which is at hand," he answered; "we must have all things in order."

"You have the charge of these grottoes, Symphorin?" I said.

"Under her who is the Mother of God," he replied, "ave Maria gratia plena! I have the care also of the wonderful fountain, to keep the basin clear from all pollution, and to clean and supply the lamps which burn

before the divine semblance of our lady in the inner grotto;" and again he crossed himself and repeated his ave.

"You know, then, Symphorin," I said, "all the corners of these wonderful cells?"

"Do I not?" he replied, "by the holy nails and the holy cock, if these grottoes are not known to me, they are known to no other living man;" and again he crossed himself; adding, "but to the dead—but to the dead and the damned they are well known!"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Who," said he, "carried off bodily that sacrilegious one?"

I pretended not to understand him.

"Francesco del Sarto," he repeated, "who would have violated the holy house above; and did I not see him rush by me that very hour—yes, that very hour of midnight, and pass through yonder archway, at the instant when it was known that the Evil One had him in his clutches?"

Are you now acting in your character of knave or fool, or both, thought I; but I replied, "Are you sure you saw him?"

"Sure as I am here," he answered.

"And what brought you here at that hour?" I asked.

"I have no shelter but these holy caverns," he added; "my dwelling is in a niche of these rocks."

"Was Del Sarto in the body or not when you saw him?" I asked.

"The holy saints best know," he replied; "he rushed swiftly by me; but when I called, who goes there! he sprang over the bushes, down the rocks into the valley, where no living man could have kept his feet."

And yet, thought I, the poor youth did keep his feet, otherwise he would have been found dashed to pieces below, and I was rather pleased than otherwise to have traced my victim thus far; for I had my fears occasionally that Juliano had put him away for some private reasons of his own.

"But," said I to Symphorin, "since you know these grottoes so well, will you show them to me in all their extent?"

"With all my heart," he answered; and going to the niche which he called his apartment, and where a few coarse household implements and conveniences showed

to me that he spoke but the truth, he lighted a sort of torch and went before me. The caverns were wider and deeper than I had expected to find them; most of them had evidently been formed by the chisel; the rock was of a sort of coarse marble; and there were several shrines in different parts of them, where grotesque images represented various objects of superstitious worship. These shrines were for the most part in little chapels wrought in the living rock, and were, as he informed me, lighted up on the occasion of the recurrence of the festival of the saint to whom they appertained. I paid little attention to the wild tales which my half-foolish guide repeated to me of these saints; for unbelief was growing rapidly upon my mind, the natural and almost sure consequence of having been introduced behind the scenes of such a mighty piece of mummery as that of popery; but when he took a ponderous key from his girdle, and said that he would show me the crypt and burying-place of the holy ladies of the Madonna, other feelings of a very different nature were roused within me.

He first used the key to introduce me into the crypt or chapel, which was wrought in the rock directly under the church of the Madonna, being of the same size as the apartment above, and communicating with it by a flight of steps. In almost all the old religious houses I have ever seen, I have reason to think that there are nearly as many secret chambers and passages as there are visible ones; the uses made of these concealed chambers and galleries may be easily conceived; at the same time it can never be supposed that they were prepared for any desirable or useful purpose. In the temples of the ancient heathens the same mysteries are to be traced; and as these unseen chambers and passages could not have been secret had they been formed by common workmen, there was a necessity of their being prepared by persons bound to such services by vows of silence. In the centre of the roof of this crypt was a small cupola or dome, covered on the outside with a fretwork of brass; this cupola, Symphorin told me, stood up from the centre of the pavement of the chapel of La Madonna, being adorned without with various little figures of lapis lazuli and other precious marble, and being raised to the height of several feet. I recollected, as he pointed this out to me, that I had ob-

served this cupola, though I had never bestowed a thought upon it.

The subterraneous hall or chapel in which we were had been cut in the rock with much labour and expense; the walls having been polished and wrought in pilasters, whose capitals would have done honour to the best age of the arts. There was an altar at the east end of the hall, and an immense crucifix of black marble, on which hung a dead Saviour in white marble; this figure being large as life, and in the purest marble of the neighbouring quarry of Carrara, stood out in strong relief from the imperfectly illuminated walls. The western end of the crypt was entirely filled up with iron gratings, excepting where, near the roof, a piece of marble, wrought to resemble a roll of parchment, presented on its surface these words in black letters—Ora pro nobis.

My guide pointed to the chamber beyond these gratings as the place to which the remains of the sisters of the Madonna were confided; and, seeing me look anxiously towards it, he approached the gates and held his torch so as to cast a long track of light within the gloomy vault. I saw that the place was extensive; I observed shadowy sepulchral forms mingling their outlines with the light, but I seemed nailed to where I stood; I could neither advance nor recede—my whole life passed, as it were, before me while I stood there; and while I fancied I saw the place of the coffin of my Emmeline, her image rose before me in its yet infant beauty, flying to my arms from those who had terrified her in the sweet woods of Kelford.

Oh! how dreadful then were my feelings and apprehensions! what horrors did I anticipate, and how terrible was the realization of those anticipations which shortly ensued.

Suddenly, while thus situated, a chorus of infinite melody descended into the cavern from above. It was the hour of complies, and the holy ladies were assembled in the chapel. They were singing the office of the cross, mingling in their enchanting notes some words of truth with much that is erroneous.

Converte nos, Deus salutaris noster. Et averte iram tuam a nobis. Deus, in adjutorium meum intende. Domine, ad adjuvandum me festina.

The female voices alone united in these four lines,

the organ only now and then swelling a note, changing, as it were, for an instant, the character of my sadness, and forcing tears from my eyes. But when this stanza had been repeated more than once, and the deep rich voice of a man joined in the Gloria Patri which succeeded, a voice well known to me as that of Juliano, my emotions experienced another reverse, which should have taught me that my first feelings had only been those of nature, not of grace—of natural sympathy and tenderness, and not of true piety and divinely inspired submission to the will of God. I was, indeed, hardly restrained by the presence of the guide from breaking out in curses against the arch hypocrite, who, while his soul was full of murder, could yet so sweetly sing the praises of his God.

"I have seen enough," I said to my guide; "lead me from hence." And hastening from the gloomy chapel, I felt that I did not breathe freely till I got out on the narrow platform before the mouths of the grottoes.

There I endeavoured to ascertain if anything might be done with Symphorin in the way I have hinted at above; but I found the idiot, as I had been accustomed to think him, totally impracticable; he either would not or could not take a hint. When I asked him a searching question, he assumed the fool; but when he in his turn put a question to me, I saw, or thought I saw, more of the knave. At all events, I perceived that he was not a man to be trusted, and throwing him a piece of silver, which he gathered up with much natural instinct, and as if he were fully acquainted with the value of money, I returned more sad than ever to my miserable abode, angry with myself, abhorring the church into whose bosom I had fled from my indulgent mother church, actually cursing Juliano in my own heart, and severely censuring my beautiful cousin, by whose rash act of coming to La Grottoe I was, as it were, tied down to a condition which I already utterly detested. To rail at women, and at the Creator for having made them, was, at that time, my constant habit; and wherefore, may I add, is this contempt of females, this bitterness against them, so much mixed up with the feeling of the popish priest in general (for I have observed this principle to exist in many of the order), but because that alone which renders the female the friend and help-meet of man is rejected by him as

unholy; for where marriage is despised or counted unholy, all the sacred ties of life are loosened, a certain degree of contempt is cast on parents, confidence between young persons of different sexes is destroyed, and the Almighty himself is reproached for having established those laws of nature and inspired those affections which, under submission to his will, form the happiness of this present life.

After this visit to the subterraneous chapel, several restless, miserable days had passed before my attention was drawn to a change in the manner of Juliano. He was far too penetrating not to have seen how keenly all his actions and even his looks were observed by me. Several times it had happened, when we had encountered each other at a table, in company with other members of the household, that our eyes had met, giving and imparting, as it were, electric shocks, but each having his own reasons for wishing to hide what was passing within from his companions. At length I observed that Juliano went out oftener than usual, and at unusual hours; he generally passed on these occasions through the garden, and out upon the hill; I dared not dodge his steps, but I was certain that he went to the convent. One evening, he being absent from supper, I ventured to say, "Where is the superior? he has failed us many times of late."

"There is a sister sick," answered some one present.

I felt my heart leap within my breast. Oh, my God! what apprehensions had I at that instant. Now! now! I thought, it is coming—it is rolling on—the Divine vengeance is about to burst upon me; I did not dare to trust my voice. Much desultory discourse ensued, which I did not dare to interrupt, or to turn into another channel; many of the names of the mothers and sisters were mentioned. It seems that every member of the convent was individually known by name and sight to all then present; who and who had been present at the services on the last Sunday was discussed; and at length, on comparing observations, it was ascertained that my lovely novice had not been seen during any of the services that day.

It comes, I thought—vengeance is laying bare its arm; but I spoke not. The name of Juliette was not again mentioned aloud; but one of the younger and lighter of our society, stretching across the corner of

the table, whispered a few words in the ear of another. I attended closely to this whisper, and thought I caught the name of Francesco.

"What of Francesco?" I asked aloud.

The person who had whispered, and who was quite a youth, replied, "that he had heard the Sister Juliette had never ceased to weep since Francesco had disappeared."

"And what would you infer from that assertion?" I answered, while my lips trembled with scorn.

"I infer nothing," replied the young man, in alarm.

"Is it the fair fame of the holy sister which you would impeach?" I asked.

"The holy mother of God preserve me from such sacrilege," he answered.

I hardly knew what I said, or what replies were made. It was excessively imprudent in me to take up so hotly the defence of the poor Juliette: but I was almost wild with terror and agitation, and as I did not dare to express my other feelings, I was relieved by the power of spending myself in anger, and I was still high in reproof when Juliano entered.

What was there, that night especially, which made me recoil and turn cold at the very sound of his step? I knew not what I feared, unless that his more frequent absences, and the bare suspicion that my lovely and unhappy one was sick, had wrought me up to madness; though I saw not how these circumstances were connected, yet so it was when this man, this Juliano entered, it was wholly out of my power to restrain my feelings of abhorrence; yet I did not speak; but leaning, as I happened to be, with my arms upon the table, I merely looked up from beneath my brow, but I saw not that he observed me. He had a part to act that night which was almost beyond the reach even of his cruel and vindictive spirit—he had miscalculated his own powers, and had overleaped his mark—he had, however, made the desperate plunge, and it was before he had had time to recollect himself that he appeared before us. Never shall I forget his countenance as he entered, using violence with himself to feel composed; his complexion was tinctured with a cadaverous hue, excepting where a crimson, or rather a purple spot, had settled on each cheek; his eyes shot flames (I can use no other expression), and yet he could not bear the eye

of another man; his features worked so violently, especially his lips, that he was constrained to suck them in from time to time to restrain their convulsive motions. However, he affected ease, and, sitting down with us, partook of what was on the table; I saw, however, that he ate only one or two mouthfuls; then filling up a cup with wine, he took a long draught. In marking all this I could not restrain myself—I could not prevent myself from looking intently upon him; it was evident that he writhed and was in torture under my eye; but, having drank again, he made a strong effort and spoke.

"My brethren," he said, "I have been fulfilling a painful duty—I have been attending one of the sisters whose life appears to me to be in imminent peril—I have done for her all that my office requires, and the rest we must leave to a merciful Providence."

"We feared that there was something of this kind," remarked some one present. And the inquiry was made "whether the sick person was one of the elder or younger members of the household."

He either did not hear this question or would not reply to it; but suddenly gave orders that the brethren should assemble in the chapel to prayer; and, rising at the same time, hastily withdrew.

To conduct the service, which was to be the litany or chant which is used for the recommendation of the soul of the dying to Christ our Lord, to Mary, and to the saints, according to the direction of Saint Francis de Sales, was out of my power; the duty, therefore, devolved upon my inferior, and I hastened to my own chamber, locking myself in, and rushing to my oratory in the oriel, where, in the attitude of prostration before a cross, which had stood there from time immemorial, I yielded to an agony of wo, such as it would be impossible to give an idea of to a mind not laden with crime. Oh! how did I call upon the name of my Emmeline—my beautiful Emmeline! how did I address her in the wildest strains of earthly love; and again, feeling the uselessness of this, how did I call upon my God for mercy—for pity. I wrung my hands, I beat my breast, and the object of this my unfeigned agony was the dying sister, who, though I had not been told as much in many words, I was convinced was no other than my ever beloved Emmeline. Neither was I without my apprehensions, and they were terrible, that in

some way or other her present condition was the consequence of her intercourse with me; either that she was, if actually dying, dying of grief or from some ill-usage—some mysterious and terrible persecution—such as I too well knew was often practised within those dark and shut-up abodes, falsely termed abodes of holy peace and joy.

But to give an idea of that terrible night—and still more terrible day which followed, how is it possible. It would be easier to describe the hideous images which present themselves to the boiling brain of one under the influence of some horrible pest, where conscience, mingling its terrors with consuming fever, gives the unhappy wretch an example of what the Evil One has too well succeeded in bringing before the apprehension of the offending sons of Adam. Even now it is madness—it is distraction—to think of that night and day, much more to commit its records to paper: but let me go on, and haste over this awful period. I know not exactly how I spent that night—this only I know, that I was stretched on the floor at the foot of the crucifix in my oratory. The first glimmer of day had scarcely shown itself on the summits of the mountains seen from my window, when the stroke of a deep-toned bell suddenly reached my ear—I sprang upon my feet—I listened in an agony of attention; it was repeated, and then rang out, one stroke following another, before the sound of the first had entirely passed away, producing that melancholy moaning in the ear, which even the most careless must acknowledge as being peculiarly mournful—it was the passing bell from the towers of the Madonna.

Had all the brethren of the household, nay, all the officers of the terrible inquisition been present, I should, no doubt, have done what I then did—I should have burst forth aloud in all the agony of long-suppressed—of long-perverted natural feeling. "Beloved and lovely, lost and unhappy, ever dear—most dear Emmeline," I cried out; "and art thou gone, my precious one? and has thy mad affection for one wholly unworthy of thee proved thy destruction? is thy soul now parting, or has it already taken flight? what is now thy hope? how didst thou take leave of this world? was it in joy or under fear? Oh God! my God! have mercy!" and I sank again on the floor. When I lifted myself up, it

was the expanded dawn, and I resolved to go immediately to the Madonna. At the sound of the passing bell the brethren had again assembled in the chapel—the litany they now sang was for the dead—I heard their deep-toned chant as I descended from the corridor. Old Bernardo had just opened the gate as I approached it; he saluted me in a manner which gave me the idea that he was touched with pity for me—he knew more of my story than I thought he did. Lifting up my hand towards the towers of the Madonna, I seemed to put a question which I had not power to express in words.

To this he answered, as having read my thoughts, saying, "The young and the beautiful is departed; so perisheth the flower of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven."

"What young—what beautiful?" I asked, but could add no more.

The old man looked keenly at me, and then said—"Be not too much grieved—betray not that which savours too much of the earth. Brother Edvardo, there are eyes upon you that you little think of; if she whose soul has passed within the hour is of your own country—if she was young and fair, for so I am told she was, be it remembered that she was the affianced of God."

I could make no reply; this confirmation of my most terrible fears was what I could not bear, together with my other sufferings.

Rushing forward with a rapidity of motion which alone gave ease to my tortured feelings, I soon found myself at the entrance of the grottoes; there hastening onward, I had presently lost myself in the labyrinth of passages, had not a glimmering at a distance directed my steps and conducted me to an antechamber of the crypt, where Symphorin, with a lock in one hand and his keys in the other, stood before the iron door.

"Symphorin," I said, "open and admit me."

"I must not," he answered; "I have orders that no one shall enter till midnight."

"These orders do not extend to me," I answered.

"Perhaps I understand that they do," said the half knave, half idiot, with a malicious smile.

I was not to be controlled with impunity at that moment, and I advanced towards the feeble creature with so much violence of manner, using, at the same time, I

know not what threatenings, that he resisted me no longer, but entreated me, for his sake as well as my own, to be still while he gently opened the door to ascertain if all the arrangements were concluded, and if the hall or passage was vacant.

"Vacant!" I repeated, "will they not watch by the precious remains?"

"There is fear, I am told, of infection," he answered.

"Infection!" I repeated. "May all the vengeance of Heaven fall on the tongue of him who first uttered that suggestion!"

"Him!" repeated Symphorin, with one of his enigmatical glances. "Know you not, my father, that women rule in La Madonna?"

"Open," I answered, "no more delay!" And Symphorin immediately inserted the great key into the lock, and turned it slowly, so as to make no noise; after which it began to swing gently open, revealing to my eyes the solemn scene within, and at the same time conveying to my ears the deeply melancholy notes of the organ accompanying a chorus both of male and female voices, singing the litanies for the dead in the church above.

The subterranean chapel was not now, as I had before seen it, partially illuminated by the flickering flame of a single torch, but blazing with many lighted tapers; there were six or eight upon the altar before the crucifix, bringing forward in strong relief not only the marble figure of the dead Saviour, but that of a beautiful Magdalen weeping at the foot of the crucifix (a figure which I had not before observed), with an infinitude of rich marbles, gems, and emblazonments. In the centre of the hall was a bier, covered with a black pall, on which the beloved remains were laid out, having at the feet and head many burning tapers, a small cross in silver being placed upon the breast.

The strong glare of these numerous lights had penetrated far into the deep and dismal recesses of this last receptacle of the household, filling up the shadowy outlines I had first seen within the mournful abode, and showing many old sarcophagi and mural niches, each of which had already, no doubt, received one or more tenants. The air of these subterranean chambers was filled almost to suffocation with the odour of the frank-

incense which burnt before the altar in a sort of brazier.

I rushed forward until within one or two feet of the bier, and then came to a stand, fixed to the spot as if under the influence of some horrible spell. The figure which reposed on that cold bed was arrayed in the perfect costume of a novice, such as she appears in on the day of her espousals, with a crown of roses on her veiled brow. The roses on the head of the poor corpse before me looked perfectly fresh—I presume that they were as artificial as all else in the complicated system to which she had been made the sacrifice; the head of the corpse was slightly elevated by a cushion; the pale hands were brought before and united on the breast; the face was covered with white cere-cloth, curiously cut into figures; the feet were concealed by the long black robe. And there she lay, in total stillness—that fair creature, who but a short time since had opened all her heart to me, and told me the tale of her disastrous love, of which I was myself the miserable object—a love which, under the impressions I then had, I could hardly consider anything else than adulterous; for had she not entered into the most solemn engagements, of a nature of which I cannot now speak without feeling that I am speaking blasphemy?

Were I to write volumes, I could hardly explain all that passed in my mind in that dread hour, in that dread hall; at length, as making a desperate effort, I stepped near the bier, and raised the covering from the face; but all that remained amid the ravages of death of what was formerly so exquisitely beautiful, but faintly brought back the memory of that lovely one. There were, indeed, the delicately formed lips, the lovely and pencilled eyebrow, but set and fixed in death, and a forehead white as marble of Carrara. I placed my hand upon the forehead; it was hardly cold, and yet the seal of death was so indelibly set on every feature, there could be no mistake; but I felt that, in looking longer on those features, madness must ensue; and being admonished by Symphorin that we might every moment expect to be interrupted, I pressed my lips upon the polished brow, and rushed as hastily from the grottoes as I had entered into them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the hour of the matin service as I entered under the gateway of the monastery; and old Benardo, as he opened to me, took me by the sleeve and dragged me into his little chamber in the gate-house, closing the door, and even drawing a bolt after us.

"What does this mean?" I asked.

"What does this mean!" he replied, "but that I feel pity for you, and would save you. I believe that you are little worthy of mercy, it is true, and yet I also believe that you are not so guilty as they would make you out to be. Under all considerations, however, I am sorry for you, especially when I think that the temptation was perhaps too strong for you." And he added I know not what about the devil and Saint Anthony, in the midst of which I stopped him short to entreat him to explain himself, which he presently did to my utter dismay, making it appear that it had been discovered, in what way he could not tell, that there had been an intercourse inconsistent with our solemn vows between me and the departed sister, to the knowledge of which he had come, but by what means he chose not to tell; and he made it evident to me, that if I would avoid the mysterious horrors of the secret tribunal, the very name of which is never mentioned in Italy, I must not only fly, but fly that moment—I must not even be seen in the house or in its precincts; "for," he added, lowering his voice to an almost inaudible whisper, "the tail of the peacock has not so many eyes as has the holy office."

I was stunned, appalled by this unlooked-for information, and felt myself totally incapable of action; but the old man had thought for me, and thoroughly overpowered all the doubts of his good faith which might have arisen to perplex me, by letting me see that he had been preparing everything for my safety and comfort during the short period of my absence at the Madonna.

"Go you must, or you are lost!" he repeated.

"Whither must I go?" I asked; "not home—not to England, for I have neither home nor country."

He replied that he had thought of what would be best for me, at least for the present. He told me that he had a brother, an old man, whom he had not seen for many years, who had, through long and faithful services in the church, obtained preferment in the monastery of Cimiés, an ancient Roman site, near to the town of Nice, at the foot of the Maritime Alps. "I have prepared a letter for him," he added; "you shall go to him, but you must not reveal your name even to him, and, above all, not betray a secret which I am now about to commit to you, and which was confided to me by the venerable superior whose soul passed away only a few weeks since—that secret," he added, "by which I hope to save you as I have saved one already." So saying, he opened a narrow door in the wall, and revealed a flight of steep winding steps, urging me at the same time to lose no time in deliberation; these steps conducted to a little turret chamber lined with wainscoting. Being in this chamber, the excellent old man, who had thus unexpectedly shown himself my friend, gave me a bundle, which, he said, contained the habit of a friar, a small basket of provisions, and a bottle of wine, telling me that the letter to his brother was sewed within the cowl; and having so done, he drew back a panel in the wainscot fixed by a secret spring, where another narrow flight of winding steps presented itself, which descended precipitously into what appeared a dark abyss. "By these steps," he said, "you will soon reach a passage which goes under the house, and then through the rock in a straightforward direction, until it comes to a point in which it branches off to the right and communicates with the grottoes."

"Ah!" I said, "I understand you."

"Mark me," he continued, "and observe my directions. This passage branches off to the right in the direction of the grottoes; but where its opening is is only known to me and one other; but beware this branch of the passage, and when you are arrived at the place where it connects itself with the main passage, follow on the latter, and you will presently find that it winds on to the left, leading you through a part of the rock which hangs over the valley. At the termination of this cavern you will find an opening, which is so hidden from without by ferns and creepers that it has never been detected from below; being arrived there, you

must wait till the moon is risen, and then, when all the inhabitants of the valley are engaged at the solemnity fixed for this night, you must let yourself down by the bushes which grow thick on the rock till you reach the path which leads to the village. Follow that path till you come to the course of the waterfalls; keep then by the side of the torrent and make the best of your way to the sea, and thence escape these dangerous shores by the first chance which you can procure. But stay," he added, "have you any money? you may need some even in your character of a friar. I have a little which I can command notwithstanding my vow of poverty," and he tendered me a small purse.

I was infinitely touched with his kindness, but there was no time for compliments. I have mentioned above that I had taken occasion some days before to secure my money about my person; I therefore declined the offer of his little purse, but I gladly accepted the scrip containing the clothes, the loaf, and a leathern bottle containing wine, and having entered the aperture in assurance of his good faith—remembering how well the story tallied with what Symphorin had told me of Del Sarto's singular appearance in the caverns—I suffered myself to be shut in in total darkness, having received the last blessing of the old man, who besought that a long life of penitence might be vouchsafed me without any addition to my misery arising from a repetition of impious conduct. I, however, stood not an instant after the panel was closed upon me, but began carefully to try my way down the stairs, and again along the passage, of which I could feel both sides with my extended hands. It was a gallery of many feet; I thought it interminable, though I met with no other obstacle in my progress than what proceeded from total darkness. At length, however, I came to the branching passage, and keeping that which led to the left, I was presently cheered by the glimmer of day peeping through a curtain of foliage. It is all right, I thought, as I arrived at the comparatively dry and airy place immediately behind this natural lattice-work; and there having changed my habit, I sat down on the ground to take some refreshment, and to meditate on my truly miserable situation, for I had many hours to pass before I could effect my escape. But before I describe my feelings in that melancholy position, I shall relate, for the satisfaction

of my reader, what I afterward learned respecting the occurrences at the monastery immediately after my departure.

My honest and generous friend had scarcely returned to his lower apartment, when a loud knocking at the gate apprized him of the approach of strangers; while opening the gate, the brethren were issuing from the chapel, and crossing the court in various directions. The two silent, dark, and mysterious visiters to the monastery, on a former occasion, were the persons who demanded admittance; they were on horses, and a third man, who seemed to be an inferior member of the holy office, but who probably acted in the double capacity of servant and spy, was with them.

These persons entered silently and solemnly, and immediately inquired for the Father Juliano; being informed that he was at the convent of the Madonna, they next asked for me. Bernardo, of course, pretended ignorance of where I was, but expressed an expectation that I should presently appear.

Under this suggestion the dark strangers ordered refreshments in the refectory, and, while partaking of this, conversed quietly with one or two of the brethren, with whom, no doubt, they had a secret connexion. Thus passed an hour or two; but when I did not return, they became restless, and sent out to seek me; the persons who were sent being those with whom they had been conversing. When these returned to say that I was not to be found, the agitation became general in the house; various members of the household were called upon to tell where they had seen me last, and a general search was set on foot, in which the old porter was one of the most loud and active. Juliano was then sent for, and the search continued till midnight, at which time the melancholy ceremony of the interment occupied every member of the monastery. Juliano had suggested, and Bernardo confirmed the suggestion, that I would probably appear on the awful occasion; and hence it was resolved that the two officials should also be present in the subterraneous chapel, while their servant should remain to watch for me at the monastery.

In the mean time, to return to myself, the miserable hours seemed, in their tardy progress, to be leading me on to that morbid and diseased state of conscience which held me yet for several years afterward under

the yoke of the papal Antichrist. I sat at the mouth of the cavern on the dry crumbling leaves, unable to discern any objects beyond the screen, through which I did not dare to make an opening, and hearing no sounds but those of the continual and monotonous rush of the waterfall, at perhaps fifty yards distance, and the various tollings and strikings of the bells from the towers of La Madonna and gli Fratrii, as we used by distinction to call our monastery. In measure, as time wore silently on, my feelings became confused, feverish, almost insane. What, thought I, if the injured, murdered dead should rise and walk—for I could not divest myself of the idea of murder—if the dead should rise and fill yon gloomy niche—if that pale form should appear, arrayed in all that costume in which I had seen it on the bier—mocking the grave with a rosy garland; thus silently reproaching me for broken vows, and treacherous smiles, and blasphemous professions; thus admonishing me of tortures now endured, and long, long to be endured; and all for what? for me; what could I, should I do, but rush to death, and dash myself from the giddy height, for the cavern was some hundred yards above the bottom of the valley.

Sometimes I almost thought that the blackness which gloomed around me was gradually assuming a decided outline; and again I imagined that the rays of light which glimmered through the vegetable screen at the mouth of the cavern, as the leaves which formed that screen sometimes trembled in the breeze, were taking the form and semblance of the white drapery which still shrouded the consecrated head of her whose image, whether in life or death, had long been ever present with me. At that hour I could not weep, could I have purchased salvation with a tear: as to prayer, which it might be thought should have been my resource in failure of every other, I knew not that I had a God who was willing and able to save me.

But though my guilt and blindness held me back from addressing that Supreme Being, to whom I had never yet learned to look through the Redeemer, yet I was, as it were, through extremity of mental torture, at length compelled to cry for help. It was suggested to my mind, that as I had no past merits to plead, I must endeavour to procure some in future; and it was then that I solemnly vowed to become a monk—to profess pov-

erty and implicit obedience to the church—and Cimiés I resolved should be my place of refuge, if it should please God to prosper my journey thither. But neither vows nor prayers—vows of holiness nor prayers to saints and human mediators—could set me free from the horrible spell which held my fancy; till at length, about evening prayers, being quite worn out, I greedily swallowed the last of my wine, and my Heavenly Father in wrath remembering mercy, permitted me to enjoy for a few hours the refreshment of a deep sleep.

Never did cold water come more acceptably to the thirsty soul than did this temporary oblivion to my overwrought mind.

During the last night and day of horrors, I had not only thought of my ever-loved Emmeline, but of Savona—and she, too, was no more. What had caused her death? had she died of grief for my inconstancy, when she discovered that I had ever loved her sister? Oh whither—in what direction could my thoughts turn, but to scenes of misery wrought by me!

But the waking from that sleep was terrible—for a minute or more I could not recollect where I was, or distinguish the realities of my situation from some dark vision which had crossed my mind during the hours of oblivion. The night was particularly clear, and the moon nearly at the full—and it was the moonbeam which flickered through the leafy lattice, and not the light of evening, which assisted me to recollect my position when first I opened my eyes.

The next minute I had sprung on my feet, and carefully removing a part of the screen, I saw below me the whole panorama of the valley, with the hills beyond, the vale being covered with a soft mist, which in the moonlight showed like a vast lake.

While looking down from the perilous height, the clocks tolled the hour of eleven from the towers of the Madonna and gli Fratrii, and immediatley afterward there was a striking up of all the bells of the convent, ringing the funeral peal—a peal which I have seldom heard but in Italy, when the heaviest bell terminates the round, falling with a weight on the ear which seems to sink the spirits to the earth.

This peal at one time seemed to pass over my head, and again to come in hollow murmurs through the cavern, reminding me of that which was presently to be,

and, as it were, awakening the avenging spectre which had fixed its image with such horror on my imagination during the day.

I could suffer this no longer, and although it was an hour before I ought to have moved, I instantly girt the skirt of the monk's cloak around me, and dashing through the foliage, dropped myself from bough to bough, till in a very short time I found my feet on the path, cut in the rock as an ascent from the village below to the monastery above, my very agitation giving me a strength and agility which I should hardly have possessed at another time; there standing an instant to take breath, I saw the dim forms of persons, probably peasants, going to the Madonna. Without more reflection I plunged again into the bushes which grew from the other side of the path, and letting myself down again, presently found myself on the brink of the water-course. I followed this a little way, and by this sure guide arrived at the bottom of the valley nearly clear of all the cabins. It was a dangerous moment to me, for all the people were up, some in the street, some within their doors. I however kept in the shade, and although I passed several groups of peasants, I was not remarked. Being at length quite clear of the village and in an open pathway, I moved as rapidly as I could without actually running; but, being come to a sort of gorge where the hills meet and give only room for the torrent, there swelled by the addition of another waterfall into a considerable stream, and another stone path by its side, I suddenly saw before me a party of country people, who were evidently proceeding towards the Madonna, whose towers at the moment were gleaming bright in the moonbeam from their aerial height.

I felt that it was a suspicious circumstance at this time that I was going the way in which no other person was moving, and at the very crisis of general attraction to one point; but I had not a moment for reflection, and not a means of escape but one which occurred to me at the instant, and that was, to throw myself at full length in a place where the rock hung over the path at the distance of perhaps two feet; this place was in the shade, and I had scarcely time to lay myself down in this nook when the advance of the party came up in a line with me. I was perhaps a quarter of an hour in this situation before I dared to come out of

my concealment; and then rising and taking another rapid flight, I presently found myself clear of the gorge, and in a public road, where all was solitary, and neither human tread nor human voice was heard.

There, before I turned to where the heights which formed the pass would hide entirely from me the Valley of the Grottoes and the sad towers of the Madonna, from whence I still heard the dismal peal, I stood to bid a long, long, last adieu to those scenes of never-failing interest. I remember how I then called upon the name of my Emmeline—my lost, my lovely, my unhappy—oh! I feared, my murdered, miserable Emmeline! No one who knows not what it is to have anticipated the eternal condemnation of a beloved object, can have an idea of what I felt in that season of darkness and abandonment.

While I looked at the marble towers, whose outlines stood in high relief from the deep azure of the skies, I could have cried with Job—"Oh! that I had never been born! that I had never seen the light!" But my brain began again to whirl; I could find no relief but in the exercise of my limbs; and having arrived at the public way, I turned to the west, and again, by a branch which presently put itself into the main road, I directed my steps towards the sea. After the moon had set, I proceeded for some time guided only by the stars, and when the morning appeared I found myself in the region of malaria within the influence of the sea; there, being overcome with fatigue and faintness, I stopped at the hut of a peasant, and, in order the better to keep up my character, solicited refreshment in the dreaded name of St. Dominic. Some coarse food and very thin wine were given to me, in return for which I laid a piece of money unseen in a niche in the wall, which was the shrine of a little marble Madonna; and then, being directed the way to the sea, I was enabled to proceed with renewed strength. My laborious and miserable progress on foot finished not till I had reached an obscure fishing-town on the shores of a little bay, the name of which at this moment does not occur to me; there, seeing some small craft about to sail in the direction of the rivière du couchant, or western bank, as the line of the Corniche is called in Genoa, I took a passage without delay, and was glad, from extreme fatigue and exhaustion, to be permitted to lie down in a

cabin so wretched and so sordid, that nothing but misery itself could have condescended to take refuge therein. Thus had I arrived through self-inflicted suffering to the condition of an outcast, not only from my noble family, but from the church which had extended its deceitful arms to gather me to her bosom.

CHAPTER XIX.

In pursuing my melancholy history, I shall not fatigue my reader with the various changes which I made from one sordid conveyance to another, by which I hoped to baffle all pursuit. I arrived at length in as vile a condition as I could have wished, in order to render my appearance as truly monkish as was requisite, when it should be necessary for me to appear in my new character, and with my new name, as a pretendant to the brotherhood at Cimiés. Had my own mother then seen me, all unwashed, and having cast my linen and adopted in its place a sort of woollen under garment such as is worn by the inferior members of a monastery, she would not have known me for her once handsome Edmund; for my whole countenance was no doubt as entirely changed as my habits, and I should have been a man of iron and adamant had not misery and grief rendered my complexion as miserably sallow as that of the very victims of the holy office. Such was I when, after ten or more days from the commencement of my flight, I stepped once more on terra firma at Bordegherra, on the Corniche, being only a few leagues distant from the place of my destination.

It was early dawn when, having taken some refreshments on board, I was set on shore at Bordegherra, a very ancient town, into which I did not enter, but took my solitary way along the Corniche, moving slowly, and bending my form as one borne down with a sense of guilt too horrible to be endured.

Being clear of the town, and not under the observation of any human eye, and having come to a very lovely spot where a beautiful rounded and lovely green eminence, or rather hill, is covered with olive-trees

mingled with noble palms, I sat down, withdrawn from the view of passengers; and having meditated a while on the vows I had taken at La Grottoe, I recorded them on certain tablets which I procured for the purpose.

These vows were to this effect: First, that I would henceforward consider all the income derived from my private property as devoted to the church, the greater portion to be appropriated to the procuring of masses to be said for the soul of my unhappy and ever beloved Emmeline.

Secondly, that I should bind myself to the strictest vows of the monastery into which I was about to seek admittance.

Thirdly, that I should never make myself known again to any of my countrymen.

Fourthly, that I should observe an entire fast from food on every anniversary of the death of my Emmeline.

Fifthly—but I will cease to enumerate these vows—suffice it to say, that in addition to the four resolutions mentioned above, I subjoined an infinitude of ever-recurring tormenting observances, such as refraining from washing and shaving on certain occasions, repeating every day so many extra aves, paternosters, credos, and the seven penitentiary psalms, of course, every night before going to bed, with many other superstitious observances, by which I hoped to procure some merits and some ease to my terrified conscience. Oh! what will not a wounded or rather alarmed conscience—what will it not undertake—what has it not performed! But being admonished by the progress of the sun, I resumed my journey, and that night reached Mentone—beautiful Mentone! where, having lodged under the portico of a church, and supped upon what I could procure by begging, I set off the next morning to proceed to Cimiés, which I hoped to reach before nightfall, though I moved slowly and made many halts.

What in nature is more magnificent than this road which is designated the Corniche, and which, in my time, was little more than a ledge over the precipices for the foot of the goat or the mule. It is here that the Alps extend themselves to the sea, not coming down with gentle slopes, but boldly and abruptly, presenting to the mariner precipices of granite, or perhaps marble, in some places of three or four or more thousands of feet; these rocks, extending themselves in lengthened

promontories into the sea, forming beautiful small bays, and having for the most part some picturesque town of unknown antiquity fixed either at the end of each promontory or at the bottom of the bay. Add to these deep ravines, through which pour, or rather rush, copious mountain torrents—woods of infinite depth and shade—castles and convents scattered here and there—and vestiges even of times before the Christian era; for it is on a point of one of these promontories, a culminating point which commands on one side the hills of France, and the bay of Antibes, and old Vente Mighlia, Bordegherra, and Ezza, with many other cities of ancient Liguria on the other, that stands the Trophœa Augusta, still commanding though in ruin; and when these images are all brought together, what more can be contributed of beautiful and wonderful to form a series of scenes most astonishing to the eye? And my reader may add to these the figure of the monk Malaventure, for such was the name which I adopted in my despair, thus parodying the name of the saint or Pope Bonaventure.

I lingered through the whole day on the road from Mentone to Cimiés, now and then begging a morsel of bread and a cup of water at the houses which stood by the wayside, for I had bound myself not to make use of my own money, though I had a considerable sum concealed about my person. It was noonday when I reached the Trophœa Augusta, and sat myself down by a fountain of water near to this village, now called La Turbie, built of the precious marbles which once encased the Trophœa.

As I sat solitary and full of painful feelings, I was accosted by a blind young man, who exhibited every appearance of extreme poverty; what person had directed him to me, or how he knew what I seemed to be, I know not; but he called me father, and offered to guide me in any direction I wished to go, assuring me that he knew every step of the country for miles around.

"Show me, then," I answered, "to the holy house of Cimiés."

He made no objection, and preparing himself to move, I arose and followed him; but I should say that during the morning I had taken Bernardo's letter from my cowl, and, as it was not sealed, had taken the liberty to read it. It was short, and commenced with good wishes

and prayers for the health, both spiritual and temporal, of a brother ever loved, though not seen for many years; and concluded by requesting his kind services for the bearer of the letter, a brother regularly ordained, as for one in whom he took a serious interest. The signature was to me a hieroglyphic which I could by no means make out; it probably bore the initials of the family name.

As I followed my blind guide, being myself, though in another way, no less blind than he, we turned to the back of the first peak in the west, keeping the right side of the valley; and having brought me under the walls of the far-famed monastery of Laghetto, he led me over tremendous ridges and dizzy galleries till, after a weary march, when the sun was declining, he brought me to where I saw the bed of the torrent called Paglion at some thousand feet below me. He then pointed out to me what those objects were which presented themselves to my view on the olive-clothed heights on the other side; the principal of these was the rock from which, as my guide informed me, St. Pons had been cast down into the Paglion, thus suffering martyrdom for his faith.

I did not dispute the foundation of this ancient story, although the name appeared to me suspicious, as the rock of St. Pons flanked a point in which the Paglion cut the old Roman road in the passage from the Trophœa Augusta to the ancient Cimiés, or Cimnelion, the ruins of which I often delighted to trace during my succeeding residence at Cimiés. The monastery of St. Pons, with the church, was next pointed out to me a little lower down on the banks of the Paglion, and between the rock and the monastery, on a commanding site, an old roofless building, said to have been a temple of Apollo.

We found the bed of the torrent nearly dry when we descended to its level, and, having crossed it, we began to ascend again on the opposite side near to the monastery of St. Pons; my guide then showed me the direction in which I was to look for the holy house at Cimiés, whither I was bound; and as I was anxious to make the most of the daylight which was beginning to fail me, my guide advanced directly to the point, leading me through narrow stony passes, ever ascending precipitously among rocks and olive woods, where not a blade of herbage appeared, although there were many

exquisite saxifrages and creepers, which I heeded little until, after some painful steps, I found myself in the area before the house. In the centre of the area was a lofty cross, fixed on a stone base. The monastery presented to the road a long elevated portico, sustained by seven arcades, this portico being, in fact, that of the church or chapel belonging to the house.

The monastery of Cimiés is of great antiquity. It is dedicated to the Holy Virgin, and is of the Capuchin order. The dress consists of a small cap merely covering the crown of the head, no hair appearing with the exception of one small tuft over the brow; a large coat or cloak of brown serge, girt about the waist with a white cord, the ends of which reach to the ground; and a cross attached to a rosary, both of which are of black wood. Traversing more than one gallery, I was at length ushered into an apartment very rudely furnished, and hung with paintings, chiefly bearing reference to the acts of the Holy Virgin and the saints. These paintings were wrought upon wood, and were evidently crumbling fast to decay under the influence of the worm and moth, their style being that of the period of the revival of the arts after their long sleep in the dark ages.

The room was high, and there was a wide chimney and a raised hearth, on which blazed a bright fire of vine-twigs and fir-cones, which seemed to have been just kindled. The superior sat by the fire with his feet on the hearth, and by him was a table, on which stood a covered dish, which emitted a somewhat savoury odour, a plate, and a small loaf; the cover was flanked by a silver cup, from which obtruded themselves, as if swimming at the top of the liquor, the sprigs of some aromatic herb.

There was little difference in the dress of the old superior from that of his inferiors, nor did his manners appear to be much more elevated than is usual in the members of a community of this kind; but this did not surprise me when I afterward found that the worthy man, as well as his brother, had risen from the lowest of the people, and that it was merely owing to what is called an accident that the Abbot Gregoire, for such was the superior of Cimiés designated at that time, arose to the eminent seat in which he sat when I became a member of the house. It seems that nature had bestowed on this man so great a portion of joyous

benevolence and kindness, that even the dark and malevolent superstition in which he had been educated had never been able to destroy it—a benevolence and charity of which his brother partook in a still larger degree. The worthy abbot, however he might choose to throw off his seemings in retirement, knew how to put them on again before strangers; hence, when I was ushered into his presence, he kept his seat, permitting me to stand, while I presented him with his brother's letter. I watched his eye while he made out the scrawl, for such indeed it was, the old porter not being much of a clerk, and saw him gradually begin to kindle with charitable feeling, till at last he looked up, eyed me from head to foot, and, probably, not disliking my appearance, held out his hand to me, assuring me of my welcome, offering me every comfort the establishment could afford, and inquiring with glistening eyes of his brother's welfare.

It would not have suited me to tell him where I had lived with his brother; I therefore made out some sort of tale which had the effect of satisfying him, and, desiring to be left alone with him, I made him a tender which wrought upon him to such an extent that he arose and embraced me, kissing me on each side of my cheek and on my brow, being testimonies of regard which, as an Englishman, I could have spared. This tender was no other than my leathern girdle, containing I will not say how many pieces of gold, which I placed in his hands for the benefit of the house, and, as it were, to purchase the privilege of his protection; adding, that I had already taken the vow of poverty, to which I was willing to add that of obedience to the regulations of the monastery. I also assured him that I was already a secular, having received ordination in due form, and that I should at any time be willing to assist in any service which might be required of me. This piece of information also seemed to please him as being confirmed by me, although already mentioned in his brother's letter; in short, through the introduction given in the letter, together with the sight of more gold than the worthy abbot had ever been accustomed to contemplate, this interview passed off so well, that before night I was duly installed in a small cell, at the end of a long corridor which opened upon the garden, and was allowed to take the vows in as short a time afterward as the rules

of the household permitted. All this being effected, I was left with little interruption to the miserable monotony of the life which I had chosen, though I should wish my reader to understand that a monk or friar, or whatever else he may be called, has many resources which are not within the reach of the unfortunate recluse of the other sex. He has, indeed, a certain number of services to attend—services which, in fact, so completely break up his time, that he cannot long be absent from the house, nor pursue any study without frequent interruptions; nevertheless, he is not shut up, and if he is in any way ill-disposed, he has free access to the means of indulging his evil dispositions. But inasmuch as the lowest and grossest superstitions most frequently administer to these indulgences, for the brethren have no money wherewith to purchase them, it would be impossible to give an idea of the depraved lives of these poor friars, without entering into details which cannot have a place in these annals. Most of the brethren of the monastery of Cimiés were so low, that, had they been with their families, they would have probably been labourers or mechanics of the lowest orders, if not absolute paupers; some of them could hardly read, and their ideas were as grovelling as their habits; as to their discourse, it was often coarse in the extreme, and there is no doubt that their associates without doors were of the worst of the people. These indeed were such as the apostle describes—"men who, having the form of godliness, deny the power thereof," being of the sort of those which creep into houses, and lead captive silly women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts. It needed but to see the gross carelessness and irreverence with which the forms of the establishment were hurried through when no stranger was present, to convince every thinking person that nine out of ten, at least, of the brethren belonging thereunto, utterly despised the very forms to which they found it convenient to submit. There had certainly been more attention to propriety at La Grottoe under the fathers Guelpho and Juliano, and during the short period in which I had been at the head of affairs, than in most monasteries; whereas, under the mild sway of the Abbot Gregoire, everything had become disgustingly slovenly at Cimiés.

But to return to my own more especial case: I mixed

very little with the rest of the household; and when the hurry of my flight, and the little bustle of my taking the vows and assuming the garb of the Capuchin were terminated, the mental horrors which I have described as having first seized me in the cavern at La Grottoe took possession of me again; and, for several months after I became a member of the house at Cimiés, I was pursued at bed, at board, at home, abroad, awake, asleep, with one image—the image of that unhappy one whom I had last seen in the sepulchral chamber at La Grottoe. Alas! my beautiful cousin! never was perfidious love more severely avenged than was mine for you! never was dishonourable conduct visited more terribly! But all I suffered was deserved, and how did this thought aggravate my misery.

However, I certainly do attribute many of my feelings at that time to a violent state of nervous excitement, for I was in bad health. Independent of the peculiar symptoms which I shall speak of presently, I loathed my food, became excessively thin, and never slept easily. I was subject also to much slow fever and a continual thirst; but the symptom to which I have just alluded, and which distressed me above all other painful feelings, was this, that wherever I fixed my eyes intently, the object seemed gradually to assume the outline of a veiled nun, with sweeping drapery all black and shadowy, and when I turned my gaze from any one direction, the same shadowy semblance instantly began to form itself in another point of view.

The time indeed of my residence at Cimiés, especially the earlier part thereof, appears to have been but one long dream of horrors, everything around me, excepting only the bright heavens of that charming climate, being fitted to feed my malady.

The site of the monastery is in the centre of that ancient Roman city, which was built on an eminence near where the Cemmenos Mountains, or Maritime Alps, are terminated by the sea. The original name of the town was Cimnelion—a name compounded of Cemmenos and Ilion—thus bringing together past and present ages in one point of view, for here was a comparatively modern Ilion, though now in ruins. To give an idea to one who has never gone beyond the seagirt borders of his native island of the sort of country in which Cimiés is situated, would, I conceive, be almost impossible. De-

scription is a poor thing, unless to restore that which has been seen, or something like it; nevertheless, I will do what in me lies to describe this place of severe and retributive suffering to me.

The comparatively rude fabric of superstition in which I had taken refuge had been first raised in that place, on the ruins of the ancient Cimiés, as long back, I apprehend, as the Carlovingian era. The city had stood on a bold and broken ledge of rock, but partially covered with soil, near where the Maritime Alps are washed by the Mediterranean; this ledge, being separated on the east from other abrupt and rugged heights by the stony bed called Paglion, which is sometimes so dry as to be passed without the fear of wetting even the sole of a lady's slipper, and again becomes the channel of a tide so fierce, rushing from the snowy mountains in the back-ground, as to force back and to disturb the waters of the ocean.

The comparatively modern town of Nice lies at the mouth of the Paglion; and a little to the left of Nice is the hill and fort of Montalban, so often spoken of in the records of the dark ages.

To the north and west of Cimiés are rugged heights, tumbled one upon another in a manner to baffle the most skilful topographer, and intersected with deep ravines, of which some are so narrow as well to deserve the epithet of the dark valleys bestowed on them. The soil is everywhere rugged and stony; not a blade of grass is to be observed, but a number of beautiful saxifrages and flowering shrubs, the almond, the aloe, and the caroube being frequent. Here also are vast fields of olive-trees, and not unseldom a country-house, painted with some brilliant fresco, with overhanging roofs, flanked with clumps of shapeless cypress, and stiff gardens of orange and citron trees, is seen perched on heights which no vehicle, not having wings, could ever be expected to attain. The whole region is intersected by narrow lanes, walled on each side, and crossing each other at various angles, each opening having a doorway and porch, of which the picturesque form brings to the mind some ancient representation of Italian scenery or some old Bible print. The whole extent of the hill, or of that portion of the mountain especially called Ciméis, was either scattered with ruins, or sprinkled with little shrines and chapels, among which such as were dedi-

cated to St. Rosalie, who is represented with a bleeding heart in her hand, were by far the most numerous. Here is an ancient Roman theatre, of which much remains; baths and tombs, broken pillars, sarcophagi, and ruins of temples: but, inasmuch as the neighbouring town of Nice has attracted most of the inhabitants of Cimiés for ages past, there is now shed through this whole scene of ancient pomp an air of gloom and desertion which I cannot describe; though it suited the diseased state of my mind at that time to explore these ruins, and to meditate among them on the vanity of present things. Often did my wild imagination, all heated and inflamed as it was, endeavour to carry me back to the proud days of that old Cimnelion, when Roman consuls were borne in high state through those proud streets; when altars smoked with incense before the similitudes of Jupiter, of Venus, of Apollo; and when, in the wide arena, the wild beasts of the deserts were let loose on the helpless servants of our Lord.

"Oh! had I then lived," I would often say, "and been permitted to bear evidence of the truth in that theatre, then would the strife have been passed and over; and I should now be blessed—high in salvation and the realms of bliss!" But, as I said before, my mind was then verging on madness—imagination had taken the rein from the hand of reason, and yet a little while, and I should have been confirmed in this derangement. And this was my condition, when the suddenly increased infirmities of the Abbot Gregoire gave a turn to my thoughts, and brought some relief. This indeed at first was only small, but it gradually produced a healthful influence, by requiring of me certain duties which could only, according to the canons of the church, be performed by a secular; and as by this time I had, by my singular ways, my affectation of solitude, my love of silence, and, above all, the mysterious wildness of my air, obtained a higher character for sanctity in the house and the neighbourhood than I was aware of or even cared for, there was no jealousy manifested when I was appointed to assist at mass with the subprior, who was also a secular.

But before I proceed to relate the very extraordinary circumstance which will be the subject of my next chapter, I must remark, that I had heard nothing from England since I had conversed with my ill-fated cousin

at La Grottoe; and that my friends, as I afterward found, knew not what had become of me, and were, in consequence, very miserable on my account.

They had heard, indeed, that I had drawn money, payable at Padua, but from that time had again lost all traces of me.

CHAPTER XX.

I MENTIONED in my last chapter that the singularity of my manner, since I had resided at Cimiés, had procured for me the character of extraordinary sanctity; and I verily believe that many an individual has obtained a name in the calendar on no better pretensions. However, in consequence of the odour of this my great name, several difficult cases of conscience were referred to me; and whenever a stranger came to the confessional, I was generally the priest to shrive him.

It was, as I well remember, on the eve of the Annunciation, a day of great pomp in our monastery, that a stranger, encased in a large coat, and having his cap drawn over his eyes, appeared in the chapel, but keeping himself much in the shade during the service, for it was the hour of complies, about nine o'clock in the evening. He knelt apart, and seemed much affected by the service; after which, addressing a brother, he expressed a wish to ease his mind by confession, adding, that he laboured under a burden of sorrow too heavy for him to bear. He was immediately directed to a confessional in one of the aisles; and I, who had happened to be engaged in another duty during the service, was directed to attend him as soon as I had entered the house. I obeyed the summons, and went straight to the confessional; by this time the evening was so far advanced that it was nearly dark, and the church was very faintly illuminated by two candles, which burnt on the high altar. When I first took my place, the penitent was so moved that he could not speak; nor did I say more than a few words, in a low tone, or rather a whisper. After a while, however, gathering some self-command, he spoke, and his first question was,

"Holy father, is there a crime too black for the absolving power of the church?"

Low as he spoke, there was a something in his voice which startled me; I thought I had heard it before, and, being startled, I was on my guard, and answered shortly, "Let all be told."

"It shall be," he replied, "under the seal of the sanctuary."

"Assuredly!" I answered; "by the oath which cannot be broken."

"Holy father!" he continued, "you have no doubt shriven many, but to this moment have never heard such horrors as I am about to reveal!"

I was convinced, as he proceeded, that I had heard that voice before; and more than this, I knew the voice—it was that of Juliano Gasparo Sacripante. When thus convinced, my heart rose to my throat; a cold sweat burst from my limbs; I could hardly retain my seat; I hardly dared to trust my voice; but, making a violent effort, and speaking inwardly and in the throat, I said, "Deus in adjutorium tuum intendat!" and the penitent proceeded.

"I would willingly," he said, "not reveal my name, holy father! I am the abhorrence of all who know me! On this account I have left my native country, and, coming to Nice, I was drawn hither by the odour of your name: Are you not the Father Malaventure?" I assented in one short word, and he then proceeded: "Father! neither my own name nor my father's name would I willingly tell, for I have been as a blot and a blemish in a noble pedigree; and if I have not forfeited my place in society, I have lost all hope of ever enjoying it. Suffice it then to say, that I am the second son of a princely family in Italy, and received a large property when I came of age, which was bequeathed to me by my mother's father."

He then broke out into the most terrible—most terrible, because most deeply tinctured with despair, expressions of self-loathing, fear, and horror; after which he continued his confession.

"It was at Florence," he said, "it was in that fair city of Florence that I met my fate! I was then in the heyday of youth, of health, of ardour, and romance. There I enjoyed, with my father and my brother, an almost princely station; and was accounted of as one to whom

the proudest mother would gladly give a daughter. And there I basked in the sunshine of many a brilliant eye. It was at Florence, in the halls of the old palace of the Medici, where all the nobility of the city were assembled on some grand occasion, that I first saw that most lovely of creatures, just budding into womanhood, and already attracting every eye!"

Here the penitent again broke from the thread of his narrative; and my reader may imagine the sudden, the awful, the astonishing revulsion caused in my feelings by the purport of these exclamations, which I call exclamations, though they were uttered in the low suppressed tones of the confessional.

"Oh, Savona! Savona! lost and lovely one! beautiful beyond comparison with other women, but false as beautiful!" I heard no more for an instant, till again these words caught my attention: "Faithless in love! faithless in religion! Oh, lost! for ever lost!" Here a new burst of agony interrupted him, to which he gave way with almost suffocating groans or spasms. My mind was in a whirl; every idea seemed to have suffered the shock, as it were, of an earthquake, accompanied with such flashes of light and conviction as seemed for the instant to confound my perceptions; but when the penitent began to speak again, all other feelings were lost in that one absorbing one of intense curiosity. But it is impossible for me to give what passed at that time in the confessional in the words in which it was told me; the facts, however, shall be narrated, though in so doing I shall probably mingle many things, which came to my knowledge in other ways, with those which I should never have understood, but through the medium of my office as confessor in the monastery of Cimiés.

Juliano Gasparo Sacripante had, it seems, met the beautiful and then haughty Savona, for the first time, in the halls of the old palace of the Medici at Florence; and had conceived for her that sort of wild and desperate passion which is known principally in warmer climates than our own; a passion which is irritated by pride, and often kept alive by opposition; for probably, had the unhappy young lady accepted him as a husband, she would have soon experienced the common fate of Italian wives—which is total indifference. The beautiful daughter of Lord C—— was then but a child in

years, though not in feeling; and though she did not return his affection, yet being proud of having in her train the young man at that time most distinguished in Florence, she gave him every encouragement short of promising to become his wife; in order, however, to keep him still in her train, she allowed him to think that she objected only on account of her youth. Her grandmother had, some years before, secretly become a papist, and had taken the Abbé Beauregard into the family as an instructer of her lovely granddaughter.

Gasparo, at that period known by his paternal title of Marquis de Z——, had first seen Savona in the winter, and the following summer she came to England with her grandmother; and there and then I had, most dishonourably, nay, most wickedly, done all that in me lay to win her affections. To my own cost I succeeded so effectually, that the unhappy one, from that period until the hour in which all earthly things faded from her view, had never ceased to love me, and that with a madness of passion which put all considerations of prudence and principle entirely to flight.

On her return to Florence she was accompanied by my brother; and at this time, the Marquis de Z——, renewing his suit, and finding he could not obtain a definite answer from her, although the unhappy one continued to trifle with him and to encourage him to follow her, he became jealous of Eustace; and jealousy working its usual effect among Italians, he hired assassins to stab him. This crime was to be committed on a certain night, in which Eustace and the young marquis had been invited to an entertainment. My unsuspecting brother having, however, failed in his suit with Savona, escaped this danger by leaving Florence suddenly, before the day fixed for the entertainment. When Eustace was gone, it seems that poor Savona trifled a while longer with the feelings of the Marquis de Z——, after which she entirely rejected him. In order to forget her, he plunged into every possible excess into which unprincipled young men usually fall; among other temptations, he fell into gambling, and that to such an excess that he became a ruined man, and, as a last resource, having great friends at the court of Rome, among whom was an uncle a cardinal, and being a man of very superior talents, he was induced to take orders, and was, through much interest, appointed

to the situation of superior of the monastery of La Grottoe. In this situation he remained until he was intrusted with some secret business with the Sardinian ambassador in London; at which place he arrived nearly about the same time that my uncle, Lord C——, returned to Kelford.

The unhappy man stated, that although he had taken the vows of celibacy, yet the knowledge that Savona was in England proved a strong motive to him to desire the journey; and he also added, that when his uncle, the cardinal, sent for him to Rome, and said that he wished to procure for him some situation which might bring him into notice among the great, he had particularly solicited any employment which might lead him in the direction of the British Islands, where he understood his friend the Abbé Beauregard to be already established for the present. The wretched man seemed unable to say whether it was love or vengeance, or a horrible blending of both feelings, which induced him to desire once again to see Savona. The dark and intricate passages which then followed, when, in town, I fell into the snares which had first been laid for me by the Abbé Beauregard, and were completed and strengthened by Gasparo, did not seem to hang at all upon the conscience of the penitent; for what he had then done was for the augumentation of the church, and if the means were perplexed and dark, they were sanctified, he seemed to consider, by the end. But the confessions which the penitent made respecting his feelings towards me, when he found that I had been his rival all along, and not my brother, were terrible indeed; and when he engaged himself to help me in my intrigues with my uncle's daughters, he then, as he owned, laid that deep and complete plan of vengeance, by which his hatred finally triumphed. To get Savona into his power was his first object—and for this purpose, to get her again upon the Continent—and he saw the means, through her wild regard for me. He therefore played a traitor's part between us: he got himself introduced at her father's house—he made himself known to her—he assured her that his mind was then wholly devoted to the holy apostolic church, and that he sought only her happiness; and every token of love, and even the letter I had written to Emmeline, he perfidiously placed in the hands of Savona, anticipating, through my means, a

complete triumph over the poor deluded one. The penitent spoke of his love for the beautiful English lady as being then past and gone, and that it was revenge he sought.

Thus the unhappy one was still under a delusion—for be it remembered that she had thought me sincere till within a very short time; and although, when my Emmeline arrived in London, it could be no longer hidden from her that I had been trifling with her younger sister, yet vanity probably still blinded her; and when the gentle and obedient Emmeline, at the command of her father, threw aside the ruby heart which I had given her, the Italian servant of her sister, being bribed by Gasparo, stole it from where it had been laid, and gave it to her employer, by him to be conveyed to me. This woman afterward assisted her lady in her flight to Italy after her father's death; but what became of her I never heard.

Thus was I deceived, and thus was poor Savona misled to her temporal destruction.

Sacripante and Beauregard had calculated, that when poor Savona had taken so decisive a step as to come to my appointment in London—and when, as they were prepared to do, it should be made to appear that it had been entirely through mistake that the elder had been seduced to this act of disobedience rather than the younger—the wily priests, I say, had calculated on my sense of honour as being sufficient to induce me to the sacrifice of my private feelings, in order to make the best of that which, in their eyes, was the best; and probably they calculated justly. But it seems that they had not planned their project so secretly but that it had been suspected by Eustace, who, dreading some rash act on the part of Savona, had watched her going out and had followed her; and in so doing, with good intentions, he probably did wrong: it would have been better (as far as we can see) for both of us, had we met and tried the miserable chance of matrimony, without confidence, ésteem, or even love, on my part.

But my violent conduct was a death-blow, for the present, to the schemes of Sacripante; he could not stay in England, having already fallen under suspicion as a popish spy, through some act committed when in Ireland which was contrary to the good faith of nations. He was, therefore, obliged to drag me from

town without communicating with the lady then in the house; for, a minute more, and we should have been in the hands of the police.

Poor Savona was conveyed back the same night, with the wounded Eustace, to her father's house; and the Abbé Beauregard withdrew into the back-ground, though he contrived secretly to keep up a correspondence with Savona.

There were several questions which I would have asked the penitent, but during the whole of these confessions I hardly dared to speak, fearing every instant to betray myself, especially by my accent, which to a nice ear was not correct Italian, and which I had excused to the Abbé Gregoire by saying that my parents were of Austrian origin. What I did say I therefore spoke in Latin, and always from the formalities of the church.

The penitent did not allude to the manœuvre of the letters. I have since thought that he had received a letter from Beauregard at Genoa, in which his brother in iniquity had suggested the artifice which was built on the death of Lord C——, and therefore could not have been planned by Juliano. Nor did he refer to the various tricks which had been used to alarm me—first in the cavern, and then in the Strada Balbi, all of which might be easily accounted for when it is considered that a Jesuit has a brother and an ally in every city perhaps of Christendom—but certainly in Italy. But these acts, however criminal we may think them, did not seem to press upon his conscience, for, probably, even then he was persuaded that every act is justifiable by which a soul is secured to the Romish church. But, omitting these things, he proceeded to open out largely and fully that part of his story which I was most anxious to hear; he explained how poor Savona had returned to Italy after her father's death with the Abbé Beauregard, and how she, by his suggestions, had been induced to come to La Grottoe; the poor young creature being precisely in that state of mind in which, her character being forfeited in the eyes of all her friends, a cloistered life seemed to be the only one in which she could find peace, for then she was, or thought herself, a confirmed papist. I was at this time at Padua, and not likely ever to reside again at La Grottoe; Gasparo, too, was absent from that place when the unhappy one arrived, but he

soon hoped to return, and in the mean time she was induced to fix her choice on the convent of the Madonna, by the abbé letting it, as it were accidentally, escape from him that I had fixed my abode in the neighbouring monastery. Thus the fair victim of many lies fell completely into the snare which was laid for her feet; she came to La Grottoe, and Juliano purposely stayed away till after the artful abbess had persuaded her to take the white veil, lest by his presence he should alarm the unhappy young creature, and drive her to seek a refuge in another situation.

There is no doubt that the poor Savona had been persuaded that she should not bind herself irrevocably by taking the white veil; but that, after this ceremony, she would be as much at liberty to go back into the world as before, and she had acted on this persuasion; but I was not prepared to hear the horrible confessions which followed—to find out that Gasparo, when he returned to La Grottoe, had so far opened the case of the fair sister as to tell the abbess that she must beware of me, and not only watch her, but me also; and that, in consequence of this watchfulness, poor Savona had been detected in taking my unfortunate sketch from under the door, immediately on which occasion she had been subjected to close confinement.

And oh! can I relate what that dark penitent told me of the cruel penances which were enjoined that miserable one—long fasts and cold vigils with bare feet in the subterraneous chapel, while from day to day she was subjected to the fierce and taunting reproaches of her confessor, who, meeting her in the confessional, reproached her with all that is vile and hateful in woman, till at length a violent fever and delirium brought comparative relief, and the poor creature was laid on that bed of death from which she never arose; and yet it seemed that her constitution, being in all its youth and vigour, might have thrown off the disease, and that she might have still lived, had not the wretch who knelt beside me, with only one narrow plank between us, done that I hardly dare to tell. Yet in this part of my eventful narrative there is such comfort that even to this moment, when I think thereof, joy and gratitude spring up in my heart like a sparkling stream welling in a parched desert. But the penitent seemed to want encouragement to tell the rest, and I hardly dared to give

it him; and if I dared, how could I? for I was choking with rage and grief. However, I spoke and repeated these words:—Precibus et meritis beatæ Mariæ semper virginis et omnium sanctorum perducat te, Dominus, ad regna cœlorum.

In reply to this the penitent, with a groan which seemed to proceed from the bottom of his breast, said —"If we judged amiss, the mother of God have mercy upon us; but we acted for the honour of holy mother church, which was in peril. Shame and disgrace were coming on the sacred house, and Satan was working to lose a soul; the fever was gone—the sufferer had recovered her recollection, but the Evil One had taken possession of the miserable young woman—the child of heretics—the daughter of an adulterous church; for, being delivered from her delirium, she calmly, but obstinately and determinately, persisted that during her terrible malady her mind had been changed. Indeed, she confessed that that change had commenced in the hours of solitude to which she had been sentenced in the dark chambers under the house, and she solemnly avowed herself to be no longer a believer. Her sister, she said, had argued long and frequently with her, after her father's death, on the truths of religion; but human passion had then blinded her, and she would not, could not hear. 'These,' said she, 'are now to me as only dreams of madness—a new spirit and a new hear thave been put into me.' And as she spoke," said the penitent, "she threw aside her rosary and cross, and clasping her hands and looking up, she uttered blasphemy against the holy mother church and all its sacred ordinances, saying, None but Christ—no, none but Christ!'

"I was called," continued the hypocrite, "in my function as confessor, but no pleadings would convince her—no threatenings would intimidate her; she still persisted that her sister prevailed, and that she now had been able to see the truth.

"What was to be done with this miserable one?" he proceeded; "what would you have advised, holy father? It was certain that, if she arose from her bed, she would bring shame on the house, and tell that which was not to be told. We consulted together, the abbess and myself, and we took such measures as should prevent the scandal."

"That is," said I, speaking in my own voice, "you

administered poison! Receive, then, my curses, perfidious wretch!" and I struck my foot violently on the floor of the confessional, at the same time becoming instantly and fearfully sensible of my excessive imprudence.

"What voice was that?" exclaimed the penitent—"who spoke?"

I had recovered myself, and answered again in feigned accents, "I heard no voice—no sound but that which comes from the wind rushing through the aisles."

"There was a voice," said the penitent—"and it was a voice I know."

"The voice of conscience," I replied, "which was as thunder in your ears—the ears of a murderer, but which was audible to no one else."

"Shrive me, father! shrive me!" exclaimed the miserable one, "I have told all—I have told the worst. If I did cause poison to be administered to that accursed heretic, it was for the honour of the church! Speak but the words! you have the power of forgiving sins!* Speak but the words! in the name of God absolve me! or I burn in hell for ever!"

I was choking—fainting—almost expiring with agitation: the perspiration poured from my brow in large drops. Strange to say, in that moment—that very moment, the whole illusion of popery had passed away as some horrible vision of the night. Yet I could not disembarrass myself from my present situation without carrying on the farce a few minutes longer; in haste, then, I said these words, "Ego te absolvo à peccatis tuis," and, rushing from the confessional, I made my way out of that house as a place abhorred; and whither

* D. Les Prestres ont ils le pouvoir de pardonner les péchez?

R. Ouy; parce que Jésus Christ, duquel ils sont les vicaires et les ministres, le leur a donné.

D. Quel prestre que ce soit, a-t-il le pouvoir d'absoudre?

R. Tout Prestre, quand mesme il seroit heretique et magicien, peut absoudre de toute sorts de crime, à l'article de la mort seulement; mais hors de l'article de la mort, il n'y a que les Prestres qui sont *approuvez*, et qui ont quelque *jurisdiction* sur le penitent, qui puissent l'absoudre des péchez mortels qu'il auroit commis pourveu que ce ne soient pas des *Cas reservez*.

D. Qu'appelez vous *Cas reservez?*

R. Ce sont de péchez mortels, que le pape, ou les evesques, ou les superieurs des religions se reservent, et dont les confesseurs inferieurs ne peuvent absoudre sans en avoir obtenu le pouvoir.—*Catéchisme des Jésuites.*

I knew not, till I found myself alone and almost in total darkness in the field of the ruined circus, in a state of confusion and horror of mind which I could only compare to that of some poor mariner, who, having seen the vessel on which he had been, perhaps, but a few minutes before sailing in apparent security, with many a companion, suddenly become a wreck, finds himself alone and friendless, a solitary and destitute creature on some desert shore, abandoned of all, and without hope in the world.

What was I but a wretch, beleaguered and involved on all sides, knowing not what step next to take; for I was still in doubt whether I might dare to return to the monastery; for if Gasparo should have detected me through my imprudence in the confessional, it would be impossible to say what measure he might have the cunning to devise to put out of the way such a witness of his horrible misdeeds.

There I stood in the area of those ruins, encircled with fragments of broken and imperfect arches, gaping upon me in the blackness of night; one image of horror after another seemed to chase each other through my brain—and then arose a question and an anxious inquiry—Am I to consider my Emmeline as living, or is she too numbered with the dead? And yet had not the unhappy one allowed me to believe that she was my first beloved—my Emmeline? Did she not know that I had mistaken her for Emmeline? and had she not admitted all my professions in the convent under the assurance that I did not know her? What could she have proposed to herself in thus acting? could she have supposed that the deception could long be carried on? or carried on at all, only under very singular circumstances? But I then remembered how every profession I had made of unaltered attachment had increased her agony, and how she had entreated that I would think of her only as the Sister Juliette. Again I thought, how could I be induced to suppose that that pure and delicate creature, such as was my Emmeline, had been so bereft of common prudence and principle as to abandon her country and religion for love of me? Was it possible that vanity had misled me so far? I asked myself—have I been walking in a dream till now? have I been given up to the father of lies? what diabolical spells have entranced me? and yet what

can it be? Might I yet hope? might it be that that sweet one still lived—and lived to bless me yet?

No! my guilty conscience answered no! and my heart, which for a moment had expanded, seemed to wither as with a spasm shooting through it. No! no! I repeated, there is no more happiness for me.

And now at once and for ever let me finish this terrible subject. I afterward learned that the blow upon blow given to my lovely Emmeline in the perfidy of her Edmund towards herself, which appeared greater than it was in fact, the misconduct of her unhappy sister, the violence of the unworthy object of her affections towards his unoffending brother, the death of her father, and the misery of all her relations, so worked upon her constitution, which was naturally delicate, that she survived not her father many months, and was actually no more before I had joined the bishop in Padua.

Before her death, however, the truths of revelation had been made so manifest to her mind, that she was enabled to throw off all the dross of man's opinion which she had acquired in childhood; and with her failing breath, for she died of a rapid decline, she did all that in her lay to impart the light which had been given her to every person who surrounded her. Among these, her parental friends were permitted to drink in the inspiration, as the wood and the water of the sacrifice of Elijah received the fire which descended from above. But poor Savona, who tenderly nursed her sister during her illness, had a little course to run in her own self-will before she was permitted to admit the truth. My sweet one, I was told, used constantly to pray for her beloved Edmund, and more than once she said to her aunt, "I know that Edmund will come back—he will come back, and then, dear aunt, you will be glad, and he will be renewed." And she applied to me this passage, "though he has lain among the pots, shall he be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers of yellow gold." Ah, blessed Emmeline! my lost! my lovely one! But to return to that dread hour and that lone circus. I had hitherto built myself up in the idea that if I had sinned through the force of passion, so also had my Emmeline. But now that the character of this lovely one was cleared from every stain, she seemed to me to be removed from me to a distance more remote than temporal death itself could

have effected; and, as I thought of her so far removed and lifted above me, my heart began to melt for the poor lost Savona; and such a feeling came over me, of what she had suffered for me, with again the dreadful sense of the reproachful presence of the murdered novice, that I felt I could endure life no longer; and I was ready to dash my head against the stones. Indeed, I was wrought up to the very brink of madness, when suddenly two dark figures appeared in the break of the ruin, beyond which, as I well remember, the eye catches the view of a group of cypress-trees; they were speaking aloud, and one said to the other, "it was surely this way in which he turned." I withdrew farther into the shade, and saw these people emerge into the comparative light of the arena of the circus, where they stood so near to me they must have become conscious of my presence, had it not been for the projection of a part of the ruin, behind which I shrouded myself.

"Speak English," said one of these; "speak English, we shall be less liable to be understood."

A voice immediately answered in broken English which I thought I had heard before, but the extreme imperfection of the accents puzzled me.

"You are quite certain it was he?" said the first person, in the native tone.

"Quite," replied the imperfect speaker, "I should have known him anywhere."

"It is of immense importance," replied the Englishman, "that we should see him before he returns to the monastery. Now is our time—he certainly turned this way." And the two were passing on, the distance preventing me from hearing the reply of the second speaker. When, without reflection, for at that moment I was incapable of reflection, and being drawn forward by the sound of my native tongue, in a place so wild and deserted, I stepped forth, and, calling after the strangers, said, "Whom do you seek?"

"It is he! it is he!" exclaimed the imperfect speaker; and instantly the other coming forward, said, "It must be so, you must be he we seek; you were of such a place," mentioning the name of my native city.

"And you?" I answered.

"You, perhaps, will not immediately recognise me;

but I am Henry Clifford," he replied, "and my companion is Francesco del Sarto."

"Oh my God!" I exclaimed; "the two men I could least expect to see in this dark hour, in this lone place —wherefore are you here?"

"Sent by those who love you best, Mr. Etherington," replied Clifford, "to seek you and to recall you, if haply you will return. Your brother is at Geneva, whither I accompanied him, to trace you, Edmund, being our object; a providential meeting with Del Sarto gave us the clew to where we might expect to find you. We have been at La Grottoe, at least I have, and there we obtained such information as brought us to Cimiés. We came to Nice in an English vessel, which is in the harbour of Villa Franca; we have a boat now on the shore; say but the word, and you are delivered from all the dangers which threaten you; for, if you know it not, we can inform you that your enemy is at the monastery with many of his followers—we were there but now. Francesco del Sarto recognised some of these, and learned from them as much as we could stay to ascertain; for you were recognised by one of the followers of this man as you rushed from the church; and we pursued you so speedily, that, but for the darkness, we must have overtaken you before you reached these ruins. But now, now—now is your moment, Edmund, before others come to look after you; hasten with us —you probably know the road better than we do— swift, swift to where our boat waits for us! there is no time for deliberation—away, away to home and liberty!"

"Or," said Del Sarto, "back to the monastery and to the vengeance of that arch-fiend Sacripante. We cannot wait here," he added; "at least I cannot; it is at the peril of my life that I am in this place."

As the young man spoke each took an arm, and dragging me forward, we soon found ourselves among the dark, narrow, walled passages which lead from Cimiés to Nice. Our descent was rapid to the bed of the Paglion; we found the channel nearly dry, and having crossed it, we began to ascend up almost perpendicular paths till we reached the brow of Montauban, making the shortest cut to Villa Franca. During this passage not a word was spoken; our breath would not suffer it; and from the very need of rapid motion, I became

more and more sensible of what the danger of my situation would be should I return to the monastery and find myself recognised by Sacripante.

Being on the heights above Villa Franca, Del Sarto proposed that he should run forward to the boat and procure me a cap such as sailors wear, and, if possible, a change of dress, which he effected by taking some articles from each of the sailors, whom, being Englishmen, he could trust. He soon returned to us with a large watch-coat and cap. These I put on over my monk's habit; and, being thus disguised, I reached the boat, and soon was on the way to the little English vessel which was at the mouth of the bay, and only waited our arrival to put to sea for Marseilles.

While Del Sarto had been running to the boat, as we were near the town, we had not dared to speak, neither was I inclined so to do. I ventured not to inquire for my friends, nor to ask who among them was alive or who was dead. I was ashamed, confounded, self-loathing; and yet I clung to life, and well I might, having no hope in death. When once, however, in the boat, and in the pure atmosphere of the bay, I felt myself somewhat relieved; I seemed to breathe more freely, and a tenderer feeling came over me. As I looked back on the country which I was now leaving for ever, the soft and yellow glow of approaching day was already illumining the heights of Montalban on the left and those of Ezza on the right as I looked back from my seat in the boat, and perfumed breezes blew upon me from the double peninsula of Saint Hospice as we swept along its flowery shores.

Oh! what a change had a few hours produced; I was no more to be wakened by the bell of the monastery—I was never again to hear the choral harmony of the midnight chant. Popery had passed away with me as a gorgeous vision. Some tears, however, would force themselves to my eyes as I looked back on many well-remembered objects; they were more natural and more tender tears than I had shed for a long time; and Henry Clifford and Del Sarto seemed to be too well pleased with the unhoped-for success of their difficult enterprise to be at that crisis aware of the misery which I was enduring.

CHAPTER XVI.

I HAD given one last look at the heights of Ezza and Montalban, and was sitting with my face upon my knees, lost in miserable meditations, when suddenly I was made aware of the approach to the ship by the cheers of the sailors on board the boat, with a cry which signified we have succeeded, we have done our business, and now farewell to Villa Franca. I found afterward that this little vessel was in the pay, at that time, of my father; at least for the object which he then had in hand. And these were the friends who I had imagined had forgotten me; but it is not so easy for a father to forget a son.

I was raised almost in a state of helplessness up the side of the ship, and at my request led immediately to the cabin on the deck, where I instantly laid myself on a couch, covering my eyes with my hands, giving way at the same time to an excess of feeling which I can hardly account for. My friends had, however, discretion to leave me some time to myself. After an hour or more I was relieved by a slumber, which, though partaking of the nature of the scenes I had just gone through, left me comparatively more tranquil. Henry Clifford brought me some breakfast as soon as I was awake, and proposed that I should rise and dress. "Come, come, my friend," he said, "does it become you now to be cast down, and to doubt the Divine love, at the time when you are receiving the strongest manifestations of that love? Think how all things have worked for your deliverance, at the instant in which your case, let me tell you, was getting most desperate; for your enemy had detected you. You are pretty well acquainted with the tender mercies of holy mother church," he added, "and would, probably, not wish to experience other samples of them."

"Clifford," I replied, somewhat peevishly, "it is impossible that you should fully enter into my feelings."

"Perhaps it may be so," he answered, gravely; "there is nothing in which the imperfection of our nature is more evident, than our incapacity of entering into the

feelings of our fellow-creatures. But, Edmund," he added, "we have one, even Jesus, the Son of God, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, having been tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin."

"Yet without sin," I repeated; "the sufferings, therefore, which proceed from remorse he has never experienced; and therefore cannot be touched by them, in the sense in which you use that word—that is, from experience."

"How!" replied Clifford, "know you not what the prophet says—'the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all?'"

"Of us all?" I repeated, and fell into a deep musing, from which I was aroused by Del Sarto, who came to offer me a change of apparel.

"Do let me see you, Signor Edvardo," said the kind youth, "do let me see you in a way to annihilate as much as possible all the external of the monk; if you could feel, as I do, the dreadfully darkening effects sometimes produced upon the mind by the various outward circumstances and forms of the papal church, you would cast away with loathing every trapping, not only of the monkish, but of the priestly office."

I was by no means unwilling to do as Del Sarto wished; and when Clifford returned to the cabin he found my appearance totally changed, though the bare circle on my crown still betrayed the tonsure. But though outwardly changed and inwardly loathing the church which I had abandoned, and dreading and hating its pinciples, I had still my religion to seek; nor was I in a state of mind to consider the subject, for I was anxious to hear of the welfare of many friends, and yet so filled with apprehension that I dared not put a single question concerning them.

I could not have uttered the name of Emmeline had worlds been given to me; and the same spell seemed to hang on the tongue of Clifford. At length, having occasion during the course of the morning to speak of my parents, he told me that they both lived, and were as well as anxiety on my account would permit them to be.

"And my uncle and aunt Theophilus?" I said.

"Religion has been their consolation," he replied; "their views of the gospel," he added, "are bright as day."

"They have especially wanted consolation then?" I asked; but I could not utter more.

Clifford looked anxiously at me, and said—"Edmund, must I be the first to tell you what has happened, or do you only seek confirmation of what is already known?"

"Do not tell me more," I exclaimed; "I thought it was so—I felt it was so—I knew it would be so," and I begged to be left alone; and this, I am certain, that no bodily tortures could ever be compared to the misery of the next few hours.

It was some hours after this my first attempt at making inquiries after any friends in England that I was able to put another question to Clifford.

"Do they know," I asked, "that poor Savona is no more?"

"They do," he replied.

"Do they blame me on her account?" I asked.

Clifford seemed to be surprised at this last question, and answered, with his usual candour, "Assuredly they do."

This led to my telling my friend that I was ready to give to him, and, through him, to all my friends, a full and candid statement of all that had befallen me in Italy, and of many circumstances which had happened before my leaving Italy; and of those things which had occurred at La Grottoe, Del Sarto should be my voucher as far as he was enabled so to be.

Clifford replied, "that I certainly owed a candid statement of everything to my relations, though not to him;" adding, "that at present he had not those claims on my regard and confidence which, he trusted, time might give him."

My gratitude to my brother, to Clifford, and to Del Sarto was by no means, at that time, so warm and unmixed with other feelings as it since has been, and now is, after the lapse of many years. Nevertheless, I even then endeavoured to express something like thankfulness; nor did I fail to confess to Del Sarto that I felt myself wholly unworthy of the friendship which he had showed me, and the efforts which he, in particular, had made for my deliverance.

He received my assurances in such a manner as made me feel that he had entirely forgiven my grievous offence against him; and Clifford being present, he explained some parts of his history which my reader may

like to know. He informed me that he had found a nook among the grottoes where there was sufficient light admitted through a chink in the rock to permit him to sit and read without being seen; and that to this corner he used often to repair with the knowledge of Symphorin, the feeble creature knowing that he went there to study, and at the same time giving him the credit of studying only such books as were approved by the church. He also told me that he commonly left his book in a niche of the rock, above the reach and out of the sight of Symphorin. He accounted for his disappearance from the monastery, as I expected, by a branch of the secret passage which connected itself with the strong chamber, which passage was opened to him by Bernardo; from the secret passage he had first ventured to the grottoes to get his book, and being there seen by Symphorin, he had had nothing for it but a desperate descent into the valleys.

But the mode of his further escape had been different from mine. There was in the town of Carrara a Protestant family, who lived by cutting marble in the quarry; this family were distantly connected with the woman who had nursed him, and through them he had procured the Bible. He had had some intercourse with them before, and he now hastened to them; he was concealed by them for a time, and then forwarded from one family to another favouring the reformed church, though secretly, till he reached the Protestant cantons of Switzerland.

At Geneva, when reduced to his last sous, for the poor people had always provided for his wants hitherto as far as their means would go, he was told that there was an English nobleman known for certain acts of liberality to poor Protestants; this nobleman was no other than my brother, and, through the leadings of Providence, he was induced to apply to him. My brother was a good Italian scholar, and seeing something peculiar in the air and manner of Del Sarto, he was induced to ask him various particulars of his history. Clifford informed me that he was present during this conversation; and although he did not fully understand what was passing, he was astonished, he said, to see a deeper and deeper interest continuing to manifest itself on the countenance of Eustace, who presently, being unable to restrain his emotions, called upon him to hear

what the petitioner had related. Clifford then suggested other questions for my brother to put to Del Sarto; and as it could not be doubted, after they had heard all that he had to say, that the Brother Edvardo, as he called me, was the individual for whose sake they were come so far on their way to Italy, and that the lovely English novice was no other than Savona, they immediately concerted the plan, according to which Clifford was to proceed to La Grottoe, though Del Sarto did not dare to show himself there. To La Grottoe, therefore, Clifford went, and, by comparing notes, must have arrived there soon after I had left it. He there heard of the death of poor Savona; but although he tried every means to induce old Bernardo to tell him what he knew of me, he could only get this answer from the worthy brother—that he believed the devil had taken me, and if he had, he would have no good bargain of it, because that I was just worth nothing either to one party or to the other. Clifford was then compelled to return to Geneva, and to furnish himself with a letter from Del Sarto to show Bernardo, with which, by-the-by, he ought to have been provided at first; and when he returned to La Grottoe, he found the old man more practicable, and probably for this reason, that the Superior Juliano had left the place never more to return to it, having been, as Clifford heard there, a prey to the most horrible melancholy, and like one distracted, ever since a certain period, which, on comparing notes, was contemporaneous with the death of the novice.

Thus were the times and the seasons arranged for me, and I was left at Cimiés until I had made my last attempt to obtain that righteousness by my own endeavours which is offered as a free gift to the believer by Christ the Saviour; and I was left there, too, until every important mystery in which I had been involved through the craft of popish principles had been explained to me by the confession of Sacripante.

Wonderful, most wonderful have been all the providences by which I have been led on to where I am now —to where I behold from far the glorious land where a perfect rest is prepared for me, and where my beloved Emmeline and her sister now enjoy the presence of their Redeemer, having escaped the miseries of this present evil world.

Having heard what Del Sarto could tell me, I related

at full length to Clifford nearly all that may be found in the foregoing pages which was not already known to him; and, from something which he then dropped, I found that he had been anxious to console my sweet Emmeline when I abandoned her, but of course had failed, for the death-blow had already been given to that lovely one, and she was past recall to earthly affections.

During this day I continued to be in a state of high excitement, and towards night I was seized with an affection on the brain, which rendered me perfectly delirious. They hurried me to bed, and various remedies were used, by which the disease was removed; but my strength was so entirely prostrated, that my life was despaired of for many days; during which I lay, as it were, between life and death, the prey to a slow consuming fever.

We at length reached Marseilles, and there my friends, Del Sarto and Clifford, had me removed into a vessel sailing immediately for England, in which I had better accommodations; after this removal, with the assistance of the medical man on board, I soon found relief, and my fever left me. But how did it leave me? I trust, an altered man—wholly subdued, not by pain and suffering, for these alone may subdue the body, but not the will—but wholly subdued by and through those means which the worldly man can never be made to comprehend. Nor could I comprehend how these means operated on me, for the wind bloweth where it listeth; nor could I even presume to assert that I had been, at that time, the subject of any particular and mysterious influence, but by describing the change which at this period passed upon me—a change which was more evident to others than to myself, at least when it took place.

My fever had thoroughly subdued my strength, and when it left me I lay for one or two days, or more perhaps, with little inclination to speak, and little power to think, but yet feeling very strongly the unremitting attentions of Clifford and Del Sarto, without which, in all human probability, I must have perished.

It was, however, one evening, being then on the great Atlantic, while a favourable wind wafted us swiftly to our own shores, that I said to Clifford, after a long silence—"What does the Scripture assert respecting the heart of man?"

"You shall hear," he answered, calmly, yet, as he afterward told me, with a beating heart, and taking out his pocket Bible, he read many passages to me.

"There is truth," I answered, "in all this; the inspired penmen were thoroughly acquainted with the nature of the human heart."

"This we see," returned Clifford, "by comparing the sacred text with that which is passing within." And then he again repeated these words, "Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witnesses, blasphemies."

To which I made no reply, as I can recollect; and he then took up a book of the Liturgy of the Church of England, and read the ninth article.

"So far," I replied, "your church is consistent with truth; but tell me, Clifford, what is a church?"

He answered by reading the nineteenth article.

"A congregation of faithful men," I repeated; "of course I must know that it is a vulgarism to apply the name of church in discussions of this kind to the marble and stone of a building; but, taking the article as you have read it, do not a congregation of faithful men form a perfect church? There is, then, or ought to be, such a thing as a perfect church in the flesh."

"No," replied Clifford, "for though a man in the flesh may have faith, yes, and be a child of God, yet, as long as he is in the flesh, he cannot be perfect; for, as St. Paul says—'I know that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing.'"

I much fear that I must already have disgusted my reader by the various discussions which I have recorded respecting the question of the church, nor could I even then dismiss the notion which I had respecting the existence of a one pure visible church on earth, without another skirmish of arguments.

"I must make up my mind, Clifford," I said; "I must resolve to be a member or minister of some sect of Christians when I return to England. But I have objections against our established church. Under what plea can she, as being composed of men in the flesh, lay claim to prerogatives which can only belong to a pure church, and to one invested with a life-giving power?"

"My dear Edmund," said he, "when did our church make such pretensions as these of which you speak?

Either you have forgotten her, or you have never known her. You have, perhaps, formed your judgment from some of her injudicious friends, who prove themselves her worst enemies by attempting to defend her on false grounds; but she has a voice, let her speak for herself; and if she maintains herself to be pure and faultless—if she dares to assume any prerogatives which belong only to the one universal invisible church which is above, I have done with her for ever."

"I think," I answered, "you must allow that the Church of England does assume Divine prerogatives in her baptismal service and her ordination service; in all which services, if I remember right, she attributes to herself, through her ordinances, the power of giving the Holy Ghost to such as are submitted to them."

"Perhaps," replied Clifford, "as I said, I remember, to you many months since, I might wish a few sentences altered in these services—might desire to have a stone or two withdrawn from the old wall, if it were possible to do it without pulling the whole fabric upon our heads, and that at a time in which we should not find workmen of one mind to build us a better. But, brother," he added, "there are one or two things to be said on these points which probably have not occurred to you. No church in the flesh can properly attribute to itself the discerning of spirits. While man is as he is, he is compelled to receive in the person of another the outward and visible sign, as the inward and spiritual grace; and, while acting upon this principle, he can make no public exceptions, whatever he may be led to do in private. Consider, then, our established church as a public character—our dissenting churches as private persons, and you will perceive that, whereas one must give a very decided reason, with very legal proof, for rejecting a member of her household, the other is at liberty to exclude every inmate whom she does not approve, without implicating the character of that excluded person in the eye of the law; therefore, in order to avoid all difficulties of this nature, our church supposes that all persons who attend to her forms have a right to the privileges of which they are the outward and visible signs, a privilege fully explained in a portion of our catechism."

"There is something in all this," I said, "and I see not how any church by law established can act other-

wise; but then comes another question, how far should the authority of government be used to support ecclesiastical establishments?"

"Edmund," replied my friend, "we are getting into deep waters, I see—I perceive that you are in danger of flying from one error into another, to the perpetual troubling of your mind. The question last stated is not a religious, but a political question; nor do I think that we, unless we were legislators, have need to meddle therewith. Here is a church to which we belong, which does not pretend to perfection, for it would be heresy and popery if she did so—a church which holds out the Bible to her people, and tells them that she does not require them to believe aught which is not found therein. But because she is not perfect, are we to abandon her, though knowing, as we do, that it is contrary to our faith to expect anything perfect on earth!"

"Had Luther reasoned as you do, my brother," I answered, "would he have left the Church of Rome?"

"Had the Church of Rome laid open the Bible to her sons, and said, 'Believe this, and only this,' Luther ought not to have abandoned her," he answered, "because it is written, 'submit to the powers that be,' &c." Here Clifford broke off the discourse, but we had many a long discussion during the remainder of the voyage on this and other subjects, though, perhaps, I felt myself more inclined to hear than to speak. I, however, made many inquiries on various religious matters, both of Del Sarto and Clifford, and their habit in reply was to refer me immediately to Scripture; and, through the Divine blessing on these references, my mind opened rapidly, throwing off one prejudice after another in a manner which I then did not comprehend. The most obstinate of these prejudices, at least those which were most amalgamated with my former feelings, were not those which had been added to me by actual popery, but which had been imprinted on my infant mind by such residues of popery as are mixed up with the opinions of the dark members of our church.

Of these errors my first was, that it was dangerous to morality to admit the doctrine of justification by faith alone; this error had been strengthened in my mind by papists, but it was there from the period of my childhood, even as clearly as when, by the direction of my parents, Mrs. Sermon had made me repeat certain stan-

zas from good old Dr. Watts's hymns, which she had not failed to illuminate by comments nearly about as dark, if not more dark, than the text itself: for instance—

> "Then let me read and pray
> While I have life and breath,
> Lest I should be cut off to-day
> And sent to eternal death."

On this somewhat papistical passage the worthy dame used to hold forth in the words or spirit of that companion of the altar which is often bound up with our liturgy, saying, "Now, Master Edmund, you must observe that the benefits and blessings which the Son of God has purchased for us are nowhere promised but upon condition that we ourselves are first duly qualified for them, &c., &c.; therefore, in order to be saved, you must read and pray, and be a good boy, and deserve the love of God."

Could a better foundation have been laid than such lessons as these, often repeated by the gouvernante, and as often repeated by the parents, for the superstructure of the great fabric of the papistical doctrine of good works? a fabric which is arranged by the infallible church into an infinitude of little chambers of imagery; for these good works are divided and classed by her into interior and exterior actions, productive of merits performed by those in life—by the saints in Paradise—by the heretics, and by the heathen, &c., &c., with as many subdivisions of bad actions, such as the mortal, dead, and mortified.

From the first false principle wrought into my mind from infancy, how many had branched I know not; but this I know, that when a new life had been imparted to me through God the Spirit, being hence enabled to receive the instructions of Clifford and Del Sarto, this root of bitterness, namely, dependance on works, was speedily extracted, and all its ramifications perished with itself.

Besides this principle, I had, till that period, held a number of horrible and unfounded notions respecting hell, the devil, fire, and torments, &c., &c., which had been put into me in my nursery, and been confirmed by my papistical teachers and books in Italy. All these in their unscriptural forms totally disappeared when I

was brought to see more clearly the work of salvation; and though much yet remained, as it were, dark and unrevealed to me, as to those souls to whom the Saviour has not been made manifest in the present life, yet I was made to see plainly that much which is often taught in Protestant nurseries has very little foundation in Scripture, where the work of salvation is declared to be more vast and large, more deep and ample than man can ever conceive.

That there is much concealed from our apprehension, of that which shall be to those to whom Divine life has not been imparted under the present system, is certain; although I believe that there is more light given in Scripture upon this subject than most believers have ever seen; and I also believe, as terror is the instrument by which the visible church obtains and preserves her sway over men's minds, that at the same time in which the visible church was united with the state, there immediately succeeded an effort to conceal the freeness and fulness of the work of salvation. And probably we are not to expect that the perfect work of man's salvation will ever be fully preached or received in any visible congregation, the present prejudices on the subject, and the present fears so universally entertained of opening a door for immorality, being so very strong, that even, after all the professions which I have made of perfect candour, I hardly dare to declare that I take the first six verses of the second chapter of the first epistle to Timothy as the guide of my belief in this most important matter—that I admit the words contained therein, in their fullest sense, without the abatement of a single iota; and that, in studying the originals of the Scriptures, I have been led to see the agreement of every passage which touches on the same subject with that to which I have referred.

But among the errors into which I had decidedly fallen at that time, was that in which popery principally consists—of mistaking the universal invisible church —her to whom the promises appertain, and with whom Christ has declared that he will be till the end of time—first, for the establishment of my own country, and then for that of Rome. And verily I believe, that after my eyes had been partially opened, had I not had Clifford with me, I should have been ready to fly off again in some other direction to endeavour to discover this same

celestial perfection among some other assemblage of Protestants.

But I must not weary my reader with more of my opinions and my discussions; he has already had enough and too much of them; yet that period, while in great feebleness of body I was shut up with Clifford and Del Sarto in the cabin of a sloop, was, perhaps, the most blessed of my life.

I had been brought to see the guilt of my former life—to cast away all self-righteousness with abhorrence—to acknowledge that I deserved to suffer—that I was unworthy of my name and of my relations—and that I had blighted the prospects, nay, brought down to the grave the two most lovely women my eyes had ever beheld. On poor Savona I reflected with so much pity, that I could think of myself only as a monster when I recollected how I had played with affections which, if properly directed, might have made my brother happy; but when I remembered my Emmeline—my lovely Emmeline—the single object of my real affection—the pure, if we may call a human being pure in any other light than comparison—the pure, the beautiful, the bright one—oh! it was anguish indeed. And still am I so much of earth, that I shall never cease to mourn my Emmeline till I am united with her again in the realms of everlasting day.

But Clifford, when he saw me most sad, was often accustomed to expatiate on the circumstance which was most astonishing in the history of Savona, remarking how marvellously that warm and ardent spirit, when Divinely inspired, had manifested itself in a fearless witness for the truth, and how her gentle sister had been the means, through Divine appointment, of giving her that knowledge of doctrine by which the life she was afterward to receive was to be matured and strengthened; thus administering all that one creature can administer to another of that light and life which were to enable her to obtain the crown of the martyr, under scenes and circumstances of the utmost horror. And all this had my Emmeline been permitted to do for a sister, her experience of whom in very early life she had so pathetically expressed to this effect—she is come and gone again, and has not tried to love me.

It was at this time, that is, while we were still at sea, that Del Sarto explained to me the visible means by

which his mind, which had previously become disgusted with popery to a degree he had found it difficult to conceal, had been further awakened to Divine truth. Happening to go one holyday to Carrara, he had there met with the workman who was related to the family of his nurse, and there having in part opened his mind to his humble friend, he was presented by him with a small Latin Bible, the same which had peeped from his pocket when I had met him on the mountain.

When I asked him what his plans for the future were, he answered, "I have none. My ordination, I understand, would serve me in the Church of England, but I fear that I should never sufficiently understand the language to be of use as a public teacher. I trust, however, in God, that all will be arranged for my good."

Clifford, on hearing this, said, "Fear not, my friend; you have obliged a noble family, and an affluent one, and my friend, Mr. Etherington, has thought of a situation for you. He says, that if you please, you shall be librarian at Kelford; that is, if the heads of the family allow; and that you shall assist his uncle Theophilus in such matters as may be within your reach till you are thoroughly initiated in the language."

"I have had other thoughts for Del Sarto," I added, "if he is not altogether weary of me. I cannot return at present to Kelford—I cannot yet behold again the scenes of former happiness; my wounded and broken mind will require some time to recover itself; though, through the divine influence of truth, I am now enabled to see that there is no occasion for despair, for the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, yet time is requisite to enable me to mingle again among my friends. Indeed, it is necessary to soften the irritated feelings of the world, and to restore me in some degree to the good opinion of all the connexions and acquaintances of my family. My wish, then, is to travel perhaps for three or four years, and to travel in such parts of the Continent as are most clear of popery; and then, if my life is spared, to return again to the bosom of that gentle mother, the Church of England, from whom I tore myself with a petulance and self-conceit of which I now blush to think. And I have a wish, if so it could be, when I do settle, to settle in Ireland, where my intimate acquaintance with the subterfuges of popery would render me most useful."

Clifford did not seem to disapprove my plans, but he said, "Would you, then, propose to attack popery in the Sister Kingdom by argument or by preaching against it?"

"No," I replied, "but by a simple statement of the truths of the gospel, and by providing for the instruction of the people."

"And Del Sarto?" said Clifford.

"Should be first my companion in my travels, then my assistant, if it so pleases him, until an independence is provided for him through the interest of our family, which will not be wanted after the obligations he has conferred upon it." Such were the plans which I was led to form as we approached England, and they were soon put into execution.

The whole family had no sooner heard of my arrival, and that I was waiting to see them on the coast, for I could not endure the thought of going farther inland, than many of its members hastened to embrace the prodigal son.

My dear father and mother, my uncle Theophilus, my brother, who had returned, and to whom Clifford had written by a small vessel which we met going into Marseilles, were all present; but my aunt Theophilus, though she sent me her blessing, could not see me—she had lost her Emmeline, and could not but attribute that loss to me, nor did I ever see her again.

It was a bitter meeting; I thought my mother very much changed; her hair was perfectly gray; her beauty had fled; but all my friends had the delicacy to endeavour to conceal the shock which they all felt on seeing the change which had passed on me.

My parents approved my plans, and my father assured me that he would use his interest to get me a benefice in Ireland, telling me, what proved to be a fact, that my having turned aside to popery would not be half so great a hinderance to my preferment as if I had fallen in with the worthy Dr. Watson, or any other minister dissenting from the established church. At the same time he informed me that the excellent doctor was no more.

In falling again into religions discourse with my family, I found that whereas I had formerly carried matters too far on one side to please my father, I was now disposed to carry them as much too far on the other.

He totally differed with Clifford in the distinction which he made between the invisible and visible church; and, had I listened to him, he would infallibly have brought my mind back again to the old state of confusion, and set my feet again in the very path which had led to my becoming a monk of Cimiés, and from which I had hardly been saved with life. But I thank God that I did not argue as formerly with my father in the spirit of insolence and pride, but suffered him to remain in the mistake which, although it had proved fatal to my peace on earth, was, I trusted, one which would not affect his peace above. Not so my uncle Theophilus; his mind was rapidly opening, and that through much tribulation.

At this time I was informed that my brother was soon to be married to my cousin Cecilia, but it was with pain that I discerned that Eustace was not an ardent lover. Alas, poor Eustace! he could have loved Savona—he did love Emmeline, how great then had been my guilt towards him!

The name of Emmeline was never once mentioned in this family meeting, though she was probably first in every thought, but in mercy to me no one referred to her.

I cannot easily give an idea of the deep depression which we all felt during that family assemblage. I never saw my poor mother afterward. I went with Del Sarto to the northern court in which Eustace had been with his uncle Lord C——. From thence I visited St. Petersburg, and, in less than three years, was recalled to take possession of a small living in the west of Ireland, where the balmy air sometimes reminds me of the shores of the Mediterranean. Del Sarto still adhered to me, and was to me a brother and a comforter, till some months after my arrival in Ireland, when he fell into a rapid decline, and died in the faith, his soul passing away while his head rested on my breast.

I am aware that, after the stirring adventures contained in the former pages of my history, the closing scenes must come like the heavy atmosphere of November after the bright hours and storms of August, and that no young reader will be able to believe me when I tell him that the last thirty years which I have spent in this my Patmos, for such I call my residence in Ireland, have passed as one long peaceful day, varied

by active labours among my people, solitary studies, working and directing others in my pleasure-grounds, and that rest and refreshment which the body requires.

When first I came here, I had no fellow-creature but Del Sarto, but now a number have gathered around me, old and young, of all ranks and conditions, who, with the characteristic warmth of the noble people, will not suffer their old rector to fancy himself a lone man; and there are also some fine young clergymen about me who have as bright views of the Divine love as Clifford himself. I must also add another blessing which I have enjoyed, that, in all the troubles of this country, the Almighty has kept me and mine as the apple of his eye. Another generation has arisen at Kelford Grove; and in the house of Clifford, who, in marrying the second daughter of the dowager lady, has been the apparent means (I say apparent) of introducing a better spirit into the family, especially into the minds of my brother, his lady, and the sisters. It was several years after my residence in Ireland that I dared to visit Kelford; my aunt Theophilus was then no more; and my uncle, bent down with infirmity, was awaiting his change in the perfect assurance of hope. My brother was already the father of two noble boys and of a sweet infant daughter; the babe was scarce able to go, but she was touchingly like her lovely aunts. When she was gay, she most resembled poor Savona in her first bright days; but when she wept, she was then my Emmeline, and I could not bear to look on her.

My father died about twenty years since, at a very advanced age; he died much as he had lived, adhering closely to forms till the last. He is, I trust, not the only one now in glory who has never, in this life, been enabled to throw off the prejudices and false opinions instilled in youth.

Alas! those prejudices! to them, humanly speaking, I owed many of my sufferings. But all is well, all is as it should be, since I have been found of Him I sought not; the proud papist has now been settled down for many years as an humble Protestant minister in the bosom of his gentle nurse (for I will no longer attribute the character and qualities of a mother to any human establishment), having taken her permission to require nothing of his people but what is found in Scripture, or may be clearly proved thereby.

THE ROSARY;

OR,

ROSEE OF MONTREUX.

THE ROSARY;

OR,

ROSEE OF MONTREUX.

ALTHOUGH I am not acquainted with you, my indulgent little readers, yet I much suspect that some of my small volumes are not altogether unknown to you; but that one of them, at least, has already found its way into your libraries. I now will tell you what you have not heard before, that I am a very great traveller, not only on the Continent of Europe, but in sunny Asia. I have navigated the Indian Ocean, and visited the stormy promontory of South Africa; I have been tossed on the bosom of the Mediterranean, and wandered over the cloudy heights of the terrible Corniche; I have seen orange groves and clusters of palm-trees, and heard the cry of the gondolier in the City of the Sea. I have much to say of my adventures, for in a short space of time I have seen a vast deal; but my purport now is to relate a scene which I witnessed when passing a short time among the lovely hills and valleys of Switzerland.

It was a beautiful evening in August as I walked along the banks of the lake near Montreux, where the sight of the snow-crowned Alps, which were only separated from me by the clear water at my feet, brought to my mind the wonderful works of that Supreme Power which created these magnificent objects. Every work of nature immediately around me was clad in the warm hue of summer, from the loftiest pine to the lowliest flower which inhabit these mountainous regions. There was a small boat on the lake, and from time to

time the voices of the fishermen were returned distinctly by the echoes of the hills. As I walked on, solitary and pensive, a little boy between the age of ten and eleven suddenly stood before me; his figure was taller than that of most children of his age, though the uncommon youthfulness of his manner belied his height. His step was light, though his countenance was, at the first moment in which I beheld him, very much agitated—his cheeks being wet with tears, though a smile of delight played upon his lips; his eyes were dark and spirited, though at the present dimmed by the tears he had shed—he was close beside me before he had remarked that a stranger was near him; but instantly taking off his cap from his noble brow, he bowed low, and then would have passed on without speaking; but, after returning his salutation, I stopped to question him about a village which I saw near to us.

"What do you call this lovely place, my boy," I said, "and by whom are those glorious scenes inhabited—by those who love their God, or by those who know him not?"

"We call it Montreux, monsieur," replied the boy; "but our village is more blessed than almost any other in the mountains, for the same God who guided our fathers in olden times still protects his children now, and we are taught to know and love him."

I was pleased with this answer, and next inquired the cause of the tears which I had marked on his cheek. "Are they tears of joy or sorrow, my young friend?" I asked.

"Joy, all joy, monsieur," he replied (his countenance at once brightening up as a fine landscape when a cloud has passed away), "for our Rosèe to-day has owned that she is our sister; indeed, she will be joined to us this evening, never to be parted again from us, no, not even by death."

"Rosèe," I repeated, "and who is Rosèe?"

"Have you not heard of our Rosèe, monsieur, said the boy, fixing his dark eyes upon me, "of our own Rosèe, the Rosèe of the Mountains, as she is called?"

"No," I replied, "no, indeed; old as I am, my dear boy, your sweet sister Rosèe is a stranger to me, though I must confess I long much to see the little damsel who is worthy of being called the Rosèe of the Mountains."

"You must come, then, to our cottage, monsieur, and then you shall see our Rosèe," he replied. "But, sir, she is not our own sister, though her father was brother to mine, but we all love her as much as we do Nannette. Rosèe was very, very young indeed when she left our own sweet Montreux, and went to France with her mother. A lovely little girl was our Rosèe then, monsieur; she would never answer angrily, but the tears would fall gently from her soft eyes if we spoke harshly to her; but they took her to France, and kept her there many years, and there they taught her to worship little marble images, and to count long strings of beads while she says her prayers, and she had lost the remembrance of almost all we used to do and teach in our lovely Montreux, and on the banks of our quiet lake; but Rosèe's parents died, and she came to live with us again, and then we found that she did not love our religion, and therefore, monsieur, we could not be happy, for Rosèe would not pray with us. When she returned, she brought with her two beautiful figures of a lady and baby, and she used to repeat many prayers to them. This vexed us, monsieur, and my eldest sister Nannette hid the figures, and then Rosèe, poor Rosèe, wept bitterly for the loss of the little marble baby and its mother; but our pastor loved our sister, sir, and he talked often with Rosèe, and explained to her that it was wrong to worship a piece of marble, though that marble had assumed a form supposed to be sacred. And now Rosèe sees we are right, and to-day all our family are to meet, that Rosèe may have an opportunity of showing us that she means from this day forward to be really our sister; but I know not how it was, when I saw our pastor coming down the path just now I ran away—for somehow I could not help seeming as if I were sad, although I was so very happy; but I think I can go back now, sir, and if you will come with me I will show you our pastor."

I thanked the friendly boy, at the same time expressing the earnest wish I felt to see the little girl with whose simple story I had just been made acquainted.

On descending the mountain we entered a small valley, where I first distinctly perceived the village of Montreux. My young guide pointed out to me a cottage separated by a short space from the rest as his

home. I had long been accustomed to see the overhanging roofs and long galleries of Switzerland, but my eyes were now attracted by a group of figures upon the green lawn facing the lake. The party consisted of a venerable grandmother, the parents of my young friend, and a group of children, of both sexes and of different ages, engaged in forming garlands of mountain plants, mixed with roses, that beautiful flower which is on the Continent the emblem of our own fair countrywomen. In two young girls separated from the rest I instantly recognised the Rosèe and Nannette I have mentioned above. The elder of the two was leaning against a tree; she was dressed in deep mourning; her long black curls fell upon her shoulders; her eyes were fixed upon the green turf at her feet; round her neck she wore a string of beads, to which was attached a small cross of ebony; beside her knelt a younger girl, whose face was concealed by the rustic hat so commonly used by her country people. Her manner was ardent, as if earnestly demanding some great favour from her companion; but the elder girl, though mild and gentle, appeared still firm to her purpose.

It seemed that the subject of the conference was the rosary, for the dark-haired maiden pressed it often to her lips and to her heart, as an object dear from some special reason. As I came nearer the cottage, I saw many persons, all in the habits of peasants, gathered without the porch; among these last was the pastor of the village, an elderly man of a middle stature; his dress was plain but uncommonly neat; his long white hair fell in natural curls upon his shoulders, and his benevolent countenance expressed peace with love to all mankind. He was the first to perceive our approach, and advancing quickly to meet us, he saluted me with a gracious smile and a low bow. "Monsieur," he said (looking kindly at me), "I trust I am now welcoming a dear brother to our mountains, one whom we shall meet again in a better land—one fairer even than our own sweet Switzerland!"

"Sinful as I am by nature, dear sir," I replied, "I have been made to know that God was manifested in the flesh, and that he suffered for sinners, of whom I am the chief, upon the cross; and having received this faith, which is the gift of God, I know I am made one with my Redeemer, as he is one with the Father; nor

will his Spirit leave me till the everlasting hills of the heavenly Zion burst upon my view."

The countenance of the worthy pastor was lighted up with joy as I spoke. The smile of holy charity played on his lip, and the bright flashes of his eye showed the pleasure he felt at my speech; at the same time placing my arm on his own, he requested to speak with me a few minutes aside.

"You have heard most likely, monsieur," he said, "of the interesting scene about to be performed to-day in these mountains, on this very lawn—for here, sir," he added, "we have no chapel at present; a neighbour's cottage in the winter and the greensward in the summer afford to us more sacred and retired places wherein to serve our God, than the richest gold of Peru or the cunning workmen of Hiram could supply; but I must speak to you of our little Rosèe," he continued; "this dear child's mother was a native of France, and our little girl, during her absence from us, learned some things we would have kept from her; but our God protects the orphan, and the last prayer of the dying mother was, that this her child, her only earthly hope, her greatest treasure, should return to her father's land, and there be instructed in that purer form of worship, from which she feared that she had herself, in some measure, been drawn astray. Our dear child," he continued, "is, I am convinced, called to be a member of the church above; to-day will, I trust, see her declare her desire to become a member of our flock below; but she has requested my presence and that of many of her neighbours in this place, and she has asked me in their hearing to catechise her upon her present belief. This, sir, may strike you as a peculiar manner of doing things, but we mountaineers are singular in our habits; we are not all moulded into one form as you are in more polished life; we do things in our own way, and we have our own particular delights; but come forward," he said, "let me introduce you to the kind peasants as a brother who wishes to be present during the scenes about to take place."

This was done, after which we seated ourselves under the trees in silence. The worthy man commenced by reading some passages in the Holy Scriptures of the pious Simeon's praise of the infant Jesus. He next expatiated largely upon the meekness and hu-

mility of that Saviour, who, leaving the realms above, came to a sinful world to save mankind from death. After discoursing upon this subject some time, he particularly addressed the little girl who was the cause of our meeting.

"Rosèe," he said, "upon whom do you put your whole trust for salvation?"

"On our Saviour, monsieur," she replied, in a calm low voice.

"Is he our helper only, or a Saviour in the most complete sense, my little one?" asked the pastor.

"A Saviour, monsieur, in the most complete sense," she answered, the tears starting to her eye.

"And why, my dear Rosèe, do you believe he will save you in particular, for you are a sinful child by nature?"

"Because, dear sir," she replied, her countenance brightening, "the Bible—the witness of God—tells me that if I am brought to believe in the Saviour, I am already saved; and that if I doubt, then I make my God a liar."

"Where is the verse that tells you this, my child?"

"'He that believes on me (the Son) hath everlasting life,' John iii., 36; therefore, if God says we shall be saved if we believe on the Son, and if we pretend to believe all we read about our Saviour in the Bible, and yet think we shall not go to heaven, we make our blessed God to lie."

"Do you depend on any work that you can do, Rosèe?" inquired the pastor.

"No, sir," she replied, smiling sorrowfully; "for no work of mine is good."

"You are right, my child," he answered; "you are right, for no work you or any other human being can do can be available to help forward our salvation; because God, who is infinitely holy, cannot even look upon anything that is not perfectly pure. Is it then possible that we, who are by nature utterly sinful, should do aught but what is mixed with sin? And now, for ever adieu to your idolatrous images and created objects of adoration, and lift your eye above to Him who, having died and risen again, will shortly reappear in glory unspeakable, and prepared to array his church in robes made white and spotless in his own blood."

The worthy pastor next put many questions to the

children around, and then he prayed both for the new-born lamb which was that day added to the flock of his Master below, and for those already united to it in days that are passed. Nor was the stranger forgotten; at the same time desiring, according to the promises in the Scriptures, that the Holy Spirit might descend upon us all, that the glories of the New Jerusalem should constantly fill our minds with a desire to depart and be with Christ. After the prayer we all joined together in singing a short hymn, the words of which pleased me very much at the time, but I could afterward recall only one verse:—

> "High as the towering Alps do raise
> Their dark pines to the skies,
> Yet, blessed God, thy children's praise
> Is fairer in thine eyes."

As the last lines of the hymn died among the mountains, Rosèe, rising suddenly, walked with a quick pace to the side of the lake, and taking from her neck the rosary and cross, she pressed them to her lips, and then threw them into the quiet lake; at the same time we heard her say—"This was my mother's, my beloved mother's; but it is right that I should give it up." The glassy beads for an instant were lighted up with bright and dazzling colours from the golden rays of the setting sun; then, gradually sinking into the water, the rosary was lost for ever to our sight. The young girl then knelt on the ground beside the lake, and lifting up her dark eyes, from which the tears fell slowly down her cheek, she clasped her hands, and said aloud—"Dear Jesus, I am thine; be ever with thy child, for she is weak, and entirely unable to take care of herself. Grant that the Lord the Spirit may never leave me to myself, or allow me to worship any other than the Lord Jehovah."

Nannette and her brother had joined their friend, and when the orphan maiden had finished her prayer, the little peasant of Switzerland embraced her with affection. The pastor also was moved; and laying his hand upon the clustering ringlets of the lovely child, he said, "God will bless thee, my Rosèe, with blessings from above; yes, my little one, God has made thee to pray, and he will make thee to do his will; and in the end he will remove thee to a land of hills and valleys,

where the sun will no more be wanted, for the Lamb is the light thereof;" and, as he spoke, the worthy pastor wiped away a tear from his eye. And now the little troop of children advancing, placed upon the head of the kneeling orphan a crown of roses and mountain flowers, at the same time a shout of infantine joy rang through the valleys of—"Rosèe the orphan, Rosèe is now our sister, the Rosèe of our Mountains, the Rosèe of our love."

And now what more can I say of this fair flower of Switzerland? It was the first day of our acquaintance, and it is the last in this world; but should any one like myself travel over fair mountains and lowly valleys, they may find other Rosèes, but none, I am convinced, will equal my Rosèe of Montreux.

THE ROMAN BATHS.

THE ROMAN BATHS.

On that side of Cheltenham, in the direction of the Malvern Hills, but considerably removed from the high road, is a small but beautiful little dwelling. I do not choose to say whether it is to be found on the right or the left of the way, or whether the approach thereunto is by a private road, shaded with trees, or through open and breezy fields; suffice it to say, that although it is so near the gay world and the centre of fashion, it is so shaded by the shrubberies and orchards which encompass it, that it might be long sought before it could be discovered.

At the period which I have selected for my little history, there dwelt in this house a very excellent gentleman, to whom, for the present, we will give the name of Bloomfield; he was married to a truly pious and elegant lady, and he had four children; the eldest, Caroline, might be about twelve years of age at the time I speak of; Louisa was so near the age and size of her elder sister, and resembled her so much in the simple and bright expression of her countenance and the pure tincture of her complexion, that she often passed with strangers for her twin sister. The third child was Robert; he was a rough little boy, that is, he would speak his mind on all occasions, whether to the purpose or not so; and the youngest was Celia, a little sparkling creature, who, being much younger than the rest of the family, was the plaything and darling of every one, although she was too gentle to take advantage of the great favour in which she was held.

Mr. Bloomfield had been in the army, but had retired on account of his health; in the quiet and peace of his happy home he had, however, recovered much of what he had lost; and as he lived below his income,

and by his own and his lady's labours saved the expense of paying others to educate his children, he was, as he called himself, a rich man; that is, he always had more than he spent upon his family; those only are rich who are content to live below what they might, and those are the people to whom a person in need should apply for help.

I could say a great deal of the happy way in which the days of this family were spent, and of the many pleasures which the children enjoyed, pleasures in which their dear parents took their parts as fitted them best. It was Mr. Bloomfield who helped them to form their arbour by the brook at the bottom of the garden, near the weeping willow, and taught them the names of the wild flowers, and showed them how to dry them; and it was Mrs. Bloomfield who told them pleasant stories in the dusk of the winter evenings, and helped them to work for the poor people, and went with them to visit the little day-school kept by the widow Smallridge at the end of the village. Oh! it was a pleasant life they led, and their pleasures were the sweeter, because they were such as are approved by the word of God; for my reader cannot have advanced so far in my book without being quite assured that the Holy Spirit was present with this family, and that the holy word was the rule and director of all that was done therein.

I have read of families, of fathers, and mothers, and children of all ages, who have lived together in perfect peace, although their principles were altogether worldly. When people write books, they may, if it pleases them, describe oranges and citrons as growing out of bramble bushes, and men bringing forth good works from their natural evil hearts; the Scripture says, Matth. vii., 16, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" And again, "Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only evil continually." And wherefore is it thus evil? but because, when Adam sinned, the breath of life, or the living principle imparted by the indwelling of the Spirit, was withdrawn, and man became spiritually dead —dead to all that is holy and good, being incapable altogether of producing the fruits of holiness, until he again becomes the temple of the Holy Ghost; and a new and living principle is imparted to his soul by the breath of life given again at the moment of regeneration.

This entrance of the Lord the Spirit into the breast of man is often called in the Bible and holy books the renewal of the heart; hence David says, Psal. li., 10, "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me."

Thus it appears, that until this new heart is given, man's thoughts are only evil continually; hence all those books which assert that people can do well, and live peaceably with each other in any strength than that of God, are utterly false; and truly I would rather that my young friends should read fairy tales, and amuse themselves with the renowned histories of the Blue Bird Prince, Sinbad the Sailor, and the Yellow Dwarf, than tamper with those deceitful works of the present day, in which children are represented as being able to do well, to be amiable, and humble, and kind, and good, through any other medium than that of the indwelling power of the Lord the Spirit, received into the heart through faith in God the Son; for the Scripture assures us, that in Adam our father we all died, the Spirit of life being taken from him when he ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; hence, if we are to live again, it must be by our spiritual union with the second Adam, even Christ our Lord; therefore, let us who are believers praise the Father, who gave his only-begotten Son to die for the sins of the world; let us praise the Son, by whom we are redeemed from our sins; and let us praise the Lord the Spirit, who will guide us unto all holiness of living, and enable us to bring forth the fruits of good works.

But some will say, wherefore are these doctrines introduced into a book professedly written for children?

It is answered, because these things being taught by the Lord the Spirit, and not by man's reason, are full as easily comprehended by a believing child as a believing old man; and experience tells us that little children frequently receive the deep doctrines of the Bible in more simplicity than learned men; hence the Scripture says, Luke x., 21, "In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes; even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." I love young people because of their natural simplicity, and I delight in writing stories which may be pleasant to

them; but wo be to me if I deceive them, or hold back any truth from them which has been revealed to me; hence, when I assert that Mr. Bloomfield's was a happy family, it would be wrong in me to conceal the cause of their being so happy, viz., that they all desired to be guided and directed by one spirit.

Caroline was six years of age when her father settled in that pleasant house, and from that time till she was twelve years old nothing very particular happened; for the happiest times of our lives are often those which afford least to write about. When one quiet, pleasant day follows another, there is not much to be said respecting them; I have spent years in my life in that peaceful way, and I can remember them now only as a long, lovely dream which is past and gone, and which would be very sad to think of, had we not the assurance of still more happy times in a state of existence yet to come, when the chief Shepherd shall appear, and shall gather his sheep from every place in which they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day of the present state of things.

But when Caroline was just twelve years of age, as I before remarked, there occurred a change in the family which did not at first add to its happiness. Mr. Bloomfield had a brother who was governor of a small island or fort in a distant part of the world; he was a great man, or thought himself so; and he had married a lady like himself in this particular, and they had two children, called Augustus and Julia. Julia was a little older than Caroline. Governor Bloomfield used to write to his brother, and talk of his many attendants, and his fine house, and his large income; but these letters did not come often; at length, however, he wrote in trouble to say that his lady was dead; and after a while another letter came to say that the governor himself was dead, and that he had, with his last breath, directed that the two children should be sent to his brother in England. The person who wrote the letter, however, added that there would be a great deal of money for the children, and that their uncle ought to see that they were brought up in the most genteel manner. This letter also mentioned the ship in which the children were to be brought to England.

Mr. Bloomfield was much afflicted when he heard of the death of his brother; and when the time of the expected arrival of the ship was come, he went to the

seaport, met the young people when they first landed, and brought them immediately to his house.

It was very late in the evening when he arrived with his nephew and niece; his children were all gone to bed; and Mrs. Bloomfield, when the poor young travellers had received some refreshment, took Julia up into a little light closet, which she had caused to be neatly arranged for her, and helped her to undress, and tucking her up, kissed her before she left her; but she could form very little idea of what sort of a girl she might be, for she looked pale and uncomfortable as people do after a long journey.

When breakfast was quite ready the next morning, she sent Caroline up to her cousin to see if she were awake. Caroline, being followed by Louisa, went softly to the door, and having opened it without making the least noise, moved gently up to the bedside, and, putting aside the white curtain, she found Julia just opening her eyes.

"Good-morning, dear cousin," she said, and stooped forward to kiss her, as did Louisa, and then added, "I hope you have slept well, and have quite got over your fatigue!" "Are you Caroline, and are you Louisa?" replied Julia; "I suppose you are; but why did your mamma put me to sleep in this closet? Can't I have a larger room? It looks like the cabin of a ship. What little rooms you have in England; but how am I to get up? I wish you would send the servant to undo my boxes, and get my clothes, and dress me."

"Would you like to breakfast first, cousin?" asked Caroline; "shall I fetch some tea for you?" "Oh! don't give yourself the trouble," replied Julia; "let the servant bring it, and let me have coffee; I don't like tea, it tasted so bad in the ship."

Louisa had slipped back to the door, for the dark eyes and cold haughty manner of her cousin had frightened her; and Caroline took the first opportunity of following her, by saying she would go and tell her mamma about the coffee; but these two little girls forgot the coffee and everything relating to it when they got into the parlour, and saw Master Augustus for the first time. He did not look like a boy, but like a little man of four feet high; he was very thin and sallow; he wore white trousers and a frock coat; and he had a silk waistcoat, and a plaited shirt, and a large cravat, and a fine watch-

chain and guard; and he was talking to his uncle as he sat at breakfast in the language of a grown man, while Celia in her high chair was looking at him till her gentle eyes watered again with amazement; and Master Robert held a spoonful of sopped bread near to his mouth as if he had been a statue carved out of stone.

"Upon my word, uncle, I cannot coincide with you," were the first words which the little girls heard Mr. Augustus utter.

"Your cousins, Augustus," said Mr. Bloomfield; "do you see your cousins, nephew?"

"Ladies," said the young gentleman, rising up, "your most obedient humble servant; permit me to pay you my respects;" and he bowed to each of the little girls. Down went Robert's spoon into his milk, and he burst into a laugh, which was much too loud to be civil, although he tried his utmost to keep it within bounds.

Mr. Bloomfield reproved him, and he turned immediately to his milk-bowl, at the hazard of choking himself with the soaked bread which he crammed into his mouth.

But it would take too long a time to tell you how much Mr. Bloomfield's quiet, happy little family were put out of the way by these two self-sufficient, troublesome young people, and yet Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield felt the utmost pity for them; for were they not orphans? and the children of a brother? and their uncle had very strong reasons to believe that, instead of their being very rich, it would turn out that, when their father's affairs were settled, there would be little, if anything, left for them.

Within an hour after breakfast Robert had so offended Augustus that the latter had taken a stick to give him a thrashing; and the other, on his side, had proceeded to return blow for blow, insomuch so that Mr. Bloomfield had been obliged to rush in and part the combatants, reproving both with some severity, and condemning his own son to finish the day in his bed. In the mean time Miss Julia was finding fault with everything she saw, and ordering her little cousins about as if they had been the slaves to whom she had been accustomed.

Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield did not like to begin with these orphans with a high hand; they wished rather to subdue them by kindness; but they found themselves

shortly compelled to more decided measures; and the work was only half done, when, one fine afternoon in June, Mr. Bloomfield informed his children that they were the next day to enjoy a pleasure which had long been promised, and that they were all to be ready the next morning at eight o'clock, when a barouche with two horses would arrive from Cheltenham.

"Two horses!" exclaimed Augustus, for he was the only one, with the exception of Julia, who could utter a word; the rest of the little people being dumb with excessive joy, and only able, in their mute ecstasy, to kiss their dear papa's hands, or the lappets of his coat. "Two horses! and permit me, uncle, to ask how many of this worthy family are to ride in this barouche?"

"Why, all of us, to be sure," replied Robert, peeping out from behind his papa, "unless you and Miss Julia would please to stay behind."

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,"

repeated Augustus; "five worthy souls in a postchaise."

"Five," repeated Robert, "there will be eight of us."

"Well, eight in a barouche, and the driver nine; very good," returned Augustus; "what would our poor mother have thought, Julia, of eight in a barouche? and we had always fou horses, you know; I wish I had them here; I mean our four grays. That was life, was not it?" and he made a noise with his mouth as if he had horses before him, fixing himself at the same time on the edge of the table as on a coach-box.

The conversation had by this time entirely fallen among the children, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield having gone out to give orders for the next day: hence Robert was not under the restraint of his parents' presence, and at liberty to be as provoking as he pleased.

"You would make a nice coachman, Augustus," he said; "if you were but a little taller, and had longer arms, you would just do for a coachman."

"A coachman!" retorted Miss Julia; "I hope, when Augustus has his fortune, he will have a coach of his own, like our father's, like the government coach; they have none such here."

"I suppose you will be too fine to ride in the barouche to-morrow, Miss Julia?" replied Robert; "well, suppose,

then, you stay at home, nobody will cry: will anybody, Caroline?"

"That is not kind, Robert," whispered Caroline; "remember they have no papa and mamma; don't say any more;" and, with the help of Louisa, she got her brother out of the parlour.

The next morning was as fine as the happy little family could have desired, for you must not suppose that because Augustus and Julia chose to give themselves airs, they were not quite as anxious to be of the party as the other children, though they had not that simplicity of character which enabled them to enjoy a scheme of the kind proposed in the same degree. All had breakfasted at seven, and all were ready at eight o'clock; but, while they were waiting for the appearance of the barouche, a letter, brought from London by a private hand, was given to Mr. Bloomfield. The children looked anxiously at their papa while he was reading the letter, for they saw his colour change during the perusal; they also saw him hand it to their mamma; they saw her also looking grave as she read; they saw her give this letter back to their papa, and they heard their papa say, "I expected it; I am not the least surprised; it is, no doubt, all for the best; the line of duty is now plain before us."

Caroline and Louisa were the only two among the children who thought any more of this letter, when they were assured there was nothing in it to hinder their party of pleasure; but these two dear little girls had thoughts which went beyond merely their own personal pleasure; and they therefore, while everybody else was busy in putting what was necessary into the barouche, which had just driven up to the door, went up close to their father, and said, "We hope, dear papa, that there is nothing in that letter to make you unhappy? We do not want to know what the letter says, but we only want you to say that it has not made you unhappy."

Mr. Bloomfield stooped down and kissed both his dear children. "My little girls," he answered, "there is nothing in the letter but what is very right, no doubt; it respects two orphan children who require our help, but we cannot give it to them effectually without some self-denial; your mamma and I are resolved, with God's blessing, to do our part; but much will depend on you

young people. We must all be of one mind, or we shall not be able to effect any good."

Caroline was about to answer, when notice was given that all was ready for setting out, and she had only time to say, "Is this a secret, papa? May we talk of it among ourselves?"

"You may, my dear," replied Mr. Bloomfield; "but it must not go beyond the family, at present."

And now my reader may imagine all the family packed in the barouche: Robert had asked leave first to ride by the driver, and all the rest, therefore, were in the body of the carriage. Mrs. Bloomfield was in the front seat, with Celia on her lap, and Louisa and Caroline on each side of her, and Mr. Bloomfield, with his nephew and niece, had abundance of room with their backs to the horses. The air was pleasant, the sun bright, the horses fresh, and everybody in good-humour; and it was not the less pleasant for the little people because they did not know the direction in which they were going. "Towards Cheltenham, I see," exclaimed Caroline; "oh, that is pleasant; I want to see the country on the other side of Cheltenham."

"I wonder, uncle, you do not take a house in Cheltenham," said Julia, "instead of living in that dull place where we never see anybody."

"Ay," rejoined Augustus, "as you say, Julia, a decent house in Cheltenham. Really, uncle, I wonder you can live where you do; it's like being buried alive. Oh, here we are in the High-street—good knowing shops, those, Julia. There, now, did you see that pair of horses? Two more, and then the equipage would be quite the thing; but these houses here in this street are but paltry concerns. Come, come, these are something better," he added, as he turned into the Bath road through Cambray.

"Uncle, now, do be persuaded, do take one of these houses; these are something like gentlemen's dwellings. Julia, what do you say to this large one?" and he pointed to one which extended its ample and elegant front on the right hand.

Miss Julia raised her upper lip, but made no answer. She had the air as if she would have said—what is the use of my speaking my opinion? nobody here has taste enough to attend to it. But Augustus went on, recommending one house and then another to his uncle's atten-

tion; then pointing out a fine horse as an object of desire, then a superb coach, then a phæton, then a handsome livery, then a light and elegant barouche, and so on, till the party were fairly come out upon the Leckhampton road, where the Birdlip hill appeared right before them, forming, with the other hills of the same chain, a kind of beautiful crescent, half encircling the horizon.

"Well, Augustus," said Mr. Bloomfield, "have you finished the enumeration of the objects of your desire! Would you like that park and mansion to your left, and those fields and woods to your right, &c., &c.! Would you like to possess all these things?"

"I should," replied Augustus; "in one word, uncle, I have a great desire to be a rich man, and a man of consequence; I cannot endure the thought of passing through life in obscurity, of being known by nobody, and forgotten as soon as seen. I should like to have the handsomest house in the neighbourhood where I lived, the best stud, the finest equipage, and all those things."

"And to be particularly well dressed," remarked Julia.

Mr. Bloomfield turned to her as she spoke. "And you would like a superb set of jewels also, Julia, should not you?"

"Certainly, uncle," replied the little girl; "for, as my poor mamma used to say, no lady can be well dressed without jewels."

"Oh! yes," rejoined Augustus; "if I were to have a wife, she should have fine jewels—and I should like to have my house elegantly furnished, and I would have my stables as complete as those which we have passed at Thirlestaine House."

"And what more?" said Mr. Bloomfield.

"Oh! I would live like a prince," replied Augustus; "I would have such a table, and so many servants, and such fine wines."

"And what then?" continued Mr. Bloomfield.

"Oh! why I would have hunters and hounds."

"Well, then?" said the uncle.

"I would—oh! I would have everything: everybody should admire me," returned the boy.

"Very well, and what more?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"Oh! why, I'll tell you," returned Augustus. "Why, I would have fishpools and fish."

"Yes," said Mr. Bloomfield; "you have told me already that you would have everything, that of course includes fishpools; but please to go on."

"I would enjoy myself," returned Augustus.

"How long?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"Oh! all my life," replied Augustus.

"And what then?" said the uncle.

"Why, then—oh! why, then—I don't know," returned Augustus; "why, then I must die, I suppose, when I can live no longer."

"And what more?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"I must be buried then, I suppose," said the boy, forcing a laugh.

"And how would you please to be buried?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"I have not considered that point," returned Augustus, shrugging up his shoulders, and looking keenly at his uncle; adding, at the same time, "I have a very shrewd notion, sir, that you are quizzing me all this time?"

"Quizzing," replied Mr. Bloomfield; "you know I do not love that word; no, I was not quizzing you, but I have a way (and Caroline knows it), whenever my young people form plans and wishes, of leading them to follow these wishes or desires, could they be granted, to their ends or consequences. Now, as to your plans, I do not quite understand what consequences they would produce in this life; they appear to me to have none of any profit; and their end amounts to nothing; for death will come, the grave must be visited, and I cannot perceive that your immortal soul would be any the better hereafter for having been clothed in a well-dressed and pampered body: in one word, Augustus, I do not feel that I enter into your schemes at all; you seem to be planning what will be very troublesome, and which is to end in nothing; however, in order to show that I am not obstinate, I will leave my pretty cottage, and take one of these smart houses, and live at the extent of my means, if all you young people here present, upon mature consideration, enter into the plan."

"May I speak, papa?" said Caroline.

"To be sure," returned Mr. Bloomfield, "and speak all that is in your mind."

"Well, then, Augustus and Julia, please to hear," returned Caroline; "papa had a letter this morning about two poor orphan children, who have no friends, and who require his help; and he and mamma are willing to give them that help; but, then, papa says that we cannot do it unless we all exercise some self-denial."

"Self-denial," repeated Augustus; "what do you mean by that, cousin?"

"Why," returned Mr. Bloomfield, "if these two orphans are to share with our children, there will not, of course, be so much for six as there would be for four; do you understand this, my young sir?"

"To be sure I do," replied Augustus, "by the same rule that a horse wears two pairs of shoes, and a man only one."

"Now," replied Mr. Bloomfield, "because I live in a cottage, and because my children wait on themselves, I am not so hard run that I should miss the food of two additional inmates; but there are some little elegances which we must abridge: for instance, Mrs. Bloomfield tells me that she allows her little girls a new bonnet every year; now, in order that another bonnet may be purchased by the same money, each little girl must wear her old one so many weeks longer; and in every other article of dress she must use the same self-denial; that is, if she is willing to unite with her parents in assisting these children, one of whom is a girl."

Augustus made no immediate answer to this, but Julia said, "Only one bonnet a year, for winter and summer, and the same trimmings—how shabby they must be at the end of the year!"

"The more shabby the bonnet the greater the self-denial," replied Mr. Bloomfield; "but with such a thing as neatness and care, my little girls need not be shabby with this allowance; and, indeed, I am not aware that they ever are so; and here, again, is another excellent exercise, for if they feel that the credit of their parents, and perhaps their power of doing good, depends upon their being careful of their possessions, they will use that care continually, that is, supposing them to be Divinely taught, and have a delight in so doing; but to return to the present question, which is this—Shall I make my house the home of these orphans, and, in consequence, exercise more economy than I have done? or, shall I take one of the houses we have seen, and live

to the extent of my income? I have enough to enable us to live with some credit in the situation which is proposed, and even to keep a footman in livery."

"Oh! put the children into a charity-school, and live away," exclaimed Augustus; and he turned to his sister, who was about to confirm this decision of her brother, when Mr. Bloomfield, in some embarrassment, entreated them to say no more at present, for he had hoped that his brother's children (from what he had observed of the too often thoughtlessly liberal feelings of young people) would have uttered very different sentiments. "You shall think of this," he said, "during the day. Augustus and Julia will decide in favour of the orphans, I am sure, when they have thought more of the circumstances of the case; and now let us observe the scenes through which we are passing."

The carriage was arrived by this time at the foot of Leckhampton Hill, where all the party got out to walk, and a merry party they were. They separated in little groups—Mr. Bloomfield took charge of his little Celia, sometimes carrying her in his arms and sometimes leading her by the hand; it is a pretty sight to see a father guiding an infant daughter.

Robert was with his mamma, and he had a thousand plans for rendering the way more easy to her; Caroline and Louisa kept together, deep in discourse about these same orphans; and Julia and Augustus walked apart. At length they arrived upon the ridge of the hill, where they looked down upon the village of Leckhampton at their feet, which, with the church and ancient courthouse, formed a beautiful quiet scene. Mr. Bloomfield informed his children that the old part of this house, which still remained, had been built in the time of Henry VII., above three hundred years ago, when the town of Cheltenham, which appeared in the distance, backed by a part of the very range of hills on which they stood, was but an obscure cluster of thatched huts, standing alone, and shut out from the world by almost impassable roads; "and thus," he said, "we can scarcely look round about us from the humblest eminence, without being admonished of the unstable and perishable nature of present things, and of the folly of desiring or seeking after a permanent fame where all is passing away and crumbling to the dust from which it first was made; but I shall have occasion,"

he added, "to make further observations on this subject as we proceed; let your mamma and little Celia be put into the carriage, and let those who are young, and as yet untired, follow on foot."

"That's me, for one," exclaimed Robert; "I am young and untired," and he gave a bound down the bank on which he was standing, and was the first to advance along the road.

"Look to your left to the superior heights," said Mr. Bloomfield, as the little party followed the road in their way to Birdlip; "do you see those ragged rocks, and that strange and tall projection which stands out from the hill?"

"That projection is like a chimney, papa," said Robert.

"Hence it is called The Devil's Chimney," said Mr. Bloomfield.

"And now, whoever has an imagination might fancy fires blazing at night in that mighty chimney, and witches," added Louisa, "witches, papa, boiling their caldrons under it; I must ask mamma to tell us a story about it next winter."

"A good thought, Louisa," replied Robert; "I hope it will be a terrible one. I love dreadful stories."

"There was a Roman fortress on that height," said Mr. Bloomfield; "and there are still traces of a Roman encampment."

"What were these Romans you talk so much of?" asked Augustus, who, I am sorry to say, was profoundly ignorant, and had no pleasure in reading, which might be one reason, among many, for his being so fond of coaches, and horses, and fine things; for people must have amusements, and we generally find that those children who do not love reading are fonder of toys and vanities than those who can amuse themselves with a book.

"Really," replied Mr. Bloomfield, "it is too much for me, my young gentleman, to exercise my breath by answering such questions as the one you have proposed, while I am climbing these heights after the carriage; but you shall be satisfied if we get safe to Birdlip, whither we are bound, and where we hope both for rest and refreshment." Accordingly, the party went on in silence till they had arrived at a more level part of the road; and then once more getting into the carriage,

they proceeded to Birdlip; this is a village situated at the termination of the sixth mile from Cheltenham.

Mr. Bloomfield gave orders to the coachman to drive to the Black Horse Inn, the garden of which is called the Prospect, because it is laid out on the very highest point of that portion of the Cotswold—the Cotswold being the general name of the whole range of the hills in this quarter. The little party alighted at the door, and proceeded immediately through the house into the garden, where, while their parents were ordering dinner, they ranged themselves on a bank of verdure, from whence they beheld a scene which I cannot better describe than in the words of the old historian Leland:—

"Cumming from Gloucester almost yn the myddle betwyxt where the wood fayleth and the Champayne Countre towards Cotswold appereth, the fayre old waye made by the Britons ys very evidently seen, and soe goeth as strayte as a line to Cirencester, and fro thens to Bathe."

The weather had been long dry, and the hay smelled sweet as the people were turning it about in a neighbouring field; the roses and honeysuckles, the pinks and wallflowers scattered about the garden, also added perfumes to the breeze; and if music were required, there was that of various birds in the cool woods, which were near at hand, and of many bees who were gathering the honey, and bearing it away to their straw-built tenements. Accordingly, the young people, as they stretched their weary limbs on the grass, felt themselves to be in the highest state of enjoyment, and when they saw their parents approaching, they called eagerly to them to come and participate in their delight.

"What is that straight road running from the foot of this hill, papa?" they said; "and ending in the distance where we see those towers and that smoke?" said Caroline; "we never saw so straight a road; it looks so curious, like a white riband stretched on a ground of green."

"That road," replied Mr. Bloomfield, "brings Augustus's question to my memory, viz., Who are the Romans? That is the great Roman Road, called the Hermin, or the Irmin-street; it extends in a direct line from Gloucester, which is right before us, to Cirencester, which is behind us, passing through this village. Gloucester and Cirencester were, in their day, the principal

military stations of the Romans in this part of the country, and the Emperor Constantine was crowned king of the Britons at Cirencester; but the glory of both these places is now departed in a great measure, and situations which were not known in the histories of those times are now risen to eminence. But these which have risen to glory in these latter days," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "may not look for a renown so lasting as that which those (which have gone before) have enjoyed in times which are past; and the reason of this is plain, namely, that the present dispensation is drawing to its close, and we have every cause to believe that the time is at hand in which we may look for the speedy appearance of Christ our Lord, who first came in humility and in a state of suffering, and may be again expected to take the rule of the earth in his own person as the man Christ."

"Please to explain this, papa," said Caroline.

"One of you requests me to inform you who the Romans are, and another asks me to explain what I have just said respecting the coming of our Lord," replied Mr. Bloomfield. Now, if I could not make my answer apply to both questions, my dear children, I should be somewhat puzzled how to satisfy each inquirer; but, as it happens, what I have to say to one will comprehend my answer to the other; so all this is very well; but, before we begin, let us look round us on the glorious scene extended before us. Look to your left, and remark those beautiful woods, extending from our feet in one vast sweep along the range of the Cotswold, and covering every acclivity as far as our eyes can reach; and just before us the towers of Gloucester in the valley, and on our right, though far removed, the heights of Malvern, that lovely range of hills which we daily behold from our happy home. The river Severn is also to our right, though we cannot see it; this river formed the ancient boundary of Wales, and was a protection to the inhabitants of this valley from the more barbarous tribes in the West, and on this account the Romans established some of their principal seats in this neighbourhood; and now, hoping that you have formed some idea of the objects before and around you, I hasten to answer your questions.

"Near upon six hundred years before Christ," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "and, in consequence, more than

2400 years ago, it was revealed to Daniel, then in Babylon, that the world, that is, the civilized world, should be ruled by four great empires, which were to succeed each other through the course of ages, each one enjoying a period of supremacy over the rest. The first of these was the Assyrian, which endured only a very short space, and its seat was Babylon and the countries round about. The second was the Persian, the dominion of which was little more than two hundred years; its seat was Persia, and its dominion extended over all the civilized portions of Asia. The third was the Grecian empire, and this, too, was short, yet it extended farther than those which had gone before it; its seat was also in the East. The fourth was the Roman, which, beginning from a small state in Italy, became the most mighty empire of the earth, keeping the world under its iron rod, under various forms of government, temporal and spiritual, from the period of the falling away of the Grecian empire till nearly the present day. This great empire extended its dominion at one time as far as Parthia in the east, to the Atlantic Ocean in the west; its chief city was Rome, its language the Latin, and its people the firstborn of the earth, being the descendants of Ashkenaz, the eldest son of Gomer, the eldest son of Japhet, the eldest son of Noah. Daniel was also taught that this empire was to terminate by being divided into ten kings, mingled together in their dominion, with a spiritual or ecclesiastical power, and that, in the end of time, these ten kings, together with all earthly dominions, should be ground to powder by a fifth universal empire, which is to be that of Christ our Lord, 'whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him,' Dan. vii., 27.

"These, then," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "are the Romans of whom Augustus desired to know the history, a great and mighty nation, who were never equalled by any nation on earth, considering the little light they had, and the barbarous state of society at the time in which they flourished. They came into this island a short time before the birth of our Lord, and found it inhabited by naked savages, living in huts, and in a state of the utmost barbarism. These Romans, when they landed in the island, had many severe and cruel battles with the natives; but, when they had conquered them, they did much towards civilizing and im-

proving them, and were thus made the means, in the hands of God, for preparing this our blessed country to be one of the first which received the Christian religion; for it is a great blessing, my children," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "to be only called Christian, and to be part of the visible church, for the visible often affords protection to the members of the invisible church in their passage through time into eternity."

"Papa," said Caroline, "we do not quite understand what you have last said."

"We find from the tenour of Scripture and the study of history," replied Mr. Bloomfield, "that the four first empires of which I have spoken, though ordained by God, are not religious kingdoms, but kingdoms conformed to the opinions and policies of this world, and the prince of this world, and are no further conformed to what is just and prudent than may enable them to exist in some sort of honour and prosperity; for no kingdom can stand, let its members be ever so wicked in heart and feeling, which is not subjected to certain laws and regulations; the reign of Satan will not, therefore, be at an end till the last of these great empires is no more, and till the authority of the kings who received their power from them is at an end. Those, therefore, who in Europe are endeavouring to overturn these kings, are but doing what in man lies to hasten the time when the fifth kingdom spoken of to Daniel shall arise; 'for in the days of these kings,' as the Lord said to the prophet, 'shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed, and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever,' Dan. ii., 44.

"This kingdom will commence when those who least expect it will, like you, my dear Augustus, be engaged in building their houses, and adorning their apartments, and making unto themselves a name, and it will come as a thief in the night, and it will be a day of terrors to all those who have not been instructed to look to and love the appearance of the Redeemer; for he that is our God in human flesh shall bow the heavens and come down, and they that know him not shall fade away, and be afraid out of their close places," 2 Sam. xxii.

"If it is to be so," said Robert, "I don't see much

use in troubling one's self about being very great in these times; if all the great people of the world fall into the dust one after another, as you say they do, papa, and their very names are forgotten, as to be sure they are —only a very few, such as I have at the end of my Dictionary—and if I was to work and strive ever so hard, it might still be a chance whether the people would choose to put mine along with the rest; and so I can't see what it is that Augustus would have; therefore, I would rather be content now, and not be troubling myself, to put myself out of my way, to be what he calls a great man."

"Well, Robert, you have made your speech," retorted Augustus, "and shown how much you know of the matter."

"As much as you do to the full," replied Robert; "I say that your notions about being great and fine will just come to the same in the end as mine do, who have no notion at all about these things. I would sooner by half be planting my garden than riding your fine horses that you talk so much of."

"By which you show your taste," remarked Miss Julia.

"Enough of this," said Mr. Bloomfield. "Have you heard me, my children, throw contempt on any of your whims and fancies? my object is not to find fault with your pursuits and desires, but to open to you other views, as far more glorious than your stables and potato gardens as that glorious sun surpasses the twinkling of a glow-worm;" and then the good father went on to describe the glory of the latter days, when Christ shall have assumed the crown, and put all enemies under his feet; and in measure, as he went on, Augustus and Robert seemed to feel the influence of this lovely subject, for Mr. Bloomfield observed, that when they next spoke to each other, it was with more kindness; and Robert was seen shortly afterward to lend his cousin his favourite clasp-knife to cut himself a switch out of the wood.

But this day was not to be all spent in grave discourse; when the little people were rested, they began to explore the places in the neighbourhood of the inn: they found a delightful bower cut in the side of the hill, where there was a circle of benches, and where it was entirely sheltered from the sun by the neighbouring

'woods; and when they had spent a little time in this place, they were called to dinner; they had young potatoes, and peas, and bacon, and a dish of strawberries set before them; and after dinner they all got into the carriage again, and proceeded in their excursion; as soon as they left the inn they entered within the shade of the woods which they had seen from the garden.

They had scarce got into this sylvan scene, when Caroline said to her papa, "Will you tell me, papa, when we shall see the orphans?"

"But have you resolved to assist us in supporting them?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"Yes, papa; Robert, and Louisa, and Celia are all agreed, and Augustus and Julia say that they, of course, have no opinion to give. We will do what we can, if God will help us; and therefore we hope you will send for them as soon as possible. Are they little children, papa?"

"You will know all this when you see them," replied Mr. Bloomfield.

"But when shall we see them, papa?" asked Louisa.

"Very soon," replied the papa.

"As soon as this evening?" asked Caroline.

"Yes," returned Mr. Bloomfield.

"In our ride, papa?" said Louisa.

"In your ride," returned Mr. Bloomfield.

"Where we are going, papa?" rejoined Caroline.

"Where you are going," repeated Mr. Bloomfield.

Augustus and Julia opened their eyes with some expression of astonishment, and Caroline called to Robert, who was on the coach-box, to inform him of what was to be expected where they were going.

"And now," said Mr. Bloomfield, "ask me no more questions about the orphans, but tell me how you like these woods."

"There were woods," replied Augustus, "like these near my father's house; but they were not safe to walk in alone, because of the wild creatures which infested them."

"Yes, brother," rejoined Julia, "but we never wished to walk, you know, at that time, for we had several carriages. Oh! those were happy times," and she sighed. Her uncle looked kindly at her and said, "You must turn, my dear niece, to the bright side of things, and learn to know the kindness of Providence by the

gilding of the clouds which sometimes overshadow the path of life. If you have no carriage to ride in, you are in a place in which you fear no noxious animals; you must learn to think less of the fine things of this world, and endeavour to extend your view, by faith, to the glories of that period when Christ our Lord will dwell with us, and when the whole creation, being set free from the curse, will rejoice in his presence as a garden after a long winter rejoices in the presence of the summer. Can you fancy, my little girls," he added, looking kindly round him, "a state in which the redeemed ones may dwell quietly in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods; when, like our first parents in their state of innocence, we may make our habitations in places like these, and spread our feasts of the most delicious fruit upon the fresh grass; for all these things, with eternal health, and innocence, and joy, are promised to those who have been brought to place their whole trust and confidence in their blessed Redeemer!"

Mr. Bloomfield was proceeding, when a shout from Robert called the attention of those in the carriage; this shout was occasioned by the approach of the party to certain most beautiful lodges or cottages, situated among the woods on the left of the road. "Oh! papa," exclaimed Caroline, "if there are to be houses in the time of the Millennium, for I think that is what you call the happy time of the reign of our Lord on earth, I think they might be like these beautiful thatched cottages, with their rural porches, and bowers of roses and eglantine."

"Well, my dear, think what you please of the beauty of creation, and of what man's hands may be able to effect when the curse of sin is removed, and the presence of the blessed Saviour will gladden every heart, for here you cannot think or expect too much; be assured that when we awaken in the likeness of our Lord, we shall be satisfied, and, if possible, more than satisfied, for we have the promises that, if we love our Lord, we shall be made partakers of a first resurrection; and from thenceforward for ever be united with him in visible, as the believer now is in spiritual glory."

But the barouche went rapidly on, and penetrated deeper and deeper into the woods, till at length the road becoming steep, the whole party got out to walk. Louisa and Caroline then fell behind the rest to talk

with each other on the subject which had occupied their thoughts through all the day.

"I wonder when we shall see them," said Louisa; "I mean the orphans; do you think it will be before we get out of these woods?"

"I dare say papa brought us here on purpose," replied Caroline, "and I heard him say to mamma just as we got out of the carriage, we shall soon come to the place. I suppose he meant the place where the orphans are. I dare say it will be a cottage; I wish we knew what age they are; I hope they are very small."

The little sisters then proceeded to form plans respecting what they would do for them, and how they could save money, and manage for the best, to help them; and so busy were they with their contrivances, that they did not perceive that Augustus, who had hid himself behind a bush to let them pass, was creeping softly behind them, listening to what they said. At length he pushed in his head between them, saying in a voice which sounded very loud in their ears from being so near, "Good little girls, charitable little girls, so you are planning how to feed the hungry and clothe the naked with least cost to yourselves. Why don't you ask me to help you with some of the money my papa left me?"

Caroline and Louisa both started at the sound of the voice, and Louisa was flushed to her very brow with fright; but Caroline soon recovered herself, and said, "Well, then, give us some of these guineas you talk of; they will be a great help."

"How many will you have?" replied Augustus.

"One will content us for the present," returned Caroline.

"I don't just happen to have any gold in my pocket at this present time," replied the boy; "and if I had—but that is neither here nor there."

The voice of Mr. Bloomfield calling the little people to get into the carriage terminated this discourse, and a few minutes afterward they were again proceeding in the barouche.

They had not advanced far before they arrived at a place where the wood opened itself, and presented a prospect of extraordinary beauty, to which Mr. Bloomfield called the attention of his children.

On a sloping ground to the left of the road were sev-

eral wooden sheds or houses; these sheds were nearly at the foot of a hill, which Mr. Bloomfield told his little people was called Cooper's Hill. They faced the south-east, and were sheltered on the back-ground by fine woods of beech; in their front was a lawn, sloping down to a brook, on which many women and children were making hay.

In the immediate vicinity of the brook, and in the opposite pastures and heights beyond, were many noble trees; and farther still, where the valley opened, was a distant prospect of a part of the fair vale of the Severn, and the mountainous districts beyond it.

"Here we are," said Mr Bloomfield, "nor can I imagine a finer situation; where you see those wooden huts was once a Roman station. I have told you who the Romans were, and you must understand that, early in the fifth century after Christ, they were obliged to abandon this country. You must therefore endeavour to carry your minds back for one thousand three hundred years, and fancy what you would have seen had you come here at that time, or in the ages immediately previous to it. You would have found our ancestors, the Britons, scattered over the whole country (excepting perhaps in some few places where they might have received some little idea of civilization from their conquerors) in huts and caves, being either without any idea of religion, or having that only of the most bloody and barbarous description, the country itself being, for the most part, covered with woods, or, in default of these, stretching itself out in long reaches of barren heath, having no roads but those which were made by the Romans, several of which are still to be traced, and are remarkable for being straight as the flight of an arrow in the air. The chief of these roads in this part of the country, which was inhabited by a tribe called the Silures, is the Irmin-street which you have seen to-day, and which is only three quarters of a mile from this place. You would, therefore, have seen no farmhouses, or mansions, or comfortable cottages, or roads winding hither and thither over the hills or through the valleys; no greenswards carefully cropped, and cheerful and decent peasantry turning the hay; but woods somewhat resembling these, yet more ancient, dark, and tangled, probably then adorned these heights; and along the ridge of those more distant hills some solitary watchtowers would ap-

pear, from whence the Roman sentinel might observe and give notice of the motions of an enemy. And near that very spot where you see the wooden huts, you may add a Roman castle, or fortress, or perhaps a summer villa, for such undoubtedly was once there; neither is it impossible that Constantine, the first Christian emperor who received the crown of Briton at Cirencester, may have trod the very ground over which we are passing, and visited the very villa of which nothing now remains but the baths."

"Oh! papa," said Caroline, "how I should like to know what sort of a building it was which stood there, that I might make a picture of it in my own mind. Was it a castle, do you think, like the old Gothic castles you see in pictures? or was it like the beautiful building at Pitville, which looks like a temple? or what was it like?"

"Assuredly not like a brick house with glass windows and neat parlours, laid with Brussels' carpets," replied Mr. Bloomfield; "but what it was like, my child, I cannot tell, as not a vestige of any part of it remains but the baths."

The little party were now arrived at the gate which leads to the wooden houses, and they all alighted and followed their papa and mamma up to the first of these houses. It would be tedious to describe very minutely all which they saw. They were led into several rooms, all of which belonged to the baths; these ruins had lain for ages concealed by the rubbish, probably, of the roof and higher walls of the buildings which had fallen in, and been covered in time by mould and vegetables; neither were they discovered till the year 1818, by some labourers who were rooting up a tree; they were then uncovered, and these apartments were found, their walls to the height of some feet being entire, and several of them having beautiful mosaic pavements, that is, pavement formed by different coloured stones, representing figures of fish and sea monsters. There was a vapour bath, and a cold bath, and a dressing-room, and the leaden pipe which conveyed the water was there still.

Mr. Bloomfield and his family stood and examined these relics of time long passed, till all who had any imagination or feeling among them began to experience a sadness which they could not express. Louisa

even melted into tears, and when she was asked what was the matter, she replied that she could not tell.

"Then I will tell you presently, my dear," said Mr. Bloomfield; "but first we will leave this place, which strikes cold and damp," and he led the way, and brought them out upon the lawn among the haymakers; where, having seated them upon the bank under the shade of a tree, a large basket, which they had brought with them, was lifted from the carriage, and set upon the grass before them; but they agreed that they would not partake of what was in the basket till they had talked a little while. "And then," said Caroline, whispering to her mamma, "may we invite those little children which are making hay to take some with us?"

"To be sure you may, my child," said Mrs. Bloomfield, "for our supper will be sweeter if those who want it more than we do share it with us."

"Then," said Caroline, "when the orphans eat with us at every meal, how sweet all our food will be."

"That is," said Mr. Bloomfield, "if we give the glory of any little good, of which we are made the instruments, to Him who has wrought that good in us. Never forget, my dear Caroline, to give the glory, and all the glory to God, the Alpha and Omega of our salvation. But I promised Louisa that I would explain to her what it was that inclined her to shed tears in the Roman baths; and I shall begin by saying that I could have wept with her with pleasure. I was in fact glad to leave the scene, and to change my ideas by looking at this sunny, and cheerful, and moving landscape.

"It has often been remarked, that we can read of thousands being cut off by the edge of the sword, and of whole nations destroyed by a pestilence, with less excitement than we can intimately consider the death of a fawn or of a pigeon; and this is because our minds are finite, and our affections unable to grasp a multitude of objects. We feel little in thinking of the generations of our fellow-creatures who have descended into the dust before us; but when we are brought, as we were just now, in close contact with the illustrious dead of past ages—when we see the objects which their eyes have dwelt upon, and have their domestic and private scenes brought before us—when the inquiry arises, What foot once trod this pavement? What eye once beheld that cornice? Who sat where we now sit?

Who spoke where we now speak? and, Where now are those intelligent beings who preceded us in these now desolate scenes? a sadness seizes the heart, a painful sense of the shortness of life, and the transitory nature of earthly things takes hold upon the soul, and we are ready to say with the Psalmist, Psalm xxxix., 11, 'When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth; surely every man is vanity."'

"But if we could but think, papa," said Caroline, "that the people for whom we have these feelings were Christians, and were now with their Redeemer, it would take away much of these unpleasant feelings. But I do not like to think of people being dead, who lived only according to the world while they were in the world."

"True, my child," replied Mr. Bloomfield; "for the Scripture saith, 'Love not the world, neither the things of the world,' &c., nevertheless we are not called upon to judge of those to whom the great work of man's salvation was never revealed; to God we commend them, and to him we leave them. And now, my children," added the good father, looking round upon them, "may what you have seen to-day be a lesson abiding with you, with the blessing of God for ever and ever. The present period is the reign of Satan. That Evil One whose object, no doubt, is not merely to torment and distress the human race, but to establish an empire equal, and, if possible, superior to that of the Almighty, by his superior and diabolical knowledge, was no doubt fully aware of the dilemma into which man would fall when he separated himself by sin from his Father and his God; and no doubt he built many high projects for himself when he thought that he had effected this separation; for he knew that the justice of God is perfect and infinite, and he probably had not foreseen that omnipotent work by which the reunion of the broken member was effected by the reception of the manhood into the godhead in the person of Christ, by which all who are in Christ become one with God, and are, in consequence, elevated infinitely far above what our first parents were in their state of innocence. But in order that man might be as gods, knowing good and evil, we are permitted to experience, during the present life, the pains of a sinful nature, and the harrows and axes of

iron to which the prince of this world subjects all those who do not submit to his infernal sway. Nevertheless, he has his present rewards for his servants, his distinctions and honours, his titles and his fair possessions; and many, even of the saints of the Lord, are under temptation from these, for they seem to be bestowed alike on the children of this world and on those of the Lord; nevertheless, they are not possessed in the same spirit by these two descriptions of persons; the children of this world desire riches and power for their gratification, while the children of God look upon them as talents, which, if not used to the glory of God, will assuredly bring a bitterness to their souls less to be endured than the chains and flames of the martyr. From all this, my children," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "may we be taught to be contented, nay, joyful in our lot, not to desire that which perisheth in the using, and with the Divine grace to impart largely of what we have to those who are in need."

"We are ready, papa," said Louisa. "Caroline and I are ready, and Robert and Celia too."

"Yes, papa," said Robert, "I am ready."

"And so am I," added the little one.

"Ready for what?" asked Mr. Bloomfield.

"About the orphans, papa," returned Caroline; "we will help to do what we can for them. You said we should see them to-night."

"Well," returned Mr. Bloomfield, "I am glad to hear that you have been assisted to make up your mind; but first spread out your feast and call in the guests."

"Are the orphans among the children, papa?" asked Robert.

"I answer no questions yet," returned Mr. Bloomfield; "let us see what mamma has put in the basket. Will there be enough for all?"

"I am not hungry, papa," remarked Caroline.

"We are none of us hungry," added Robert.

There was, however, no fear of the adequacy of the repast when the basket was emptied, for there was abundance of white bread and butter, and a large plain cake, and a bottle of currant wine, and a cream cheese; and all this was laid out upon a cloth spread upon the grass; and then Robert ran to invite the company.

It was pleasant to see him coming back with as many as eight children, while the mothers laid down their

rakes, and stood looking with delight after their little ones. There were two girls, with little babies in their arms, and two little boys in pinafores, each of whom had a sister younger than himself, in whom he seemed to take an especial interest.

These little ones were all placed apart on a heap of hay, where they waited in great delight for the ample portions which were to come to them from the superior table; it was a merry, pleasant scene, and there was abundance for all, although the postillion was not forgotten. And after every one was satisfied, Mrs. Bloomfield went with Celia to sit among the little cottage children, for she had provided herself with some small books to give away, and she thought this a happy opportunity to speak to these little ones of some of the most simple and important truths of the Christian religion.

Mr. Bloomfield, in the mean time, sat apart with the other young people, saying to them, "Your mamma will do better by being left to herself; she knows how to address this sort of little personages and to catch their attention; and I have no doubt that she will find the means of associating some religious truth of high importance so firmly with the remembrance of the unexpected pleasure they have just enjoyed, that they will never recollect the one without remembering the other. And this, my dear children, is one of the great arts of instructing unlettered persons, and one of the methods chiefly used in the infancy of the world; and hence the general use of types and symbols in the Old Testament."

"But, papa," said Robert, "we want to know about the orphans; you said we should see them to-day; are they among those little ones sitting with mamma? Louisa says she thinks they are. May we take them home with us in the carriage?"

"Oh, Robert!" exclaimed Julia, "how can you think of any such thing? Surely you would not crowd into a carriage with one of those dirty, vulgar children?"

Robert had his mouth open ready to answer, and I fear that his reply would not have been of the most polite sort, when Mr. Bloomfield suddenly got up, and, taking Julia and Augustus by the hands, led them away, telling his own children at the same time not to follow him.

When arrived at some distance, "My dear children," he said, "I have a painful task to perform, and I fear that I have made the difficulty greater, instead of less, by the way in which I have set about it. I knew well, my dear nephew and niece, that you valued the world too much, and thought too much of its grandeurs and distinctions; and for this reason I brought you here, that you might, by seeing an affecting and striking instance of the perishable nature of human glory, learn to regard it less. But I did, at the same time, hope and expect, that when I proposed the adopting of certain dear orphans into my family, you would have done yourselves the credit of saying that you were as ready as my children have professed themselves to be in doing your parts for them; but, Augustus," he added, looking kindly at him, "you have disappointed your father's only brother, one whom you must henceforth look upon as a parent," and the tears stood in Mr. Bloomfield's eyes.

Augustus had his eyes raised to his uncle; he saw how affected he was; he heard him call himself his father's only brother, and it pleased God to bless this expression of real affection to his soul. As the dew descending on the parched ground renders it soft and fertile, so the influences of the Holy Spirit, descending upon his heart through the medium of his uncle's words, produced an effect so instantaneous as to astonish Mr. Bloomfield; for the boy, suddenly dropping his uncle's hand, sprang into his arms, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Oh, uncle! dear uncle, forgive me; pray forgive me; let me be like your own son; and do with me what you please."

"My boy, my child," replied Mr. Bloomfield, pressing him to his heart, "will you indeed be my child, my son, my own Augustus? Then learn, my boy, for you are now in a state, I trust, to learn it with less pain, that you must henceforward depend on me." He then proceeded to explain, as mildly as he could, the purport of the letter received that morning, viz., that when his brother's affairs came to be examined, it was found that there was only £1200 to be divided between the children, together with a few valuable jewels. "And I have determined," continued Mr. Bloomfield, "that these jewels shall be sold, and that what they may bring, together with the rest of the money, shall all be placed in

the stocks to accumulate till you are both of age. In the mean time I receive you into my own family, to be educated together with my children, and to share, and share alike with them; and I trust that, with economy and self-denial, we shall not feel the slightest inconvenience from this addition to our family. But much will depend on you, my dear nephew and niece; you must submit with cheerfulness, the Almighty working within you, to what is ordained; you must be kind and affectionate to your cousins, and when I present you to them as the children I mean to adopt, you must meet them as dear brothers and sisters; for you cannot doubt that those who would gladly have carried home with them any of those little ones who are sitting there upon the hay, will be much more ready to receive to their hearts those so near to them as their father's brother's children."

Augustus made no answer, but his countenance expressed all his uncle could desire; while, on the contrary, Julia stood in sullen grief, neither shedding tears nor uttering a word.

Mr. Bloomfield then calling his children, they all came running to him with the exception of Celia, who was with her mamma; and when they were come up to him, he stated to them what had been already said to Augustus and Julia; with this variation only, that as he had entered fully to Augustus and Julia into the affairs of his brother, and the disordered state in which they had been found, he said little of this to his own children; but merely informed them who were the orphans whom he intended to adopt, putting it to them whether they were willing to receive them as a dear brother and sister, and make them their companions and friends as long as they needed the shelter of a paternal roof.

Mr. Bloomfield was delighted to see the eyes of his own dear children brighten up at this proposal; he saw them all joining their hands with Augustus, and endeavouring to do the same with Julia; and, in order that he might not be a constraint upon them, he left them a while to themselves, while he proceeded to see that all was got ready for their return. He saw, however, with pleasure, that they were still talking together with an air of gayety and satisfaction, and he was delighted to see them all, with the exception of Julia, come bounding forward at his call, as if their young minds had

thrown off all care, and they had already settled how happy they might be growing up together in their cheerful home. Soon after this they were all established in the carriage, and were taking leave of the haymakers and the little children.

There was not one sad countenance in the party but that of Julia; but no one took further notice of her than kindness and civility required; and I am happy to add, that as from that day, by the Divine blessing, the world lost its hold upon Augustus, so poor Julia also was brought in a few months to see and feel, that where the heart is truly converted unto God, it is of little consequence whether our dwelling is a cottage or a palace, during the short time of our abode on earth, as the poet says—

> 'The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> And all that it inhabit is dissolved,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leaves not a wreck behind."

"Seeing, then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness?" 2 Pet. iii., 11.

SAINT HOSPICE.

SAINT HOSPICE.

I HAVE before introduced myself to the world as having visited many different countries. I have related anecdotes with which I became acquainted in Switzerland and France. On the present occasion my scene shall be laid among olives and orange trees, on the shadowy promontories of the Mediterranean, where the almond blossoms to perfection, and where the nightingale's song is heard nearly all the year.

Perhaps some may say, And where is this place? It is only in the fanciful ideas of the poet that scenes like these exist. I reply, that in the land of Italy—that land where the Romans flourished, and from whence they extended their imperial rule over all the civilized earth, where the apostles of the Gentiles preached, and those of whom the world was not worthy preferred the crown of martyrdom to the enjoyment of the pleasures of sin for a season—all these natural charms, and many more than painter's hand or poet's pen can describe, are assembled to bear their everlasting testimony to the glory of Him by whom they were created, even of that great Being whose name is love. But that part of Italy which I now intend mentioning is on the borders of France, and only separated from it by the river Var. It is close to the celebrated town of Nice, and is called St. Hospice, being in shape a slender promontory, jutting into the Mediterranean.

While residing at Nice during the winter of 18—, the weather being uncommonly fine, I determined to take a boat and visit this promontory.

St. Hospice is celebrated for having been the abode, in olden times, of an order of knights called Templars, who resided there for many years. I enjoyed the short excursion very much, for there was little wind, and

that in my favour; but having landed at St. Hospice, I began to ascend the hill, upon which is situated a ruinous tower. The path I pursued led me first by a small cottage, where I saw a peasant girl busily engaged with her distaff and spindle; she smiled cheerfully at me as I passed her door, and it pleased me, I must own, very much, for I fancied she was welcoming me to her rural neighbourhood. Still I had to make a considerable ascent to cross that part of the promontory where was the ruin; my way lay through olive-trees and small gardens, already green, though the spring had hardly commenced. Wild anemonies of all colours ornamented my path, and the distant song of a nightingale reached my ear. I followed the winding road between two stone walls till I came out on a narrow, open pathway many feet above the sea, and here I paused to look around me.

I was then arrived at the eastern side of the promontory; before me was a bay, bounded to the right by the huge rocks which in that place terminate the Maritime Alps—vast and inaccessible rocks, where scarcely a single tree or even bush could find support—and to the left by the tongue of land on which the ancient tower had frowned defiance to the Moorish rovers in ages of barbarism long past. There also, near this tower, was a small chapel, dedicated to a certain saint, of whom the story runs as follows: Saint Hospice, for such was his name, was said to have been shipwrecked here, and by his single arm to have saved his own life from the wild tribes who were then living round the bay.

I looked a few minutes at the tower, and again pursued my path, which now began to descend nearer to the sea. On coming opposite to an opening in the rocks, or rather, I should say, to a spot where these rocks had retired back so as to make a half circle on the edge of the sea, a little dark-eyed girl stood before me without shoes or stockings; she had a beautiful nosegay in her hand, which she presented to me with a low courtesy. I accepted her offering, and bestowed a few sous upon her in return; and, in so doing, I remarked that the place upon which we were standing was uncommonly beautiful; a steep path, paved with stones, led up among the grove of olive-trees above my head, and the trees had so interwoven their branches as to make a small archway close to the path. On one side of this little path

a small torrent or mountain streamlet was dashing into the sea from an immense height, from which the mother of my little friend was filling a pitcher which she had just removed from her head. The peasant made me a low courtesy when she was aware of the money I had given her little girl; for the poor people in France and Italy think as much of a few pence as they would in England of so many shillings.

After this little adventure I set out again on my walk, pleased with all things around me; but my next adventure was far more interesting and singular than that which has gone before. As I was once more ascending towards the tower, I remarked an uncommonly neat little cottage, having a small garden behind it and a court in front. On the opposite side of the court from which I stood were many olive-trees, under one of which I saw a small marble slab. I knew very well that it is no uncommon thing to see marble in France or Italy, but my curiosity was raised, for I fancied that I saw some words carved upon the slab. However, I hesitated not to enter the gateway, or to walk towards the little monument, though it was necessary, in so doing, to pass the cottage door. My purpose, however, was perceived by a young woman, who, coming towards me, courteously requested me to enter her habitation. Her dress was plain, but more delicately arranged than that of many of her neighbours; she wore a coloured petticoat, and a dark bodice curiously laced with ribands in the front. She had no cap, but her hair was shaded by a neat embroidered handkerchief, tied plainly under her chin; her hair was dark, and braided over her forehead.

It was with a sweet smile that she requested me to sit down, adding, that with my permission she would tell me the history of that fair white monument; for she had remarked that my attention was directed towards it. I replied instantly by expressing my thanks for such kindness, as manifested to me by a perfect stranger.

"A stranger you are not, signor, for you are an Englishman," she replied; "but my story will explain to you why I love the people of your country. I was left an orphan, signor," she continued, "at the age of fourteen, and my case appeared to be the more deplorable, because I was left in charge of an infant brother. My

mother had had several babies between me and my little Sylvestre, yet all had died in infancy; being thus destitute, my father's brother took us into his house, where we were treated with much kindness; and there I became acquainted with my husband Mathurin, and we were on the point of marriage, when he was pressed into the French service under the emperor. We regretted this at that time as a bitter evil; but you shall hear, signor, what came of it. Mathurin was taken prisoner by the English somewhere off the French coast, and, being carried to England, his mind was opened, I will not say at once, for he was long afterward in a state of comparative darkness, to the superstitions and gross deceptions of the Roman Catholic religion; and then, after two or three years, he returned to this country, and again sought to be united with me; but because he could not accommodate to the popish ceremonies he was rather looked upon with a suspicious eye by the priests; however, after a while, through the interest of an English gentleman who came to Nice about that time, the matter was settled; we were married, and came to this cottage; it was where I was born and bred, and I loved it, signor, beyond any of their fine palaces on the hills round Nice. See you, sir, how beautifully the sea shows itself over the tops of the olive-trees, and how magnificently the mountains lift themselves above the woods; and then, signor, we have flowers here which bloom the twelve months round, and we are delighted with the sweet singing of many birds, such as are never heard but far from towns; and our little Sylvestre came to live with us, and was by this time of use to my husband in his business, which is that of a fisherman. He was quick, too, in finding the most beautiful shells, and it is wonderful how much he sometimes gets for them from the English ladies who come riding and walking about these woods. Indeed, signor, he has been as a son to us. So, in the early days of our marriage, all things went well with us, and, as I have since often thought, we were in the way of having no religion at all; for my husband had, as it were, slipped his neck out of the yoke of popery, and yet had not heartily entered into the Protestant way of thinking. And though some of our neighbours looked stiffly at us because we avoided attending Messe, yet, I am sorry to say, signor, that even here there are so many who look upon all re-

ligion as a fable, that we did not want for those who countenanced and upheld us in our carelessness; and then my husband was known to have the ear of the English gentry in Nice, and the English are of too much consequence to the poor in this country to be lightly set by.

"It was more than two years after our marriage before we were in hopes that the Almighty would vouchsafe us a child. At length my boy was born, my little Antoine" (and, as the mother spoke, she wiped away a tear with her hand). "Oh! signor, my precious one," she exclaimed; "he was so very fair and lovely, and he knew me so well, and would crow and smile with delight when I came near him, that in deed and in truth I loved him more than was right. My baby was so beautiful that many ladies from Nice would come to see him and admire him.

"It was in the summer, signor, when my boy was nearly a year old, that, having dressed him in a new dress, which I had been enabled to purchase for him by hard work, that I sat at my cottage door playing with him. My lovely Antoine smiled at my caresses; but I thought his dark blue eyes looked languid, and I trembled for my boy. Perhaps he is sleepy, I said to myself; and, taking him in my arms, I soon hushed him to repose.

"It was under that olive-tree, signor," she added, pointing to the marble slab, "that I placed his cradle, and, having laid my boy in it, I sat down to work beside him. While I was thus seated, some young English ladies entered through the gateway; they had seen the dimpled foot of my infant Antoine peeping from below the coverlid, and a burst of joyful surprise from the lips of the young ladies instantly followed; and, coming towards the cradle, they begged to see my boy.

"As I removed the covering I had thrown over his face with a feeling of pride at possessing such a treasure, I turned towards the young ladies to witness the admiration I expected to see expressed on their coun tenance on beholding my lovely baby. I was not disappointed, nay, I was satisfied. The fair white hand of my darling child was placed against his face; he had an unusual colour in his cheek, and his coral lips were parted.

"'What is his name?' said the youngest of the party to me

"'Antoine,' I repeated, proudly; 'my boy is called Antoine.'

"As the young ladies kissed the infant's velvet cheek, they presented him with some money, and one smilingly remarked, he has earned this tribute by his beauty. But oh, my baby! my baby!" added the poor woman, while the tears fell down her cheeks, "I cannot yet think of thee without regret: but I shall go to thee, my fair one, thou wilt never come to me. But, monseigneur," she continued, hastily, "I shall get rebellious if I speak of my boy, or tell of half the beauties of my angel. And yet I would not have him back in this world of trouble. I would not earn another smile from his rosy lip, or another glance from his lovely eye, at the expense of bringing him back into this scene of sin and pain; no, signor; for he is in a safer home than my cottage could afford him, and in the bosom of Him who says, that though a mother may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb, yet will He not forget us, Isaiah xlix., 15.

"From that day, signor, my infant was never well, though we could not discern what ailed him. It was his heavenly Father's will; the canker was in the bud, and the blossom faded before it could expand; it was hard to watch his sufferings, and yet to be unable to administer any comfort; although, to have saved him from a moment's pain, I would have sacrificed my life. And then, sir, I was not established in any religion. I had been brought to see the absurdity of popish forms; but I knew not the truth as accepted by the Protestants.

"My Antoine had been privately baptized by a Protestant minister at Nice; but this I had not dared to tell my neighbours; and hence, when the people about me saw my little lovely one lying a pale, cold corpse, they spoke horrible words respecting the Limbo of Roman Catholics, the place where unbaptized babes endure an eternal separation from the Divine presence, with other horrors which, although I did not believe them, tended to add wo to wo, almost to the bursting of my heart.

"The priests of St. Bartholemy declared that my boy could not be buried according to the forms of their church, unless my husband would openly retract the heresies of which he was suspected; and I, in the agony of my feelings, would have persuaded him so to do, but he remained determined; and our little fair one was

buried in a grave dug by his poor father, in the dead of night, under that olive-tree, where, after a while, we placed that marble slab, recording his name and tender age."

Here the poor mother wiped away a tear, while she stood with her dark eyes fixed thoughtfully on the tomb; then turning to me with animation, "Now, signor, you shall hear how all these things have worked together for our good, though I was long a rebel, and, while months rolled on, still wept my babe as lost. But during this time my little Sylvestre was a great comfort to me, for he was now nearly ten years old; he would sit for hours and hear me talk of my Antoine when no other would listen, for my husband was engaged with his work, and nothing but the support of the English at Nice saved us from the most cruel vengeance of the priests.

"It was one day when, talking to him on this same subject, and thus nursing up my grief, we heard voices, though speaking in the English language, near our cottage, and a young lady, alighting from a donkey, entered our door. I instantly recognised her as the eldest of the same party which had seen my boy in the prime of his beauty. On seeing no child before our door, she looked uneasy, and my tears confirmed her suspicion; but suddenly her eye fell upon the marble slab, underneath which was the last cradle of my baby. 'Oh little baby!' she said in French, for she had become accustomed to that language, 'sweet angel, you were too beautiful to live;' and, as she leaned over the monument, her tears fell fast upon it; her sisters also wept, but their sorrow was not so deep: they were younger, and the thorns of life had at that time scarcely appeared among the roses that were strewed in their path. As the lady stood beside the grave, she took from her bosom a nosegay of beautiful flowers, which she laid upon it, and then, without bidding us adieu, she left the cottage.

"It was while trying to rouse me from this new burst of grief which this short visit had excited, that my kind little brother first perceived that under the flowers the lady had placed a small book, very neatly printed in French. After removing it carefully, unperceived by myself, for he was fearful of making me uneasy, a sudden thought occurred to him, that if he could possibly

learn to read, he might find a way of amusing his unhappy sister.

"This was a pleasant thought, and the dear boy immediately set to work to teach himself; but, finding this impossible, he determined to apply to one of the priests of the Roman Catholic chapel in the neighbourhood, called St. Bartholemy. Accordingly, every morning, the little boy stationed himself near the mountain torrent, which you must have observed this morning, signor, there to wait for the priest, who passed daily at a certain hour to the chapel, through the archway which is there made by the trees, and down the stone steps cut in the rock.

"My kind brother (as he afterward told me) presented the father the first morning with a nosegay of beautiful hayacinths, such as grow wild in our woods, signor, and in return received only a bow and a muttered blessing, which I doubt not came from the heart, for there are good men even among the deluded papists; but the next day, Sylvestre being in his usual place, the present was received with a smile. And so from day to day he won more and more upon the kind old man, and thus, by degrees, the father became fond of the child; although I never could understand whether he was aware that he belonged to the family of Mathurin, or whether he purposely pretended ignorance on that subject, in order that he might have the better chance of leading him to his own way of thinking.

"At length Sylvestre took courage, and asked the father to teach him to read. The kind old man was not offended, but promised the child that, if he would come to his house at a certain hour every day, it should not be his fault if he became not as learned a man as St. Austin himself. He from that time attended his instructer from day to day, without once telling me how he spent the time which he was permitted to devote to amusement; during this period he had many opportunities of returning the kindness of Father André, by many small services which were not unacceptable, for the father was very poor.

"My baby had been separated from me more than a year before I had hopes of again becoming a mother, and Sylvestre had been nearly seven months under the teaching of Father André before he was able to read the small tract left by the young English lady; but one

day after dinner, finding himself prepared, Sylvestre blushingly begged me to sit with him in the court, for he wanted to talk with me.

"I was not struck by his manner at the time as being anything extraordinary; but, seating myself at my door, with my work in my hand, he placed himself beside me, and, after taking out the book, he began to read to me. It seems that the young English lady had chosen the tract on purpose for us, though, on hearing of the death of my lovely boy, she had been fearful of presenting it to me.

"We were long before we understood the contents of that little volume, which in a small space comprised much wisdom. It pointed out how that our first parents, being made by God, were without sin, though liable to fall—how they were tempted to sin by the Evil One persuading the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit—and how, having cut themselves off from the happiness they enjoyed as the sons of God, they became subject to all the penalties of sin, their natures becoming wholly corrupt, being the slaves of sin and the servants of the Evil One. This little book further showed how man was again united to God by the union of the divine and human nature in the God incarnate; how man was thus redeemed from the curse of his original sins; and hence, how infants, dying before the commission of actual sin, are saved, not by the outward washing of water, but by the gift of an inward and spiritual grace, of which baptism is only the figure. Hence I was made to see that all the horrible fable of Limbo was an invention of man, and faith was given me to behold my little fair one amid the multitude of the redeemed which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. The book also told us that Purgatory was a false thing; for if Christ had died for our sins, why would there be a double punishment for them; it was thus making out the death of our Saviour of little or no avail. The last words of our precious little book were these: 'He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life,' John iii., 36.

"I have mentioned before, signor, that all this appeared at first very difficult to me; but, through the blessing of God, I was led to pray that my eyes might be opened to the belief of the Saviour, and my prayer has indeed been answered; for I now can perceive the mercy of God, who has only taken our infant from us

for a time, that sorrow for his loss might be used as the means of bringing his rebellious parents to their God and Father; and I now feel that my sins are paid for, and that, when I die, through my Saviour's merits, I shall join my baby in the presence of my God. But," added the young peasant, her countenance brightening as she spoke, "I must tell you, signor, the end of my story:—

"My little Antoine had been parted from us for more than two years before I was in possession of another treasure, precious as the first. My second little Antoine is not inferior in beauty to his angel brother, and I trust he will be spared to us for our good: for like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him; he knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are but dust, Psal. ciii., 14. No, indeed; he does not willingly afflict the children of men, unless for their good; but, signor, when our second Antoine had passed his first birthday, the young English lady whom I have mentioned before paid us a visit at St. Hospice. She had been married then for some time to a young clergyman, and they did us the honour of spending a day with us, and our baby boy was baptized under the olive-tree beside his brother's grave. The young clergyman and his dear lady also took some oranges and figs, for we had laid out our best in hopes they would take something. Before they left, the kind gentleman read to us from his Bible, and advised us to be careful of our children, and bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He also presented Antoine and Sylvestre each with a nice French Bible. And the lady, after kissing my boy, bid us adieu, and she is now, I believe, in happy England, among those of her own faith."

As the peasant finished she brought her baby, who had been asleep during our conversation, that I might behold the second little Antoine, to whose beauty I cannot do sufficient justice. I shall only now conclude by saying, that should this short account fall into the hands of the young clergyman or his excellent lady, I think it will encourage them in their duty, reminding them of the words of Solomon, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days,' Eccl. xi., 1.

THE VIOLET LEAF.

THE VIOLET LEAF.

Whoever looks back on his younger years must observe that certain passages of those periods have left indelible impressions on his mind, while other transactions of his infancy, which, at first sight, might have appeared of more importance, have passed away into oblivion as figures traced upon the sand.

Who is there among my readers who will not carry to his dying hour the memory of some peculiar act of kindness; of some word of love; of some precept sweetly insinuated, which seems to stand out, as it were, in high relief, among thousands of others, shown through the years of infancy by the friends of those early days which are now wholly passed away from the mind?

I once knew an orphan child who traced all her religious feelings through after life to a walk taken in India, on a starlight night, with her adopted mother, at which period that tender parent had taken occasion to lead her mind to the goodness and power of God, by explaining to her the nature of the glorious heavenly bodies scattered over the azure vault extended above her head. This lady had given her little adopted one a thousand other lessons upon the same important subjects, but these had all passed away from her recollection, and this one only lesson had left its distinguished record.

It is hard to account for this peculiarity of the memory, which seizes a lesser matter, and permits a larger one to escape, unless we suppose that the peculiar circumstances which the mind retains are those which have wrought the most permanent influence on the character, and awakened, most decidedly, the sympathetic feelings. Hence we find that a power is given

to the regenerate person by God the Holy Spirit, to retain those things which are true and holy, while the unconverted mind has a peculiar aptitude for seizing and retaining those things which are evil. When the apostles, on the day of Pentecost, received the Holy Spirit, the words of their Master, which had hitherto been uncongenial with their feelings, were brought with power to their recollections, while their former desires for worldly aggrandizement passed away.

I have been led to these reflections by the consideration of certain transactions of my early years, which are as fresh to me at this moment as they were at the time when they first occurred; and not only do I remember them in their bare outlines, but with such a variety of small particulars as would render them tedious in their relation, were I to tell my story, in all its bearings, precisely as I remember it. Forty years or more are passed since that violet leaf, which gives the title to my story, was plucked from the parent stem, and the sod is thick over the graves of all those who then were the objects of my infant tenderness. Ah, what is human life! A vapour, a meteor, a passing cloud. Job xiv., 11, 12. "As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." How bitter must this reflection be to those who have no hope beyond this present being, to such as have not been enabled to receive by faith the evidence of things not seen! but I must not digress too far from my object, which is to tell a simple tale of my early life.

My father was a gentleman residing on his own estate; our habitation was far from any towered city or even village. We were shut out from our nearest neighbours by thick woods, which, from time immemorial, had flourished undisturbed on my father's lands, and which added to the charms derived from those deep shades by which our grounds were diversified. Hill and dale, orchard and sheepwalk, with deep dark dingles, through which pure streams of water poured their secret course, a region, in short, of such singular beauty, that it has ever afforded to my mind the prototype of every imaginary scene of natural perfection.

My parents never had more than two children, my beloved brother and myself. My brother's name was

Adolphus, and mine Rosamund, or, more commonly, Rosa, a name which particularly suited me, as I was remarkable in infancy for my blooming health. On the contrary, my dear brother, who was a year older than myself, was from babyhood of a peculiarly tender constitution, neither did he ever enjoy that health which should have enabled him to associate generally with boys of his own age, or to enjoy their sports; and this circumstance, no doubt, made him more fond of me, and of his parents, and his home. In consequence of which, when it was thought advisable to send him to school, his absence from us was extremely painful to him, and the letters which he wrote to me always caused me some flood of tears. I was as much as nine years old when my Adolphus was removed to school—he was sent to a considerable distance, and was absent a year, not returning at the Christmas holydays. I counted the months of his absence, and numbered the days which were to bring him to me again. At length the happy time arrived, and my brother came; it was the beginning of June, and the country was most gloriously beautiful, decked in all her fairest robes of summer.

During the absence of my Adolphus, a serious change had taken place in his heart, a change of which even my parents were not then aware; and, indeed, had they been so, I imagine that they were not then in a condition to be sensible of its infinite importance. But the fact was, that my brother's preceptor was a truly pious man, and, as such, laboured above all things to inspire his children with feelings of piety; and, as in many other instances which had occurred among his pupils, his lessons had been particularly blessed to my brother. Whereas he had formerly been only a boy of a mild and amiable temper, he was then become a child of a changed heart, notwithstanding which he mourned for home, and the more so because the larger number of his companions were different from him. It was, however, according to the feelings of his renewed nature, when he did return home, to endeavour to make me a participator of his sentiments, and I well remember many efforts which he made to engage my attention to heavenly things, yet all, for a while, without success. At length, however, he bethought himself of a little stratagem, and on the morning of my birthday, on the 10th

of June, 1789 (for it is forty years ago), I found, when I awoke, a bunch of violets laid on my pillow, and within the posy a small billet, in which was written these words: "The company of Rosa is requested at the roothouse, near the violet bank, at five o'clock this afternoon." My birthday was, of course, to be a holyday, and there was no doubt that I determined to accept the invitation. I had no difficulty in guessing the person from whom it came; but Adolphus would not answer any of my questions respecting it, recommending me to wait quietly till the appointed hour for the satisfaction of my curiosity. In those days people dined early, neither was I required to sit long after dinner; I had, therefore, some time to wait after I had dined before I thought it right to repair to the roothouse, and during that time I missed Adolphus, and therefore well knew that he was gone to prepare for my reception.

The dingle where was the roothouse and the violet bank might have been about a quarter of a mile from my father's house, and the way lay for the most part through the deepest shade of lofty trees; when the larger hand of the timepiece in my mother's dressing-room showed that it only wanted so many minutes to five as I judged necessary for my rapid passage to the appointed place, I delayed not another moment, and, swiftly as my light young feet would bear me, hastened along the terrace and down the steep path, till I found myself at the very bottom of the dingle, and in a place where a narrow plank served for a bridge over the stream, which tumbled from the heights a little higher up the glen. There, standing still, I looked up towards the spot on the other side of the dingle where an old roothouse, attached to the side of a rocky bank, opened its mouth directly in my view; I saw at once that it had been newly thatched, and that a sort of rude table, with seats of turf, had been prepared within; on this occasion it was also hung about with garlands of roses, and my own sweet Adolphus stood in the doorway; he had no hat on his head, and the gentle breeze agitated his hair, and raised it from his brow. He darted forward as soon as he saw me, and with a courtesy which was natural to him, but which, no doubt, was adorned and beautified by his improved feelings, he handed me to this roothouse, where he had prepared a little feast of fruit and cream, set forth on vine-leaves, and

garnished with his favourite flower, the violet. Then giving me a kiss, he sat me at the head of the table, and invited me to partake of his entertainment; after which, putting his hand into a hollow tree, which formed one of the principal supports of the roothouse, he brought out a Bible and two little hymn-books, and speaking with some hesitation,

"Rosa," he said, "I have been thinking that it would be very pleasant for us to come here every evening during the holydays, and I will read the Bible to you, and we will sing a hymn and pray; will you, dear Rosa, consent to this?"

It was impossible for me to refuse such an invitation, neither did I wish it; I loved my brother too well to deny him anything which he could reasonably ask; though I am quite certain that the love of God had at that time no influence either on my heart or actions; notwithstanding which, I drew close to my brother while he read a small portion of the Bible, which he had expressly chosen; after which I joined him in his favourite hymn, which was one of Dr. Watts's Divine Songs, beginning with these words—

"There is beyond the sky
A heaven of joy and love,
And holy children, when they die
Go to that world above."

The portion of Scripture which he chose was this, Rev. vii., 17—"For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." And he pointed out to me who this Lamb of God is, and endeavoured to make me understand what we owe to this Lamb of God; showing me our lost estate by nature; unfolding, at the same time, others of the most important truths of our holy religion. We then knelt down together, while he prayed that we might both be made to follow the Lamb whithersoever he went. After which we rose from our knees, and he said, looking sweetly in my face, "Will you come again to-morrow, Rosa? Will you come, dear Rosa?" Could I have said I would not, could I have even wished to stay away when thus invited? Yet, as I before said, I had no religion in my heart.

The season favoured us; and for many days, till the

nor day were nearly expired, we met every afternoon at the roothouse. Neither did my beloved Adolphus fail in preparing me a little treat each day; I mean such a treat as I could then enjoy. Sometimes his dishes were composed of cockle-shells, and his treat of strawberries and cream; sometimes his table was covered with little baskets of rushes, filled with gooseberries and currants, and again the rind of the gourd supplied his dishes. He seemed to take a particular delight in varying my entertainment, and showing his innocent ingenuity in supplying new ornaments for his feast; thus he kept up my interest in my daily visits to the roothouse, while yet that better principle was wanting which should have made me delight in these seasons, though neither delicious fruit nor fragrant flowers had been there prepared to regale my senses.

During this period, however, I acquired many ideas respecting true religion, which, although they remained inactive for a time, were as seeds sown in my heart, which awaited only the Divine influences of the Holy Spirit to strike their roots downward, and to spring forth upward in buds and blossoms, and rich promise of future fruit.

At length, however, my brother's holydays were within one week of their termination. We had met, as usual, in our beloved roothouse, and I had partaken of the entertainment my sweet Adolphus had provided for me; after which, taking his Bible from the hollow tree, "My dear Rosa," he said, "the time of my going back to school is very near, and the autumn will soon come, and then the leaves will fall, and the nipping frosts will visit this place; but we will hope to come here the next summer, and spend many happy hours together again in this place, and you will not forget, my Rosa, all I have endeavoured to teach you. I am young like you, I know, and ignorant also, but God has made me understand what I did not know some months past; that is, that my soul is of infinitely more consequence than my perishing body; neither did I then comprehend anything of the wonderful work of our salvation, and how it has been brought to pass by our heavenly Father. I shall show you, my dear Rosa, the passage in the Bible which first made me think of these things, and the first hymn that I ever really delighted in. I have kept these till now, because I thought that, just at first,

that is, when we first came here, you would not understand these things so well as you now do; and I do hope, my beloved sister, that you will be as much pleased at the sweet chapter I am going to read as I was." So saying he opened his Bible, his lovely face all bright and glowing with delight, and he was just beginning to read, when we heard my father's voice repeating my name from the other side of the dingle.

Rosa, Rosa, resounded across the water, and an echo, which haunted the upper regions of the winding valley, returned the name at several repetitions, each repetition becoming more indistinct than the former; and at the same moment my sweet brother, putting a violet leaf in the place of the Bible which was open before him, deposited the sacred volume in the hollow tree, and arose, with a disappointed air, to follow me to the house.

When I arrived at home I found an old lady who was just come, a distant relation of the family, with two daughters somewhat older than myself, who had, as I afterward learned, obtained leave of my parents to carry me to the town where she resided; for, as she said, it was impossible for me to receive any lessons in dancing, or to get any genteel accomplishments where I was; and therefore, as she added, nothing could possibly be more advantageous for me to remain with her for half a year, and to attend the dancing-school with my cousins.

This plan, together with my parents' acquiescence therewith, was communicated to me as soon as I entered the parlour, it being signified, at the same time, that I must hasten my preparations, as the lady intended to take her departure in less than two hours. I was so entirely confounded by these communications, and the variety of new ideas which burst upon my young mind in consequence of them, that I stood quite still in the centre of the room, like a person deprived of reason. Nevertheless, my heart beat with delight, and my whole countenance flushed with joy.

"You must excuse Rosa, madam," said my mother, "your kindness has quite overpowered the poor child; but come, my love, run to your maid, and get her to dress you in all haste; I will see to what further is necessary."

Being thus admonished, I ran up stairs, and had just reached the door of my room, when my attention was

drawn to the sound of some one sobbing aloud; and looking round, I saw my dear brother in the gallery, not far from me, and so entirely overcome with grief that he could not refrain from the open expression thereof, much as it seemed to hurt his dignity, as a boy, so to do.

"Oh, Adolphus!" I exclaimed, rushing into his arms, "why do you cry?"

"And will you go, Rosa," he said, "will you go with those people, and shall we never again meet in our lovely bower, never read and pray together again? Oh, Rosa, dear Rosa, you will not go—surely you will not go."

"Why, Adolphus," I answered, "are you not going to school next week? and if the weather was fine every day, we could only go seven times more to the bower; and surely you would not deprive me of such a pleasant scheme, only for seven days of my company?"

"I would deprive you of no pleasure, my dear Rosa," he replied, "no pleasure which is right for you; but oh! my sister, can you believe that you will find happiness in dressing, dancing, and those vain amusements, which that lady desires to make you acquainted with? Oh, Rosa, dear Rosa, think of the pleasant hours we have spent in our happy bower; what sweet verses we have found, and what sweet hymns we have sung, and do ask mamma's leave to stay at home; for, believe me, dear sister, that lady and her daughters are not fit companions for one who desires to be a child of God."

"How dare you say so, Adolphus?" I asked; "are you a judge of what is proper in people's characters? What have you seen wrong in that lady?"

"I know her character," he replied; "she has a son at our school, and I know that she is a worldly person."

"Do you mean a wicked person?" I asked.

"I mean one," he replied, "that thinks more of pleasing the world than of pleasing God; one who would rather see her children great people in this world, than be sure of their being saints in heaven."

"I don't understand these things, Adolphus," I answered; "let me go, I am in a hurry," and I broke from him, for I was very hard and cruel at that time; and as I was much pressed for time in making my preparations, I had no more conversation with my sweet brother, nor did I see him again till I was stepping into

the carriage, when he came forward to give me a parting kiss.

I dare say that no one of my readers will wish to know how I spent my time in the town whither the lady carried me. It will be quite enough to say that I filled up my hours with dressing, dancing, shopping, visiting, and seeing company. I had a new pair of stays made as soon as I arrived at my journey's end. I was laced up till I looked as stiff as a wooden doll; and then all my dresses, having been fitted to these stays, were so trimmed with lace, ribands, and gauze, that no one would have known them again. I was also taught a number of fine steps by the dancing-master; and when my hair, which curled naturally, had been forced by hot irons and wire pins to curl unnaturally, for the fashions of forty years since were very preposterous, then I thought myself a most accomplished little personage; the various follies which had been put into my head having almost entirely chased away those sweet lessons of humility which my lovely brother had endeavoured to inculcate.

Two months or more passed in this ridiculous way; when suddenly one morning, before I was up, a servant came to my bedside and informed me that my father was come. I hastened to dress myself, and ran down, all anxiety, lest he should come to fetch me home. Neither was this anxiety removed when I saw him all pale and full of sorrow. As I ran into his arms his eyes filled with tears, and he endeavoured in vain to command himself.

"I cannot, no, I cannot, my little girl," were the first words he said; "I cannot stay to choose the mildest mode of communicating what I have to say; but Adolphus—our own sweet Adolphus—is very, very ill. He will be taken from us—and we shall have deserved it, there is the sting; he would, when last at home, he would have won our souls to God; he would have persuaded us all to have become Christians, but I always silenced him when, in his sweetly dutiful way, he would have led me to these subjects; and your mother too, she did the same; and we took you from him, or rather acquiesced the more gladly in your removal, lest he should infect you with his fanatical notions, for such we then called them, lest he should make you as much a child of God as he is himself; and now we have our

punishment;" and my poor father, as he spoke, rose in haste, and leaning his head against the mantelpiece, groaned aloud.

When a little recovered, he informed me that he was going on to my brother's school, and should have to travel all night, and that I must be put that very day into the coach, to be carried home, in order that I might administer some comfort to my miserable mother.

Who is there who has lived any time in the gay world, and has ever taken delight in its vain pleasures, who has not experienced the horrors of being suddenly awakened from dreams of unprincipled gayety to the real miseries of human life? If afflictions find a person in a sober and pious state of mind, they bring their consolations with them; but when they fall upon the selfish and the inconsiderate, they fall without one drop of consolation.

Oh! how dreadful, how inexpressibly dreadful were those long and weary hours that I spent in the coach which was to convey me home. I was, however, slightly relieved when I met my mother, by finding that, by a letter received by the last post, my brother had been rather better. Owing to this letter and to my excessive fatigue, I got a comfortable night, which prepared me for what was to follow, for the next day my mother received another letter, informing us that there was little hope, and that not a moment was to be lost if ever she wished to see her son again. As his fever was of an infectious nature, my mother would not hear of my accompanying her in her journey; and, in consequence, within two hours of the receipt of that letter my mother had set out alone, and I was left at my solitary home under the charge of servants, one of whom, having been my nurse, paid me every possible attention; this excellent person had also been the nurse of Adolphus, and was attached to that sweet child as if she had been his own natural mother, and in one respect she was the happiest among us, inasmuch as she had often hearkened to his gentle entreaties that she would take thought for her soul, and had, at his request, committed several hymns and verses to memory.

I was more than a week with the nurse before any decided change took place in our dreadful situation. During that time we had letters every day from my father, sometimes raising our hopes a little, and then

sinking us into utter despair. It was the autumn; the wind was whistling, the leaves dropping, and a drizzly rain falling perpetually; at length, I remember well, it was a Monday morning, the rain had passed, and the sun was breaking out; we had received a letter late the night before; it spoke of some dreadful crisis near at hand; it was written in terms of the deepest depression, but my nurse remarked to me that it was dictated in the true spirit of holy resignation.

"The Almighty," said she, "is working with us all in his own way, and this sweet child is being made the instrument of leading us to God." But this letter, such as it was, deprived me of all hope, and I could think only of my Adolphus as already gone, as of a brother I once possessed, as of an angel I had formerly been permitted to hold converse with.

In this state of mind, finding the morning calm, I evaded the observation of my watchful nurse, and, putting on my bonnet and cloak, I stole from the house, and took the nearest way over the lawn (then crisped with frost) to the dingle, where I had spent so many happy hours during the last summer with my ever-beloved Adolphus.

The dread of pursuit made me move rapidly till I had descended into the dingle, and found myself on the bridge afore mentioned; there I stood to take breath, and looked towards the bower in which my brother had prepared for me so many sweet repasts, of which, at the time, I could only enjoy the husks and shells; but ah, where was that sweet brother then? Extended, perhaps cold and lifeless, on the bed of death; silent for ever was that tongue which was wont to fill the narrow glen with songs of praise, and dim those eyes which used to beam with the sweetest expressions of holy love and pity.

The very woods also seemed to partake of the change which had passed on my sweet brother; every leaf was drooping and faded, and the ground was strewed with the fallen memorials of the glories of the summer.

I proceeded to the bower in that sort of temper which induces the miserable creature to drink the cup of wo to its very dregs. It had never been visited since we had left it, in all haste, at the sound of our father's voice; the fragments of our last feast were scattered over the board, though mingled with the dried leaves which had been drifted into the hut; but the seat of

Adolphus was vacant, never more to be filled—such was then my thought.

Ah, loved Adolphus—I put my hand into the hollow tree; I drew out the Bible; the leaves thereof were glued together with moisture. I turned to the place which was designated by THE VIOLET LEAF. I opened it carefully. Where now was that hand which had plucked the leaf and placed it there? and to what passage was it intended to point the attention? My eye dropped upon the verses on which the leaf had been laid, and on which it had actually formed the impression of its outline, Rev. vii., 15–17. "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." "Ah, sweet Adolphus!" I said, bursting into tears, "your dying, your last address to your miserable sister shall not be lost. Where my Adolphus is gone, there will I go; where he is, there will I be. O Lamb of God, have mercy on me," I added, kneeling alone on the grass where I had so often knelt with my sweet brother, "hear my prayer; hear the prayer of a poor sinful child; take me to the fountains of living water, and let me drink of those immortal streams which imparted everlasting life to my angel brother, now no more." At that instant looking up, I beheld a rainbow, all-glorious with his tints of violet, azure, and gold, extending over the whole valley, and at the same moment a young maid-servant appeared crossing the bridge, and exclaiming, "A letter, a letter, mercy and joy." I sprang to meet her—I seized the letter—I read these words in my father's hand—

"The crisis is past, and after a long sweet sleep our Adolphus has recognised and blessed his parents."

Neither were our hopes premature—the beloved son and brother were restored to us, and brought home within a few weeks. He was never more sent to school, but educated under a pious tutor at home; and when the violets bloomed again, and the voice of the blackbird was heard in the woods, our sweet reunions in the

arbour were renewed, and our beloved parents not unseldom were there found uniting in prayer and praise with their beloved children. There we anticipated a still more glorious and delightful reunion with Christ our Saviour, when the present order of things shall have passed away; and this sweet hope has accompanied me through life, and is now the consolation of my latter days: for though my parents and my beloved brother, with many others dear to me as they were, are passed away from the present scene, yet shall I not find all that I have lost, yea, more than I have ever lost, when united with Him to whom I first was brought through the instrumentality of my own beloved Adolphus?

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Every individual who has been brought to look back on his past life with a view to discerning the dealings of the Almighty with his soul, must be made aware that every event of that life, even before he was brought to the knowledge of God, was so arranged as more or less to advance his eternal welfare; yet it often happens that these arrangements of Providence, though infinitely interesting to the individual himself whom they may concern, are not such as to afford equally striking lessons to others whom they do not personally affect, being apparently conformed to the more ordinary experience of men. The Almighty works his eternal purposes in various ways, all equally certain in their effects, but not all equally remarkable in the eyes of a spectator; one individual is brought into that state (whereunto the Lord would bring him) in a manner so imperceptible, and by means so little discernible to the stander-by, that he would find it very difficult to give such an account of his experience as would interest the generality of readers; whereas another, who has been the subject of more extraordinary and pointed arrangements of Providence, might render his history acceptable without having at command any great resources of human talent. I myself, for instance, do not pretend to be a writer, nevertheless there are some passages of my life so extraordinary that I feel myself strongly tempted to communicate them to the public, trusting more to the real interest of the things which I have to tell than to the manner in which I am enabled to relate them.

My name is Arnold; I am of a family which for several generations have been engaged in mercantile spec-

ulations, with connexions abroad, and especially in the New World. I married early, from motives of affection rather than interest, and we were blessed within the second year of our union with a daughter, whose appearance seemed to complete all our wishes. No other child was added to us till this our daughter was six years old, at which time we had a son, who lived only a few weeks; and immediately after his death my dear wife fell into so very weak a state of health, that it was decided she must be removed to a warmer climate.

I was at that period in the firm with my father and elder brother, who both kindly undertook to divide my labours between them during my absence; and therefore, as the circumstances of the family were easy (as it regarded money), there seemed to be no obstacle to my removing with my wife to any place advised by her physician. This place was Nice, the situation of which is on that point of land in which several branches of the Maritime Alps touch the Mediterranean Sea, a small region of extraordinary beauty, but lying in a sort of debatable land between Italy and Gaul. This province belongs to the King of Sardinia, and is to this day as dark with regard to the truth as any part of the Roman Catholic world, and as entirely subjected to the rule of the papal apostacy. But, as a visiter to this place, or as a temporary resident, there was no fear of any interference of the priests and rulers of the church in our affairs; and as the government is mild, and the people friendly, and the climate charming, we soon found ourselves most comfortably situated in a delightful country house, about a quarter of a mile from the town, which is a seaport. We arrived at Nice in the month of November, and were delighted with the mildness of the air, the beauty of the gardens, abounding with groves of oranges and citrons, and the fragrance of the breezes, as they blew over hedges of sweet acacia and myrtle. Our little girl was more than six years old when we arrived at Nice, and from that period till she had attained her tenth year no great change took place in our circumstances, though each summer we moved, once to Geneva, and another time to Lucca.

During this period the symptoms which had driven us from England so totally disappeared, that my beloved wife looked blooming and fresh again, as she had done

when I had first known her; and as she was a woman of uncommonly pleasing manners, and one who possessed that sort of intellect which supplies a perpetual feast to those with whom it is associated, she entirely succeeded in what most women would consider a Herculean labour, and that is, in so occupying and amusing a husband, who, at that time, was totally unacquainted with religion, that he seldom, if ever, regretted the occupations he had left in order to accompany her to a foreign land. I remember now, at this distant time, the days of domestic happiness and hours of innocent pleasures which I then enjoyed, with a sort of wonder, as if I cannot now understand how such things could have been, because I was then without religion, though my wife was far from being so; and if ever we had a dissenting word, it was when she endeavoured to insinuate some of those holy doctrines which were, in fact, the secret consolation of her life.

But she made me too happy. She was my idol, and while I had her before me, I probably might never have fixed my affections on a higher object; at least, the happiness which she conferred, and the constant delight which her society imparted, was an impediment in my way to desiring the things which are above. No doubt my heavenly Father saw that it would be good for me that this my dearest idol should be removed; and accordingly, after our second year upon the Continent, her disease returned, and proceeded in its deadly march with such an astounding rapidity, that within two months she was apparently as well as usual, and in her grave. But I will leave these scenes, which even at this distant time I dare not to recall, and proceed to that part of my history in which I first began to act alone in the character of a parent.

After the funeral of my beloved wife I never returned to the house in which she had died, but removed, with my little Mary, to the Hotel des Etrangers in the town, where I took apartments, waiting for letters which I expected every day from England, and then intending to form on them my future movements.

It was winter, and advices from the North had informed me that the season was severe. I knew not how far my little daughter (who even then was strikingly like her charming mother, being an exceedingly delicate child, and having that sort of beauty which

conveys the idea of a constitution of no great strength) might be able to endure a journey at this season; and yet I was most desirous to be gone from a place where every feature of the surrounding country reminded me of my irreparable loss, and brought back some scene of domestic joy which never could return. There, in that olive-grove, had I walked with my wife, and seen our little one trip before us, and that hill I had ascended in her company, while she and her child, in their Spanish saddles, talked to me as I moved by their sides. There I had sat by her where she had sketched that tower, or rock, or waterfall. Oh! these recollections, thus associated with every object, were horrible to me; and yet I do not remember that they ever led me to such considerations as might have benefited my spiritual condition, or awakened hopes which alone are able to sooth the bereaved heart.

While my mind was in this state, a packet of letters was put into my hand; these letters were from different quarters; one of them was from a correspondent of the firm in America (it is of little consequence to my reader to be told from what part). It pointed out some great advantage to be obtained by one of the partners of the house going over immediately to America. A communication at the same time received from my brother mentioned a duplicate of this letter which our father had got in London, expressing a regret, though rather in obscure terms (in order, no doubt, not to give me pain), that none of the partners were in a condition to avail themselves of the great advantage held out by the American correspondent. On receiving this letter, the thought struck me that I might be doing service to the house, and at the same time relieving my own feelings by change of scene, without returning to that place where former feelings would recur to my mind. I then wrote home immediately, so that no time should be lost, determining to go to Marseilles to await the answer; for this city being in the way to both places, apprehending also that, should it be determined for me to go to America, I might, even before the answer arrived, have looked out for a ready means of embarcation. But, then, the child—what can I do with her? I asked myself; her strength is not such as to permit me to take her to England now; and then came the question, Is there no place of education in this town, in

which I could leave her till my return? She is accustomed to the climate; she will be better here than in England; it shall be so; and I went to my friend the banker, with whom I had some degree of intimacy. I opened my mind to him, and he having summoned his lady, we had a long discussion, the result of which was, that my little Mary should be placed as a pensioner in the convent of Sainte Clair.

The history of this convent is this: the foundation was very ancient, and after having endured many changes, and even removals of situation, it at length fixed in a street of Nice called Sainte Clair. The present house was converted into a granary for the army in the French revolution, but was repaired by the Abbé Andre de Grimaldi Nicard, almoner to the Duchess d'Angouleme, and given to the nuns of St. François de Sales, the church being dedicated to our lady of the institution.

I had many natural feelings of pain at the thought of separating myself from my little Mary; but when I had seen the superior, who received me in her parlour in the most gracious manner, and assured me that she would be as the most tender mother to the delicate little creature intrusted to her care by its widowed father, I felt very much more satisfied; and having given the lady a letter of credit on the banker, by which she might draw every quarter in advance the handsome gratuity which I agreed to pay, of which gratuity I very foolishly and ostentatiously informed her she might always be assured of as long as the child was left with her, adding this further information, viz., that she was the sole inheritor of her poor mother's fortune, which was not less than 100,000 francs. This was an imprudent speech in me, because I might have foreseen that it might tend to advance that feeling acknowledged to exist in the members of a religious society to increase the funds of their establishment, and which has been so cunningly devised by the first promoters of these institutions (supposing the device to have originated in a human breast), so to separate the members of them from their natural connexions as to make their establishment stand in the place of children and heirs, this plan contracting the mind, and making their house everything to them, a sort of esprit de corps which we sometimes see in Protestant countries. The sum of 100,000 francs

which I had mentioned sounds indeed great, but is not so mighty in English, not being more than four thousand pounds; and which fortune, I proceeded to say, no one can hinder her of; though, as I added, I would on no account wish her to know that she is so far independent of her father. The superior approved of this my precaution; but replied, "No doubt, monsieur, if your daughter should be ever so unfortunate as to offend you, you might find means to deprive her of her inheritance!" I smiled as I carelessly answered, "I have some question, my good lady, on that head; so you will not allow my confidence in you ever to extend to my little girl;" and having earnestly pressed upon her the care of the child, the affair was settled, and nothing remained but to remove the little one to the convent, which I postponed to the last moment, contriving that the mistress of the inn should depart with my beloved daughter to the convent at the same time in which I set out in a contrary direction on my way to France.

And now I must pass over several years of my life in as cursory a manner as circumstances will permit. At Marseilles, while waiting for a vessel which was bound to the New World, I met with a Mr. Martin, an English gentleman, who had been residing some years on the Continent with his family. I had had a slight acquaintance with him at Nice; he had seen and admired my wife; he was much hurt to hear of her death; and when I informed him where I had placed my little girl, he blamed me with more freedom than I quite liked for intrusting her with Roman Catholics. "They will assuredly make a papist of her," he said; and he went so far as to beg me to permit him, when he passed through Nice, which he expected to do to rejoin his family somewhere in Italy, to take her out of the convent, and carry her to his wife. This was a kind offer, a brotherly offer; but I had seen Mrs. Martin, and remembered that she was far from a fashionable woman; neither did I suppose her so fit to conduct an elegant education as the superior of Sainte Clair. It is true, I knew nothing of the superior but that she was a person of a noble family, and I took it for granted that she was fit to conduct an education. We English are too apt to think that foreigners of rank have superior manners, merely because their manners differ from our own. I there-

fore declined the proposal by saying that I expected to return to Europe in a year or two at farthest, and take Mary to my home.

From Marseilles I had a favourable passage to New-Orleans; but I had a second voyage from this city to the place of my destination, where I soon found myself engaged in a very deep, yet successful speculation, having before me the constant view of the termination of this speculation, with the consequent speedy chance or hope of being very soon at liberty to return home to gather up my little girl, and once more to see my aged father and my affectionate brother, for my mother had been dead some years.

There is no situation in which time runs on so rapidly as when a man has an object which occupies all his faculties, which is gradually progressing towards the desired result, and yet which lingers on hand longer than is expected; such, precisely, was my state while in America. I had much to do; what I did succeeded, and I had constantly before me the expectation that what I had in hand would be completed. I therefore took small note of the progress of time. One, two, three years passed, and I still thought of my daughter as of a child of nine years old, although the gradual improvement of the little epistles which she sent me might have admonished me that she was passing from infancy to that period of life in which it would be more and more dangerous to leave her with papists.

It is true, that at that time I never thought of religion in reference to the welfare of my soul; but yet I was aware of its political importance, and might have known, had I reflected for an instant, that a difference of opinion, as it regarded this matter, between me and my child, would entirely destroy all hopes of enjoyment from her society when we should meet again. But, strange as it may appear, at this very time there was not a hope in my mind respecting my future life in which my Mary's presence was not the leading idea. If I rejoiced in any gain, it was on her account. If I wished to see Europe again, it was that I might see my Mary in the bosom of her own family. If I wished to be enabled to have a comfortable house, a pleasant garden, a carriage, or what not, it was that my Mary might enjoy them with me; and yet, while looking at the end, I was neglecting the means, and still postponing every measure by

which she might be removed from that situation which was daily rendering her more unfit to be my companion and consolation. I had hoped, however, to be able to return, first at the end of three years, and then of one more, then of a few months, then of another half year, and at length I ascertained, when I had been five years in America, that I had every probability of closing all the affairs of the firm in that part of the world, as far as my own residence was required, in twelve months.

During the latter part of this period, my brother's wife had written to me to say that she thought her niece ought not to be left so long among strangers, and had proposed a plan for bringing her home, and associating her with her own children. I can hardly say how this plan dropped through, but I imagine that it was through some negligence or caprice of my own; my sister-in-law had a right to expect a warm acquiescence with this kind proposal, and when it did not come, it could hardly be expected that she would volunteer a very active interference in a business for which she was not sure that she should be thanked.

But it may be asked, why was I so cold in this matter? In the first place, I had not that horror of popery which I now have, nor had I that respect I now feel for that religion which professes to make the Scripture its rule of faith. In short, I did not perceive the radical difference between the Protestant and Roman Catholic religion, and the letters which I had received from Sainte Clair had given me such high assurances of the happiness and improvement of my daughter, that I was quite as well satisfied with her remaining with the superior as with her being with my sister-in-law, whom, as I fancied I remembered, neither spoke French nor Italian, although she might have been a tender mother and a valuable and amiable wife.

But I was speaking of the letters I had from the convent. There were letters not only from my daughter, but also from the abbess, in which the former confirmed all that the latter said; and my daughter spoke of her happiness and means of improvement, giving me, at the same time, to understand that she was permitted to write to me, though to no other person, without having her letters examined, which, no doubt, she said

from the conviction that she was asserting a truth; but how far this may be I know not.

At length I had been in America six years. When I had left my daughter, she was nine years of age; she was now, therefore, approaching to a very important period of her life, when I received a letter from Mr. Martin; it was a letter which seemed, as it were, to turn the tide of all my ideas, and to bring me suddenly to a stand on the brink of a precipice. It began by stating that he and Mrs. Martin had been at Nice, and seen my daughter, and procured my address through her, though he confessed that he was obliged to do this by a devious course, as he did not dare, the superior being present, to put the question directly. He described my daughter as having become a very fine-looking girl, tall and elegant in her person, and bearing a strong resemblance to her mother; yet, he added, that he and Mrs. Martin were in great alarm for her, having no doubt that she was become a decided papist; not that she alluded to religion in her discourse, but that she avoided the subject with great address when it was brought forward. The letter then proceeded to press me to remove her as soon as possible, offering his services for the effecting this desirable purpose, and giving me his address at Geneva, where he proposed staying the whole of the summer. His letter was concluded by a most warm address, the object of which was to awaken me to a sense of religion, taking it for granted that, had I ever had a proper feeling on that subject, I never could have acted as I had done by my child. "I fear, my friend," he said, "that you are not a believer, by which I do not mean to say that you are an open scoffer and an acknowledged infidel; but that you are wholly careless upon the subject, and that you believe that one kind of worship may be as pleasing in the sight of God as another; but permit me to assure you that there is no other name under heaven but that of the Lord the Saviour by which the sinner can be saved; and that church which substitutes fasts, and prayers, and penances, and the mediation of saints, in the place of the Lord the Saviour, is as far from the truth as the heathen who bows down before the images of the Evil One."

My worthy correspondent then proceeded to state to me what true religion is, as fully as the space of a sheet

of paper, closely written, would permit; and as I trust that the Divine blessing accompanied this effort of Christian kindness, his labour was not lost. The doctrines on which he chiefly enlarged were the fall, and consequent total incapacity and hopeless condition of man; the great scheme of salvation, by which the Trinity in Unity bound themselves in a covenant to restore the human race, thus fallen, degraded, lost, and rendered the objects of the Divine displeasure, without encroaching on the perfection of the attributes, all of which being infinite, must have their proper work; for if holiness could receive apostate creatures into favour, where would be the perfection of holiness? or if justice could pardon without condition, where would be her justice? or if justice must be exercised in all her terrors, where would be the room for mercy? but the Divine personages of the blessed Trinity had foreseen and prepared for this dilemma; and as the whole human race had fallen under one head, even Adam, so had they prepared a second head, in union with whom every believer will be saved. The letter finished by a statement of the different works appropriated to themselves by the Divine covenanters. The Father beginning the work of salvation by election, and by giving his Son to die for the satisfaction of the Divine justice, and finally by revealing the Son to the individual who is to be made the object of this glorious scheme; the Son by becoming man, and, as such, performing the whole moral and penal law; and the Holy Spirit by the works of regeneration, sanctification, and glorification.

Such was Mr. Martin's letter, and it happened to be brought to me on a Sunday morning, a day which I generally spent in idleness, for I had some notion of keeping a Jewish Sabbath, though I had no conception whatever of the privileges of the Lord's day. I had therefore the leisure to read this letter over and over again, and at every perusal I thought it more important; but while I hesitated whether I should not write at once, and give Mr. Martin leave to remove my daughter, a letter was put into my hand, which had come in by another channel, from my daughter herself. Had I not received Mr. Martin's letter first, I perhaps should not have been so startled by Mary's; but it certainly was very alarming; it contained the account of one of her dearest friends who had just taken the veil, describing

the scene in those bright colours which a very high enthusiasm is apt to cast on such scenes; and though my daughter did not so much as hint that she wished to follow this example, which she thought so bright, yet, to my awakened apprehensions, I thought I read in every line a sort of expressed aspiration after this state of imaginary blessedness.

I had scarcely read this last epistle when I sat down to address Mr. Martin, giving him full power to take Mary from the convent; and while I was yet sealing this letter with trembling hands, a young officer, named Frank Hanson, from a ship bound to London, came in to take leave of me, saying that he expected to sail in a few hours. I thought this was an excellent opportunity of forwarding my letter; and having impressed him, as I hoped, with an idea of its importance, I saw him place it in a recess of his pocketbook, in order that it might be doubly safe, and take his departure. I then had the precaution to write a duplicate of this letter, which I gave to my black servant Paul, to put into the regular postoffice; and this being done, I felt more easy, and went to bed.

My affairs in America were, at this time, nearly closed, and I worked night and day to bring them to a termination, which I was able to do in a few weeks. I then took a passage in a ship bound to Marseilles; but the night before we were to sail some unexpected matter, which threatened serious delay, compelled me to give up my passage, and the agitation of my mind probably brought on a slight degree of fever, which, not being attended to, became at length serious, and, when it left me, its effects were felt on the mind so much that I had not the resolution to act with that energy required for bringing my concerns to a conclusion: the very idea of the effort overpowered me. But not to enlarge too much on this part of my story, I shall simply say that this time of affliction was perhaps one of the most blessed periods of my life; for my landlady, who attended me most kindly during my illness, brought me a venerable minister, or messenger of the gospel of peace, I forget precisely what denomination he was of, to visit me constantly; and as his instructions all tended to the same points as those enforced by Mr. Martin's letter, and as he had it in his power fully to confirm all he said by Scripture, I arose, by the Divine blessing,

through his means, an altered man, and one entirely convinced of his own nothingness, and of his assurance of salvation by Christ alone; but the more important I considered the religion of the Holy Scriptures to be, the more I dreaded that of the apostate church, which shuts up the Bible from her children. I therefore prepared to proceed on my voyage as soon as I could possibly be removed, although it was not for several months after I had received Mr. Martin's letter.

Just before the time of my embarcation, a very vexatious circumstance occurred. My landlady suspected Paul of some dishonesty; and having taken a liberty allowed in the free country of America, to inspect into the baggage of a negro where it might not be done to a white, the letter written by me to have been put into the office was found. I had given money to frank it, which was too great a temptation to the ignorant person. I was extremely angry when I saw the letter, or, I should say, a part of it, for the rest was torn up. I also missed my servant at the same time, and my only hope was that the original intrusted to Frank Hanson had reached its destination. I should now have written again; but I hoped and expected to reach Nice before, or at least at, the same time as a letter. I had obtained a passage in a vessel bound for Marseilles, but the season of the year was not favourable, and we were tossed back again several times into American ports; and although, after much delay, we made the Azores, our vessel was obliged to put in for repairs. There were several English ships in the bay, and among these one, aboard of which was Frank Hanson; when I found him out, after much questioning and answering on both sides, for the young man had totally forgotten that I had ever intrusted him with a letter, I had the pleasure of seeing him produce my epistle, in high preservation, from the secret recess of his red morocco pocketbook; this same letter having not only accompanied him to London, but having been brought by him to his ship, and returned with him as far as the Azores. My young friend made me a thousand apologies, but what could they avail, or what could my complaints avail? and if I returned to my ship with increased agitation and some ill humour, some allowances perhaps may be made for me. But, my worthy reader, I charge you never to trust a letter of consequence to a private hand, and re-

member to put your letters with your own hands into the postoffice whenever there is money to be paid with them. Indeed, I ought to have known better; for I should have remembered that, some years ago, at Nice, I had sent a letter to the postoffice, directed to a friend in London; Nice being only four miles from France, the postage is one penny; this small sum my messenger purloined, putting my letter in the box. Three weeks afterward I received a letter from my friend in London, stating that he had received a notification from the postoffice, Nice, informing him that a letter to his address was lying in the office at Nice for the want of the penny. The postage of this notification, &c., independent of the disappointment, came to five shillings and twopence, and the letter still at Nice.

However, to return to my story: from that time every moment was an hour to me till I had set my foot on the shores of France; and still the delays were cruelly frequent; in short, we made so tedious a passage, and met with such a variety of hinderances, that twelve months had elapsed from the date of Mary's letter till my arrival at Marseilles; and then I had passports to procure, and a journey of some length by land; and the dreadful idea had recurred to me, that my poor child, in a fit of enthusiasm, had been persuaded to take the white veil soon after her friend took the black one, her year having been just expired before I could reach her. Then I remembered, for the first time, my indiscreet and ridiculous piece of confidence to the superior, respecting Mary's immense fortune of 100,000 francs, and the artful question of the lady, to wit, whether I could not deprive her of this property should she offend me. Oh! how did the recollection of this folly humble me in my own eyes, and how did I lament my child as lost, lost to me, and how lost! that, indeed, was a miserable time, but I required it all; it was good for me to be thus afflicted.

At length, however, I arrived at Marseilles. I travelled day and night, and reached Nice on a Sunday morning about seven o'clock. The Croix de Marbre, that long street or suburb of the town, on the side leading from the Var, seemed to lengthen before me as we drove along; but as we stopped for a moment to speak to some one at the foot of the new bridge over the Paglion, the sound of many bells tolling from the

steeples of the various churches, and calling the people to the idolatrous service of the mass, raised me to agony; and surely I must have appeared like a person deranged when I sprang out from the carriage in the court of the Hotel des Etrangers, and called impetuously for a guide to show me the shortest way to the convent of Sainte Clair. A guide soon presented himself, but not before I had time to ascertain that the landlord was not the same whom I had formerly known. It was of no use, therefore, to ask any questions of him. I bade the guide to hasten, and I followed him, or rather ran by his side. But I become impatient as I write, and can hardly restrain my pen sufficiently to preserve clearness in my narrative.

The convent of Sainte Clair is situated on the same hill where is the fort of Nice, and where the old tower once stood. The approach to it is through several gloomy narrow streets, which are also very steep. The side of the church of the convent faces down the street, and one of the doors of the church opens in that direction; but the portal of the convent is on the right, forming an angle with the wall of the church; it is raised by several steps. The guide led me straight to the portal, and the outer door was open into a vestibule, from which several passages diverged. A young woman dressed in black, but not as a nun, met us at the portal, and I, all impatience, asked if I might see the superior immediately, "I cannot tell, sir," she replied, looking hard at me; and a young priest appearing at the same time from a passage communicating with the chapel, she repeated my question to him, on which he replied, "Madame is engaged, but after the service she will see the gentleman." "What service?" I said; "what are they doing?" No answer was made, but both parties returned whither they had come. "What service?" I said, repeating my question to the guide. "Monsieur is at liberty to enter the church," he replied; "the doors are open." He led the way; I followed him; I hardly knew what I did; before I approached the open door of the church, I was aware of the melancholy monotonous sound of the recitative proceeding from the priests, who were chanting one of their services; but my guide went forward, and I advanced, still following him. I had formerly visited the superior in her parlour, but I had never been in the chapel before. It is a large magnificent

structure, highly gilt, and painted on every side; the ceiling representing cherubs with expanded wings, and festoons of flowers, the high altar being such as I have ever seen in Roman Catholic churches, almost one mass of gilding, interspersed with artificial flowers. Over this altar were the figures of two females, supposed to represent the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth. There are also two inferior altars in this church, the one on the right and the other on the left. Over these altars are likewise large pictures, representing sisters of the order of St. François, in their black robes and veils, kneeling before their patron saint.

The church was crowded when I entered; but my guide, supposing, no doubt, that I was a stranger who had come on purpose to see what might be seen, pushed his way through the mass of people, and presently brought me opposite to a double grating on the left wall of the church, which is connected with the interior building of the convent, through which my glances were attracted by a row of novices wearing white veils, though not as yet dressed as nuns, kneeling before the grating, each with her book of prayer in her hand. Ceremony was out of the question at that instant; and, no doubt, my manner attracted attention, as I endeavoured to ascertain whether my child might possibly be among these, for I was admonished by some one tapping me on the shoulder that a black curtain would be dropped over the grating if it were found that the eyes of the congregation were fixed on the novices. Accordingly, I allowed myself to be pushed from this place which I had taken, and my guide being still before me, we made our way towards the railing of the high altar, and there I suddenly perceived, what I had not understood before, and had been prevented from seeing by the intervention of a pillar on the left side of the altar, and this was, that I was now actually present at the awful and affecting ceremony of the consecration of a nun. Awful and affecting indeed, when we consider that by the vows then taking the whole fate of the young person is fixed for life (we will not say for ever), and most affecting when we consider that many are called to make these vows at an age in which they cannot possibly appreciate their importance, and with totally erroneous view of what God requires; but if no person of feeling can behold an act like this without expe-

riencing very painful emotions, what, my reader, do you suppose my feelings to have been, when, at the moment in which I discovered what was going forward, I was at the same time convinced that the poor young creature who had been thus persuaded to sacrifice all hopes of happiness in domestic life to a false and wicked superstition was my own child, the only remaining representative of the only woman I had ever loved?

I had supposed, with many others, that when a nun was professed, she would appear on the pavement within the rails before the high altar, and might hence be seen by all who were in the church; but I was mistaken; at least, it was not so in the convent of Sainte Clair. There, on the left side of the altar, was a wide space, occasionally filled up with a double grating, but at this time open. Behind this opening is the same hall in which I had seen the novices, and it was at this opening that the nun stood, having a person by her in black, whom I supposed to be the superior. Within the altar was the Bishop of Nice, a fine old man, of noble bearing, in his mitre and gorgeous apparel, and around him many of the inferior priests in their white stoles and long black robes, and there was one who carried the crozier all blazing with gold; and these were chanting, while the soft voices of the nuns sometimes joined in the chorus, and again were heard alone. All these things I remembered afterward, as I saw them, and saw them not, and heard them, and heard them not; for my whole attention (and it was an intense attention, which I can compare to nothing but an effort of the soul to deliver itself from the shackles of the flesh, and fly to the object of its interest) was fixed upon the nun as she stood at the grating, with her long black veil flowing over her white one, and a burning taper in her hand, while a mortal paleness, the effect, no doubt, of feelings too deep for her young nature, had effaced every tinge of colour from her lips. She was a tall woman, but the dark veil (as she rather bowed her head) nearly concealed her features; yet what I saw of them was beautiful, and the lower part of her face might have been such as would form a model for a Madonna. I thought I traced in its contour a resemblance to my wife; and the moment my eye first fell upon her, they were placing a crown of thorns (which last were ill concealed by the roses with which they were mingled) upon her devoted

head, singing, at the same time, Veni sponsa Christi accipe coronam, quam tibi dominus preparuit in æternum; by all which I was made to understand that the horrid work was finished, and that the sacrifice was bound to the horns of the alter. More I recollect not, excepting that the whole scene appeared suddenly, as it were, to move, and be lifted up from before my eyes, the choral harmony seeming at the same time to die away in the distance; and I remembered no more till I awoke to a horrible consciousness, on a bed in an apartment occupied formerly by me before I went to America, in the Hotel des Etrangers.

It seems that I had been brought back to the hotel with the assistance of the guide, and there being put to bed, a physician had been sent for; but for myself, I can say that I knew nothing of whatever passed about me; I saw one object only when awake or asleep, when actually under the impression of what might be called a fit, or when my senses were less decidedly affected by disease, and this was the veil—the veil which half concealed that beautiful face, and seemed to shroud at once from my heart all hope of happiness on earth; nay, it seemed as if it shrouded all future hope, bringing my past carelessness and infidelity so before my eyes as wholly to darken all prospect of my own salvation; neither could I hear or understand anything which was said to me, my ears being filled with the melancholy chant which I had heard in the convent repeatedly, and the words veni sponsa Christi accipe coronam; but while I was in this state no one about me could make out my situation, who I was, and what I was, or what had affected me so violently; most of my complaints being made in the English language, which no one understood but the physician; and he also was a foreigner as regarded England.

While I was in this state, which might have endured three days, by a wonderful arrangement of a kind Providence, who should arrive at the hotel but Mr. and Mrs. Martin, with two daughters who were about the age of Mary. They were on their route to the south of France, by which they meant to proceed to England. It was natural for the landlord, who knew Mr. Martin, to inform him of the uncomfortable situation of an unknown guest. Mr. Martin was not the man to hear of such a circumstance without interest; and, in conse-

quence of this, he immediately visited me, and knowing me at the instant, he set himself to arrange everything for my comfort as if he had been a dear brother. I was not sensible when he first appeared before me, nor for many hours afterward; in consequence of which, although I saw him with my bodily eyes, yet I could not distinguish his real presence from a dream or imagination of my mind. The second night which followed his introduction into my chamber was that of the crisis of my disorder; and as I had been either stupid or delirious from the first, so my delirium during the earlier part of this night amounted to an extraordinary height, insomuch that I knew not what I did, though I was persuaded that I saw before me one of those fair novices in a white veil which I had seen within the grating at the convent. Sometimes she seemed to stand at the foot of the bed, and again to approach my pillow, and take my hand; and then I looked, and she was gone; and then it was my wife in all the bloom of her early youth, and then she changed and became a nun; and I saw the black veil, like a shroud, rising from her feet and enveloping her whole person; and then I would exclaim and call to take away the nun; and then again I would call her back, and bid them remove the veil and leave the lady; and then I thought I saw Mr. Martin, and heard his reproaches, and they were bitter, so bitter that I could not bear them.

But at length, it might be three in the morning, the fever subsided, and I fell into a long deep sleep without dreams, in which a kindly Providence was restoring my exhausted frame to a state of convalescence. It was broad daylight when I again opened my eyes; I was lying on my back, considerably raised by pillows; the room was shaded by Venetian blinds, but it was still and fresh, for the air passed over a quantity of roses which were set on stands in the balcony; and at the foot of my bed sat Mr. Martin, and the fair novice (whom I had seen, or believed I had seen, in the night) sat by him. The novice had a volume of the Holy Scriptures in her hand which she was reading attentively, and my worthy friend, Mr. Martin, was making up for his broken rest by a short slumber as he leaned back in his chair. I knew that I had been in a delirium, and fancied that I had not yet recovered my recollec-

tions; but I was too weak to reason upon anything which I saw, and, in consequence, too weak to wonder.

The features of the novice were like those of my wife, but yet not the same; yet the resemblance confused me, for, as I before remarked, I could not reason, and having looked for a minute on the sweet, pale, downcast countenance, I spoke and said, "Is not the dream gone yet?" Mr. Martin and the young lady both sprang up on hearing my voice, the lady drawing back as if in alarm, my excellent friend coming forward, and calmly explaining to me how he happened to be present. "But that fair novice," I replied, "why does she look like my wife? My wife is dead, and has been dead long, and my daughter is dead also to me; why, then, does any one venture to come here looking like my wife? Tell that lady to go; I would rather not see her; she reminds me of what I have lost," and I began to weep like a child. "Shall I go? shall I go?" said the young lady, addressing Mr. Martin. "No, my child," replied the excellent man; "approach, and kneel to your father, and kiss his thin pale hand; tell him that you are not lost to him for ever; that his arrival has retarded the completion of the sacrifice, and that you are determined, God helping you, to devote yourself henceforward to perform the duties of a pious daughter, which are more acceptable, let me assure you, in the eyes of God, than those cold services which are the fabrications of impious man." "Oh! Mr. Martin," she replied, still holding back, "but am I not engaged? I have taken the white veil; am I not bound?" "Come forward," he said, with some authority; "first fulfil the duties which God required when he gave you a parent; look again at the book you have in your hand: 'If a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father's house in her youth; and her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her; then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand. But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand; and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her,' Numb. xxx., 3–5; and then add what you may of your works of supererogation, and your impious will-worship, as if you

could be aught else, when all is done, than an unprofitable servant; or as if you could add aught of merit to the one great sacrifice once made for the sins and salvation of a lost world;" and, as he spoke, he drew her half reluctantly forward, for it was indeed my Mary, who had, as yet, only taken the white veil; and he still used the same gentle force, till, being near the bed, she sunk upon her knees, and taking my hand, she pressed it to her lips, while the excellent Mr. Martin pronounced a solemn blessing upon us both, adding, "Henceforward let no one presume to dissolve those domestic ties appointed by the Almighty; and grant, oh heavenly Father, that this child may never again be in like manner separated from her earthly father, unless to be united in a still closer bond in that state of holy matrimony which was enacted in paradise ere yet the first parents of mankind had fallen from their allegiance to their Maker." While Mr. Martin pronounced these words in a very solemn manner, my daughter, still kneeling and holding her lips upon my feeble hand, seemed to be violently agitated, so that her whole person shook with a convulsive motion.

Although I was too weak to enter further into what was passing than to understand that I had my child again, and that, consequently, I had mistaken another for her in the chapel, nevertheless, as it afterward appeared, a few weeks further delay would have accomplished the sacrifice of my lovely Mary, who, having been persuaded (through the deception of the nuns, aided by their extreme ignorance) to take the white veil, wanted only a few months of the termination of her novitiate under that state.

It has always astonished me how Mr. Martin, by his firmness, so awed the superior as to allow of the visit to me; and perhaps it was only with the expectation of my death, and the fear of her being reclaimed by the British government (which was then in such high favour with the Sardinian court that it was thought nothing could be refused it), that this favour was granted.

At first we much feared that, as the mind of my child was so strongly impressed with the duty of fulfilling the sacrifice she had intended, she would not resist the appeal to her from the convent; but in the eagerness of the superior to recover her prey, she acted with injudi-

cious haste, and I received a notice to leave the state, as well as Mr. Martin.

My daughter, as if astonished, decided to come with me, and we delayed not. As it was, months passed away before we could bring her mind to see that her return to the world was not a sin not to be repented of. But as I have already made my narrative as long as I at first intended it to be, I shall conclude it in a few words.

When we moved across the French frontier to Antibes, we remained but a short time to recover my strength; we hastened homeward, Mr. and Mrs. Martin and their daughters accompanying us, and, passing through Provence, Languedoc, and Gascony, we at length reached Bordeaux, where we took shipping for England, thinking that it would be more easy and safe for Mary not to remain in a Catholic country for a moment longer than needful; an arrangement which, at the time, made her very uncomfortable; but the change of scene was of much use to her, and the society of Mr. Martin's daughters, during the journey, was particularly blessed in bringing her mind to the knowledge of the truth.

When I arrived at home, my father retired from business to his pleasant country house a few miles from London, and there he insisted on my bringing Mary. I could not entirely at once close my affairs, but I passed as much time as I could there, until I had wound up my business, when I also joined them.

Mr. Martin and his family reside near, and we see them almost every day; and if, in the course of events, we cannot expect that this most happy arrangement of circumstances can be of very long endurance, yet we may bless God, who has made us to feel that he who has revealed his Son to our souls will assuredly, with him, give us all things which are best calculated to promote our good on earth and our happiness in the world to come.

NICE, 4th FEB., 1832.

THE END.

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